Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

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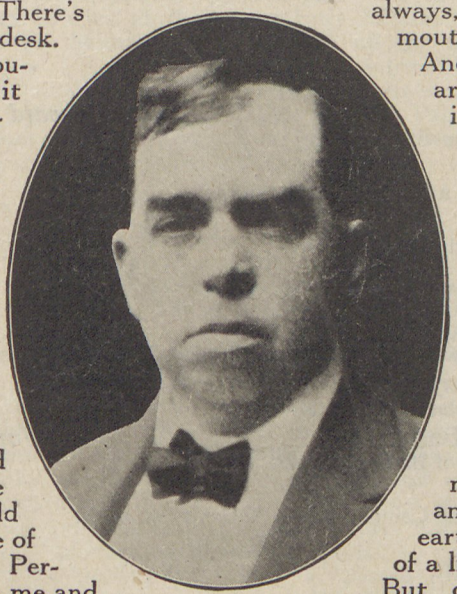
Volume I — FEBRUARY, 1923 — Number 6

Our Imperilled Inheritance

By IRVIN S. COBB

I AM minded to write here of my love for the Out-of-Doors. Many times before I have been thus minded. But I choked down the inclination for the same very good reason which guides me now, namely, a realization of my utter inability to find the language which fitly might convey to the reader a measure of what my love for the Out-of-Doors is. There's a very good dictionary on my desk. It contains a great many thousand words. But nowhere in it have I ever been able to discover the words which might express and define what wood and water and field and marsh and desert and swamp—and, most of all, the wild things that live there—mean to me. To that extent, and speaking personally and for myself alone, the English glossary is inadequate.



Now since writing is my trade, off-hand one would say that, at least after some faulty fashion or other, I should be able to set on paper a sense of my feelings and my emotions. Perhaps, after all, the fault lies in me and not in the lexicon. Seeking excuse for the shortcoming, I have come to this conclusion: that none of us has the gift properly for describing that which, to the heart, is the dearest of all sentiments. The belief of a son in the virtue and the goodness of the mother that bore him, the love of a father for his child, the force within which inspires a man to die for his country or for his faith or for an ideal—these are things which call for no lip service. We take them for granted; we do not seek to analyze and dissect them and resolve them into their chemical constituents, knowing, as we do, the utter hopelessness of such an undertaking.

And to me the lure of the Out-of-Doors, with what goes with it—peace, contentment, sportsmanship, coming to grips with the wilderness,—falls within the list of the passions which may not be translated into words, so deeply are they rooted in the very sills of the souls. I never knew a real woods guide but had in him a plenty of this inarticulate veneration for Nature. His wholesome idolatry enriched his competency with modesty. It made him frugal of the resources which Nature had provided to the end that he might earn his living. It gave him understanding of the splendors of his heritage. Nearly always, it made him gentle, clean-mouthed, chivalrous, considerate. And housed-in mortals, such as we are, amateurs at the game, taking our Out-of-Door pleasure by snatches and bits, on week ends or in vacation time, we too know in a lesser degree, that there is no religion healthier for a man's spiritual and physical well-being than the pagan worship of the woodsman, no theology more cleansing or purifying—yes, or satisfying—than that theology which enables us to trace texts from camp fire smoke, and find sermons in the running brook, and read our title clear to earthly happiness in the scrollings of a lichened rock.

But our kingdom is imperilled. From within and without enemies assail the sweet inheritance which our pioneer ancestors bequeathed to us. The situation is one which calls not for poetic rhapsodizing, not for metaphor and the music of the harpsichord. It is one which calls for practical labor by practical men and women. If our empire is to be saved, if Americans of the next generation are to enjoy the glories which we have enjoyed as our fathers did before us, then it behooves all and sundry of us to act rather than to talk. It is up to us just naturally to haul off and bust the game hog on his porcine snout. With law and public sentiment for our Izaak Walton Chapters, we must make everlasting war (*Continued on page 305*)

Irvin S. Cobb

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Izaak Walton League Monthly

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Tyee Salmon

By ZANE GREY

Some English writers declare the Tyee Salmon to be the equal of Tarpon and Tuna

THE Pacific Salmon belongs to the genus **Oncorhynchus,** and is closely allied to the Atlantic Salmon. It has not been studied and written about by anglers and naturalists, as has its eastern brother. Nor has it appeared to hold equality with the Atlantic Salmon for beauty and game qualities. I am not yet prepared to defend some species of the Pacific Salmon to this extent, but I do not believe justice has been done them.

There are six species peculiar to the north Pacific: the quinnat, tyee, sockeye, humpback, cohoe, and dog-salmon. Few, if any of these fish, survive their first spawning season in the rivers of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska.

For more years than I can remember I have been hearing wonderful fish stories about Campbell River, Vancouver Island. At the mouth of this river was the most famous English angling resort; and compared by many English writers to Long Key, Florida, and Tampico, Mexico, and Avalon, California.

According to these angling writers the tyee salmon was the equal of the tarpon and tuna. This was interesting to me, but not convincing, for I could find no record of tyee larger than eighty pounds. An English authority on fishing tackle for Canadian waters advocates heavy rods and twenty-one thread lines for tyee. An international club man and sportsman, in a privately printed book on his fishing experiences, puts himself on record as claiming that the heaviest of tackle is necessary for tyee. He warns the light tackle anglers that they would spend their time mending broken outfits or buying new ones.

This made me more curious than ever about tyee salmon, and decided me to go to Campbell River.

To that end I left off fishing for broadbill swordfish at Catalina on August fifteenth—an unfortunate move, judging from the run of broadbills at the close of the season—and accompanied by my faithful and long-suffering comrades of the open, R. C. and Lone Angler Wiborn, engaged passage north by steamer and train.

We left Vancouver by Steamship Princess Pat and had a hard time getting our car and baggage aboard. So much red tape! The Channel was like a swift green river, with big black timbered mountains on each side. Once out in the open water of Puget Sound the steamer took on more speed, and crossed to Vancouver Island in two and one-half hours. Our landing point was Nanaimo, a quaint little old English town. Here we tried to buy fishing licenses, but could not. So I had to console myself by buying woolen socks to take home to the youngsters.

Then we started north for Campbell River, one hundred and twenty miles, at two o'clock. We discovered at once that the individual who was hauling our baggage by motor truck could not make more than six miles an hour. It took three hours to get to a little hamlet where we got rid of him, and hired a fellow who ran so fast we could not keep him in sight.

The country was mountainous, and the timber had been cut. We saw only a few habitations and passed two little hamlets. Logging and mining appeared to comprise all the industry in sight. Everywhere were blackened burned-over timber slashes hideous to see. Now and then we would get a view of the Sound, or rather Inside Passage to Alaska, and that was fine. But we ran into cloudy weather and rain, off and on. We crossed some clear beautiful streams and could see the dark slopes of lofty mountains running up into the clouds.

About fifty miles out we left the cut-over areas, and rode into the forest. It was thick, dark, green, wet, with enormous trees, firs and cedars, so high I could not see their tops. We ran twenty miles or more through forest, now and then crossing open places and finally came to a beautiful river. From the bridge we saw thousands of salmon running up stream in the shallow water. They appeared to be from two to three feet in length, rather dark gray on the back, and quite plump, with a sharp nose. Under the bridge the water was shallow, and we could see the salmon climbing the little riffles and sliding over the rocks. At first they came steadily, but presently when they saw us, they dropped back to the deeper still water below. Whereupon I crossed the bridge and went down along the wooded bank of the river to a place where I could watch unseen. It was a beautiful river, about a hundred yards wide, and perhaps three feet deep, with the most wonderfully clear water. And this area as far as I could see up and down was full of salmon. Dark purple patches showed where the fish were massed. Everywhere they were breaking water on the surface and leaping out. I could see where the river ran out into the strait, and I calculated there was a steady stream of salmon coming in.

Upon returning to the bridge I met a native who said the fish were humpback salmon, and good for nothing. Nevertheless that place was hard to leave.

Before dark we ran into a storm. The new driver ditched his car. It jumped about nine feet. I yelled: "Goodbye, Tackle." But we did not lose anything except time.

Then we ran into a forest, and it was hard to keep up with our new driver. He was a war veteran, and had driven an airplane or something in the war. How black the forest was!

But we kept in the road somehow, and got to Campbell River at ten-thirty.

Next morning disclosed a sullen gray sky, stiff wind,

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The environment bore a wild and primitive aspect.

a swift rough channel of sea between Vancouver Island and another island, where the ships run. Alaska was not far distant. And it felt like Alaska.

There was a settlement,—a few French Canadians and Indians, a tavern, and some weather-beaten houses. I did not know how it would look in sunlight, but this day it was bleak and dreary. We drove up to a lake that might have been beautiful on a sunny day. The forest was magnificent, the richest, greenest, most verdant I had ever seen. The cedars and firs, massive and straight, stood far apart, and towered over the jungle of underbrush which consisted largely of broad-leaved maples. It seemed impenetrable. How wet and glistening and darkly green! This was a country of rain, of fertility. Vines and creepers matted the underbrush.

In the heart of this woodland, a few miles up from the settlement, the Campbell River plunged into a canyon, making a waterfall that matched the beauty of the surroundings.

All that afternoon we worked over the light tackle with which we intended to catch tyee. Our genial host, a French Canadian, had been there for many years, and had seen the time when Campbell River was a famous fishing resort. But he had never seen any fishing tackle like ours. Plain it was that he was too well-bred and considerate to ridicule our beautiful six ounce tips and nine thread lines. The English are a sport-loving people, and they make a few reels and lines and rods suitable for fly fishing

Zane Grey, the famous author and two Tyee salmon.

for salmon and trout, but they have no salt-water tackle that an expert American angler would use.

There were several fishermen at the tavern, one of whom was from New York. He had visited Campbell River before. He had caught a few small tyee the preceding August, but this season he had not caught any. "Fished out long ago," he said, of Campbell River. "The net boats have ruined what was once the greatest fishing in British Columbia."

That was discouraging for us. Our host said we had come to Vancouver fifteen years too late. He was nothing if not candid, and I liked him for telling us the truth. But the Indians caught tyee every day, he said, and we might catch some, if we could hold them on our rigs.

We listened to a good many fish stories. The record tyee had been caught by an Indian, on a handline, and it had towed his canoe across the straits and eight miles farther before being subdued. This fish weighed eighty-five pounds. There was a sixty-seven pounder mounted in the lobby of the tavern, indeed a wonderful-looking fish, built for speed, strength and endurance. But neither sight of it nor the stories of the difficult capture of big tyee nor the skepticism of the New York angler nor the tackle recommended by the British sporting stores, nor even the damning evidence in the international club man's privately printed book dampened our ardor or shook our confidence in the little light tackles.

R. C. eyed that sixty-seven pound tyee on the wall, and finally he said: "If I couldn't lick a fish like that in thirty minutes I'd eat him!"

Lone Angler Wiborn more than backed up R. C.'s statement.

"Nothing to it," he said, tersely. "These fellows don't know. It is only of late years that anglers have become expert with light tackle on big fish. Mark what I say—we'll pull the heads off these tyee."

I did not say much. After a long series of lessons I am learning restraint. Often I speak through feeling rather than knowledge. But R. C. and Lone Angler, for all their ideals and high standards, are practical realists in matters pertaining to the open. They do not make many mistakes, and they had about convinced me when one of the Indian boatmen came in. His name was Jim, and he hailed from Cape Mudge, across the straits. He was a fine, stalwart, dark-faced Indian, and spoke English well.

I showed him my tackle and asked: "How long will this hold a tyee?"

Very curiously and interestedly did he handle that rod and reel, and how skeptically he fingered the thin linen line.

"About two minutes," he replied, with a frank smile.

I liked that smile. "Jim, I don't want to take your money or I'd bet you. But I'll hire you and your boat—and if I don't surprise you I'll make you a present."

We engaged Jim, and another Siwash Indian, and cheerfully consented to be roused at four-thirty in the morning. The dark lowering clouds and the fitful wind with gusts of rain did not promise happily for the morrow. Surely the best virtue of fishermen is their hopefulness.

The watchman called us promptly at four-thirty. It was dark and cold. I could hear the rush of the swift water. This channel was not a river. Campbell River ran into it.

At five 'clock we were out on the dock waiting for our Indian guides. And in this instance the city white men waited for the dusky citizens of the wilds. They came at five-thirty, when it was clear daylight. My boat was a dinky, punky little dory, canoe-shaped, with a box-like cabin forward, and a deep cock-pit. It had a tiny engine, one cylinder, and it sounded as if the next beat would be its last. My courage began to ooze at the thought of trusting myself in it out on that swift dark channel. The clouds hung low, scudding northward, and the shores were lined with gloomy mysterious fringe of forest. By way of more discouragement it began to rain. Cold, pelting heavy drops! Before we reached the mouth of the river the rain ceased, and the clouds broke eastward to show silvery light. All around, however, were masses of purple cloud, stormy and sullen.

The wide river appeared to slide out of the forest between two dark capes of forestland. Ducks were everywhere, and small salmon were leaping. The larger tyee salmon showed only occasionally, making a heavy break on the surface, or showing a broad tail. They had a gamey look and gave me thrills.

One of the weird totem poles found in the vicinity.

The method of fishing for tyee salmon was to troll with a specially made spoon that in size, silver color, and motion resembled a herring. This spoon trolled on its edge and imparted a singularly life-like motion.

The morning air was cold and damp. My hands began to freeze, and likewise my feet. Clouds of mist shrouded the fir trees. No mountains could be seen. But as fish were breaking all around me, and the environment bore a wild and primitive aspect I was able to endure.

With my light tackle, the regulation Tuna Club outfit, I was rather embarrassed by the heavy lead necessary to sink the spoon deep.

The native fishermen, as they passed us in canoes and skiffs, all eyed our light tackle askance, and some of them showed ridicule. I had my doubts as to the justice of their convictions. Jim said the Canadians, the Englishmen, and anglers who just happened there used handlines for these tyee salmon, or eleven and one-half foot rods, with twenty-one thread lines, and heavy wire leaders. But in spite of such information R. C. and Lone Angler and I could not bring ourselves to such rigging for what we called small fish.

My greatest trouble was to keep the heavy lead from pulling me overboard, and to wind in to clean the grass and seaweed off my spoon. But I persevered under most trying conditions, and in about half an hour had a strike. A good hard strike of a game fish! I hooked him, and I fully expected to be wrecked. He went off on a light drag, giving sudden quick jerks that were new to me, and swerving here and there so that at times I could not feel his weight and imagined he had gotten free. But it turned out that I still had him. And it did not take me long to realize that in spite of tactics new to me I would not have a great deal of trouble. He broke water once, and showed a broad dark tail. Again he headed for some drifting kelp and I was hard put to hold him. I just managed to keep him free of it.

After a while I had him close enough to see him, and that was indeed compensation for much. He shone

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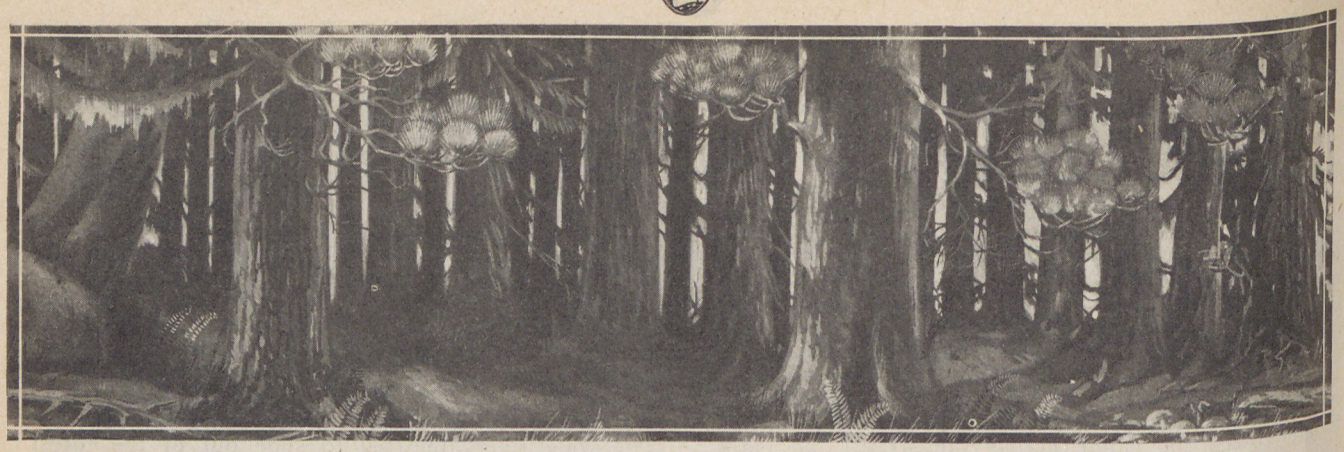

America's Vanishing Forests

"Without its trees, a nation dies," declares famous author

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by H. C. Mundstock

Second serial rights presented the Izaak Walton League Monthly by Robert W. Chambers

A TREELESS nation is a decadent nation.

When the forests of a country are neglected the mental and moral health of the inhabitants begins to decline.

Nations made treeless by the hand of man are dying nations. Nations which once were great and which no longer count are those the forests of which have been ruthlessly exterminated.

No matter what political cataclysm has overtaken and submerged peoples whose governments foster and care for forests, their potency remains, their vigor still endures, their racial resurrection is certain.

Take a map of the world and look upon the peoples who gradually are perishing. Those doomed lands are treeless. They are nations which, once mighty, have become negligible.

Neither in industry, nor in science, nor in art do they now contribute anything vitally constructive or creative. In the councils of world races—save for a feeble, peevish and purely selfish cry—they do not utter any sound. Theirs is the drowsy dream of glories past. Theirs is the sunset—golden still—that edges night, and the false, reflected light of night, and the unstirred silence of racial annihilation.

Once there were trees in Spain. Once China grew vast forests.

So scepters pass.

* * * * * * *

Without trees there would be little, perhaps no human life on this planet. There would be little life at all, possibly none.

It is the leaf that enables us to eat and drink. Only through the laboratory of the living leaf is our nourishment prepared, directly or indirectly. The green leaf gives us oxygen for our lungs, and uses what carbon dioxide we expel. Our food is partly mineral. We should die for lack of it unless predigested for us by vegetation.

The living leaf prepares food for man and cooks it by sunshine.

Our food and raiment begin in the living leaf. The leaf enables us to drink. There would be little sweet water in the world—little rain—except for the sheltering leaves of trees.

Minerals in solution—elements made available by water—are the food of trees. From the mesh of tiny feeding roots, up through the soft sap-wood, and out into the leaves is carried this mineral food which nourishes trees. Each leaf is a delicate little chemical laboratory through which the circulatory system of the tree passes. Each leaf transforms the inorganic into the organic, digesting, preparing food for itself and for man. And through each leaf the tree breathes. If in any of us God has planted the vaguest love of and desire for beauty, then we ought to grow forests sufficient to satisfy that craving. For, in all nature, nothing nobler and lovelier was ever made by God than the virgin tree in its intact chastity and beauty.

A TREE is a living thing. It has no mind, yet, possibly it possesses something equivalent to intelligence. It has no nervous system, yet it is sensitive. It has no power of locomotion, yet it may advance or recoil.

All other attributes of life it possesses; it is born of the union of two sexes; it breathes, eats, drinks, digests, sleeps, grows. It is subject to illness and recovers with nursing. It survives wounds; its scars heal; antiseptic surgery can save it.

And, like all things living, it is mortal. What we call death is the physical finish of it, and of us.

* * * * * * * *

It is not difficult for us to understand why our pioneer forefathers hated the forests which covered our country and turned it to a perpetual twilight.

Except where lakes or watercourses broke the vast continuity of trees, all was sunless shadowy silence.

No underbrush could grow in these dim forest aisles; the high, thick tapestry of foliage shut out all sunshine. Only on prairies, marshes, or along lakes and streams and seas, where the forests edged the sun, could any lesser vegetation take root and survive.

To live, our forefathers had to eat. To clear a little place in the sun for a patch of corn was a herculean task. A sort of frontier fury was born in the minds of those whose starved struggle to eat was met everywhere by the huge, gloomy, solid ramparts of living forest—a vast, gigantic barrier to sunlight without which no fruits of earth are garnered.

Hatred for the forest was an evil heritage for us. Heed lest it be not our national undoing. Where forests die, waters die. Where waters die, the fruits of the earth perish.

And out of those mutilated and abominable wastes where axe or fire or both have passed, unguided by knowledge or common sense, are born tornadoes that devastate and kill; floods that destroy fertility, harrow the shrinking earth to its rocky ribs, and turn arable land to desert.

Springs, once protected by the spongy mesh of roots and mosses, dry up; rivulets disappear, brooks dwindle, rivers shrink into warm and narrow channels bordered by burning boulders bare as bleached bones.

Rains bring rushes of flood water only—terrifying inundations that come in the twinkling of an eye, thunder

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

by in devastating fury and are gone, leaving behind dead springs, dying steams, and the ghastly bones of withered rivers.

The forest hatred inherited from our pioneers has degenerated into the stupidity of apathy. And with it the land is degenerating, too.

* * * * * * * *

THE people of the United States are not celebrated for their love of beauty. Any appeal to them on the ground that beauty is a necessity to the civilized world be listened to with the indifference born of ignorance. Forests are beautiful. Many agree; but will exterminate those same forests if a few dollars can be made out of the operation.

As Omar might have said: "What can their money buy that is more desirable than the forests they have sold to destruction?"

That isn't the point. The point is that the destroyers of forests have made a rotten bad bargain no matter what they get for the transaction.

The situation is comparable to a fruit-grower who picks a ton of luscious grapes from his vines. Fine! That's what the vines are for.

But consider the ass who would rip up vines, roots and all, whenever anybody came to buy his grapes! The next year there would be no more grapes to sell.

Next decade or so there will be no more lumber to sell.

That's the story. It is the story of a singular creature known as The Great American Ass.

* * * * * * * *

Three hundred years ago the forests and the fertility of America were supposed to be inexhaustible.

Today vast tracts of once fertile soil are exhausted and can be bought for almost nothing. And three-fifths of the original timber of the United States has disappeared.

Today we are using lumber four times as rapidly as we are growing it. Once the uncut forests of our country covered 822,000,000 acres. One-sixth remains. All woodlands, even including cut-over and burned areas, amount to about half the original virgin area.

Of idle, fallow, unused, and stupidly neglected land suitable only for forest growth and once bearing trees, 81,000,000 acres have been so ruthlessly cut or burned that it has become a wretched, useless, unproductive waste.

Three-quarters of the forests of New England are exterminated.

In a few years New England will import what lumber it requires.

New York, today, produces less than one-tenth of the lumber it requires.

Pennsylvania is now obliged to import eighty per cent of the lumber it uses.

The white pine of Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, is nearly gone; the yellow pine is three-fourths gone from the South; in the Middle States the timber is practically exhausted; twenty years will end both the hard-wood forests of the Appalachian region, and those of the Mississippi.

In twenty years the cypress, too, is doomed to vanish.

What remains? The Pacific Coast timber. And in thirty years that, too, will disappear.

When the forests go, the waters go, the fish and game go, crops go, herds and flocks go, fertility departs. Then the age-old phantoms appear, stealthily one after another —Flood, Drouth, Fire, Famine, Pestilence.

* * * * * * * *

The picture painted here isn't a pretty one. Nor have the colors chosen been too lurid or too thickly laid on. Alas, they have even been toned down! It's a rotten situation.

There are two ways of facing a rotten situation; get under the bed-clothes and try to forget it; or get up, put on your pants, go out and face it.

Of course the thing to do is to cut out the rottenness from the situation and turn it into a hopeful and practical one.

There is time, still. We'll have to pay for our asinine ignorance and indifference—pay in hard cash. Every pocket will feel it; every pocket feels it now. It's going to cost us what Broadway calls "real money." That can't be helped. The Piper must be paid. The thing to do is to pay him, send him away, and get down to brass tacks.

Now, then, here is the problem and the necessity:

We ought to grow sufficient timber in this vast land of ours for our own needs.

We ought to grow enough for profitable export.

We ought to grow enough permanently to protect our springs, watercourses, rivers, our water power, our navigable streams, the fertility of our fields, the welfare of our herds and crops.

We ought to grow enough to protect the health of our people.

We ought to grow enough to protect our birds; for, without them, our crops ultimately would be destroyed.

We ought to grow enough to give shelter and expansion to our game birds and animals, to our furbearing animals, to our fish.

There is no reason why we should not use our timber and have it, too—take each year what we require from our forests, and still retain our living forests—stately, permanent, useful, beautiful forests, paying in a hundred charming ways for the room they take and care they require—yes, paying even in money, and paying well as first-class, profitable investments.

The Government should assume control of all lumbering in the United States.

This proposition is radical and it sounds like interference with private business. But it must come to that or our country becomes like China, a land of perpetual famine and poverty—like China which not very long ago could boast forests as magnificent as our own.

All lumbering should be under governmental control. The most drastic regulations should govern every operation which entails the felling of trees for whatever purpose.

For every tree felled in the United States a permit

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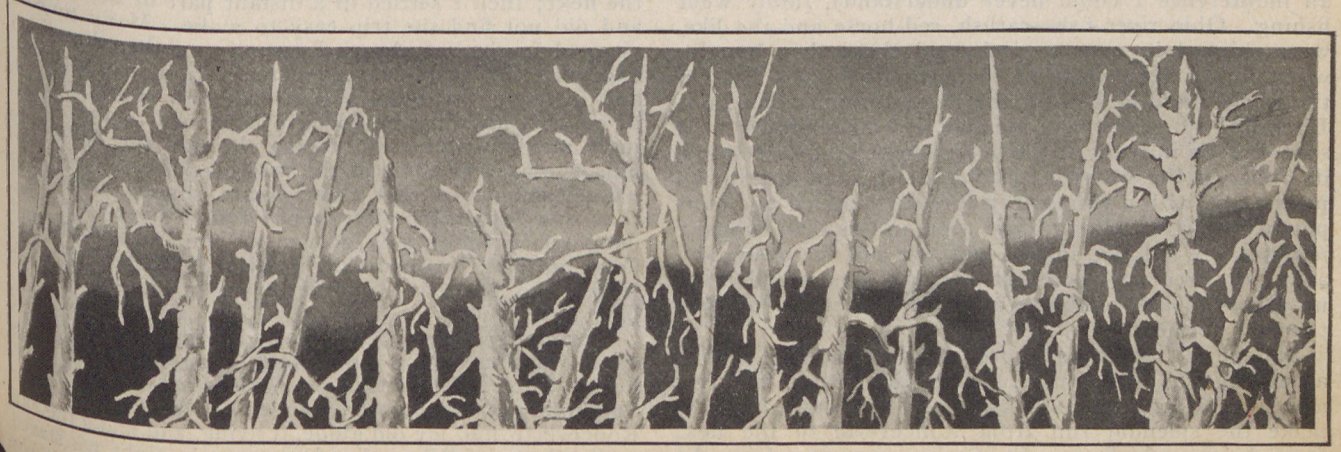
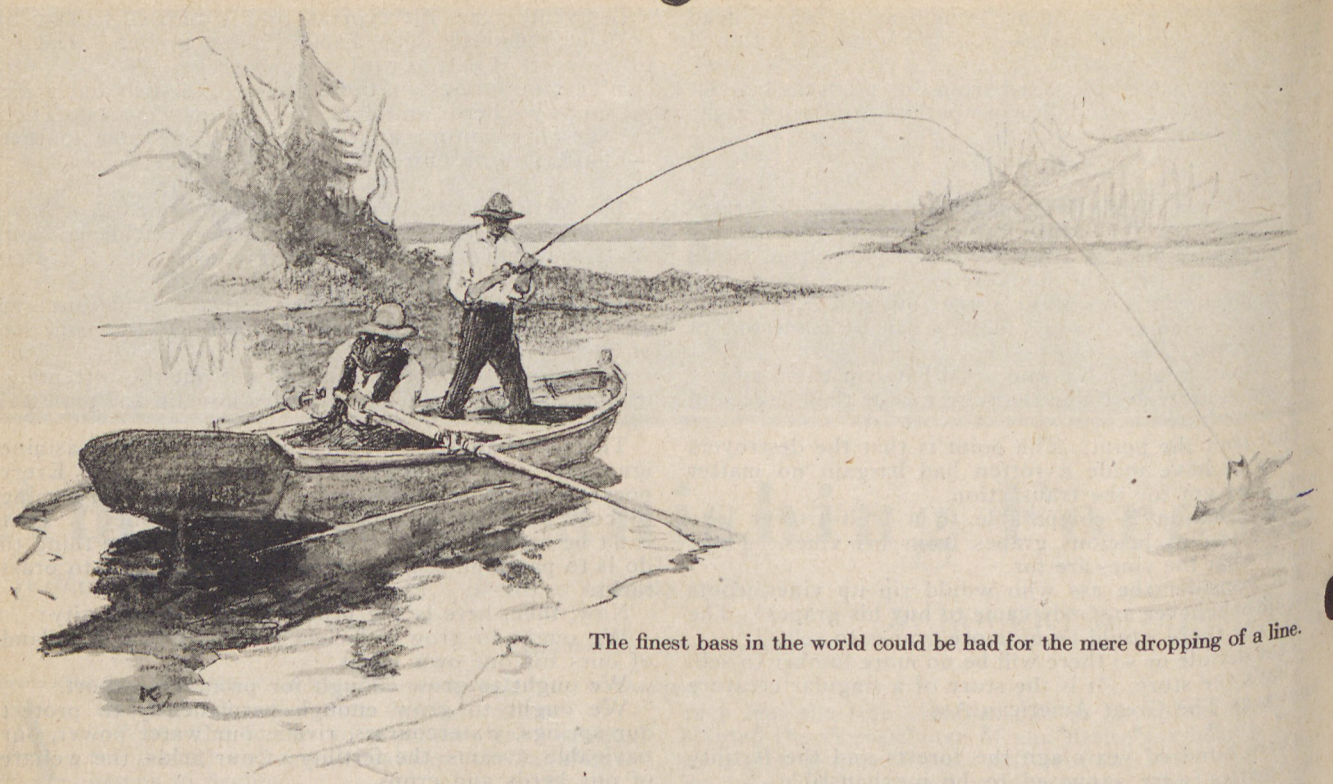


"Without trees there would be little, perhaps no human life on this planet."



The finest bass in the world could be had for the mere dropping of a line.

It Doesn't Take Long

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

THE Editor of the Izaak Walton League Monthly has asked me to write for him an editorial, an article or a story. I don't know exactly which to call this, but whatever it is—and it may well enough be all three—I know that it is true, every word.

Thirty-one or two years ago I spent about ten days at the little town of Ronceverte, West Virginia. Ronceverte is only a few miles from the famous White Sulphur Springs, and the Greenbrier River, one of the clearest, finest streams in the world, goes racing through the little town.

I went there because of the bass fishing—a relative told me about it, and I found it all that he recommended. The beautiful rushing water was alive with both large- and small-mouthed black bass, eager for any kind of lure, live or artificial. There were very few fishermen, and these from a distance, for the natives, it appeared (with an indifference I could never understand), rarely went fishing. Ohio river fish—catfish, red-horse and the like, were shipped in once a week, and **these they bought,** when in the very heart of the town the finest bass in the world could be had for the mere dropping of a line! Literally! I remember one day I walked down to a spot directly in front of the hotel where a big tree stood, its roots in the water. I had a short hand-line in my pocket and with a young frog for bait I pulled five half-pound bass from among those roots in less than as many minutes. A millrace full of logs was not far away, and a line dropped anywhere between the logs would bring up a bass of half-pound to a pound weight, seldom less than the former.

But the real sport was more exciting than that. With a native guide, or boatman, to hold the boat in the river and keep it from the rocks, every few days I would make the splendid run from Ronceverte to the next town below, which was Ft. Spring, casting where the water was rapid, trolling in the big pools, arriving in the afternoon with literally a boat-load of fish, to ship to friends, or to take back to the hotel which I kept fully supplied during the period of my stay. Both ourselves and the boat went back by train, for that riotous river, surging under great cliffs and through dim lucent gorges was unsuited to rowing upstream.

How glorious it all was! And how young and prodigal I was—and how thoughtless! I was like a boy who has been left a million dollars: he can see no end to it—he throws it away with both hands. It never occurred to me that that bounteous stream could fail of its riches, and there was neither law nor custom to remind me. "Free for all—help yourself!" was the rule. When state and county and community give no heed to their riches what can be expected of the visiting stranger, eager and with the prodigality of youth?

I returned to Ronceverte the next year, and I think the next; then I settled in a distant part of the country and did not find the trip easy to make. Many times I planned for it, but always I went in another direction; and with the years learned conservation in all things, and in fishing especially. Yet somehow it never came to me that anything could have happened to that seemingly inexhaustible river, racing through the Alleghany hills, the natural home of the wild black bass.

So it happened that thirty years slipped away, and then one September afternoon I found myself with my daughter, a young lady grown, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, between Cincinnati and Washington, and it came to me that Ronceverte was a station on that line.

I promptly became excited, and told her the tale of my wonderful fishing there, long, long before she was born. Then I found that we could stop over at White Sulphur, and we eagerly planned to do that, drive to Ronceverte, find my old guide, if living, and make the run to Ft. Spring. When the river came in sight we stared out the window and I pointed out wonderful places

where there were certain to be bass, and presently places where I was sure I had caught them, so long ago. We whirled through Ronceverte and there we were at White Sulphur, where I thought I'd better gather a little information as to present conditions at Ronceverte, provision for boats, etc. White Sulphur visitors had never been interested in the fishing, in my day; still, I could ask. I made my inquiries in a drugstore, and began in the usual way.

"How's the fishing, this year?"

"Well — I dunno — haven't heard of any."

"Doesn't anybody here fish over in the Greenbrier?"

"Oh, they go, sometimes, if that's what you mean. More fishing, I guess, than fish—a good deal more."

I had a sinking feeling, but then I said, to myself, "This man is not posted. He is one of the oldtime natives. Bass are not fish to him—his standards relate only to catfish and red-horse."

I said aloud: "Is there anybody around here that has been lately, anybody I could talk to?"

"Oh, yes, there's Doc Barrows: he's the only one that ever gets anything—makes his headquarters here, and may be here any minute. Here he comes, now."

A stalwart young man of about twenty-eight came in and the druggist greeted him with: "Doc, here's somebody wants to know about the fishing over in the river: I told him you're the man to tell him."

Dr. Barrows took a seat at a little table; after introductions, we sat down with him, and I ordered soft drinks. I said:

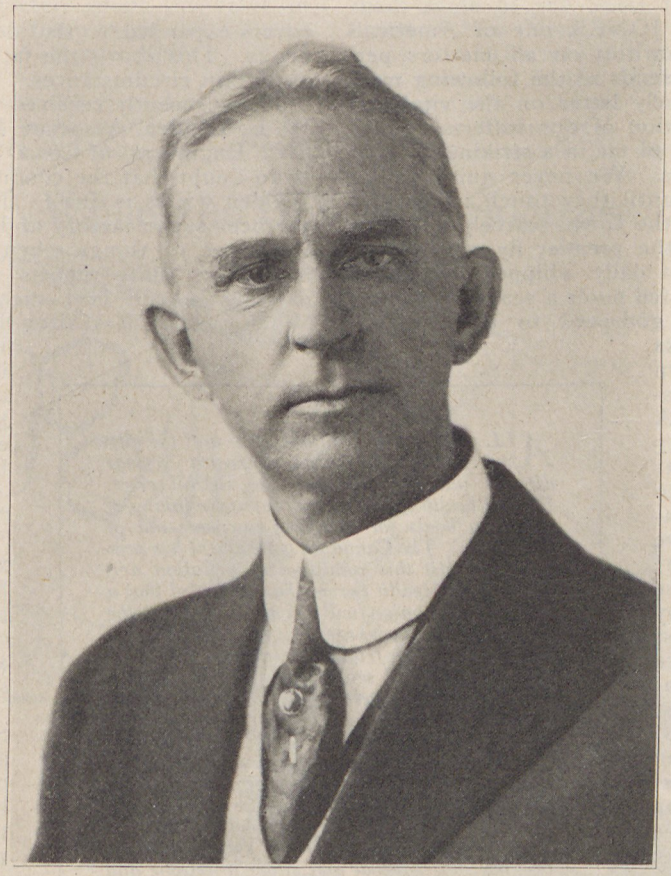
"What about the bass-fishing in the Greenbrier, this year?"

Dr. Barrows smiled weakly.

"Same as last year—plenty of fishing, but no fish."

"But have you tried?" I asked.

"It's no use," answered the young man despondently.



Albert Bigelow Paine, author of the famous outdoor book—"The Tent Dwellers."

"But there used to be no end of fish there," I urged anxiously.

"When?"

"Why—why, it's about thirty years since I fished there, but then I used to get a boat-load between Ronceverte and Ft. Spring."

"I guess you and the other 'boatload fishermen' that came about that time got all there were," he said sombrely. "I've heard my father tell about it, but there's been no big fishing there since I can remember. I've been three times lately and only got two, in all. You first fellows caught too many, and advertised it too well. It doesn't take long to clean out even the best stream, going it like that."

That was about all. I had not much more to say. Sadly and with a sense of guilt I directed our little expedition in the direction of the White Sulphur hotels, where we had luncheon and waited for the afternoon train to Washington. For me, the life and soul had gone out of that country, and I had helped to destroy it, had set an example for the other prodigals, young and old, who had followed me. They had attacked that stream and cleaned it out in a few years; for, as Dr. Barrows had said, "it doesn't take long, going it like that." Perhaps after the damage was done that indifferent community woke up and made laws and regulations—I don't know. I was too heartsick to ask. If they have done so, and if those restrictions are observed, the fish in time will multiply, no doubt, but unless such streams **are** protected, unless our eager fishermen **are** restricted, unless our waters are kept pure and stocked and their riches conserved by both native and visiting stranger, then our streams are doomed to become mere landscape properties, and so lose that precious and beautiful life which gives to any body of water not only its wealth, but its **very soul!**

THE SPORTSMAN'S PRAYER

By ARTHUR R. MACDOUGALL, JR.

God, when I am rested
From a day alone with Thee
Where the mountains stand
In silence over me;
I want my mind to be unhaunted
By the yellow tricks of trade,
I want to leave unmarred
The beauty Thou hast made;
I want a heart exultant
With the rhythm of the wild
Where the labours of the aeons
Have Thy giant mountains piled.

I want the bigness of the Open
As a welcome guest to bide
In my soul thru' all tomorrows
To the last come eventide.
So I pray to be a sportsman
Who has learned a better creed
Than a full creel or a trophy
Taken in by yellow greed;
Make me big enough to guard
Thy game and fish and streams
Where the silence of the ages
Broods and dreams!

Give me heart, brawn, and sinew,
To be big enough to deal,
As a fighter with the fighter
With a gun and with a reel;
Big enough to laugh sincerely
When some crafty speckled son
Beats me at my game,
And even glad that he has won;
Fill my lungs with your great Open,
Build me in its mighty mold,
Till the Day with Thee is over
And the hills are etched in gold.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

MR. SHERIDAN R. JONES, one of America's acknowledged authorities on all matters pertaining to angling, sends us the following most interesting and timely letter on the vital and tragic question of the pollution of our waters.

"Pollution has come home to me in a striking manner within the past two months. We never quite realize these destructive measures until they touch us personally. My own bass stream, the Iowa, scarcely a stone's throw from my home and the premier fly rod stream, whose waters I have almost daily whipped for fifteen years and into whose spring-fed pools a scant half dozen of us have devotedly bid godspeed to many a can of scrappy little bronzebacks—this same stream has fallen heir to the pollution and discharge of factory waste. A beet sugar plant, some forty miles above, has dumped its killing acids and caustics into its waters and there is nothing but death for miles above and below. Everything gone! Even the carp, the redhorse and the stone cat lie side by side and with them—it just can't be true, but they are there, hundreds and hundreds of America's grandest fish!

"Small wonder that I am with you in this fight against pollution. We are stirring up this matter locally and hope for results—but it will take years for our bass stream to recover. It will help a little if some other brother's favorite water can be saved before it is too late. The fight must be the finish **now** or it will be too late."

IN regard to this same pollution from beet sugar factories of which Mr. Jones speaks, recently I have received a letter from Mr. Weston of Madison, Wisconsin, in regard to the ill effects of pollution from sugar beet waste.

Ordinarily in the case of beet sugar waste because of its being organic and when in not too great abundance, and and when the stream is of good size with a favorable current, the stream tends to purify itself by precipitation of the offending matter. Recently, however, there occurred a very flagrant case in Ohio, and even while a biological survey of the streams was in progress. A biologist was sent at once to investigate the matter.

It seems that a beet sugar factory was polluting the water at Lorain, located at the mouth of Black river, on Lake Erie. A strong north wind blew the water from the lake into the river whereby the current of the stream was impeded. The result of this unfortunate combination of circumstances was that every fish in the river was killed outright by asphyxiation. The dead fish were carefully examined by the biologist, who found the gills of the fish clogged and distended, and the gill-covers expanded, so that death must have been instantaneous. This shows the fatal effects of beet sugar waste in certain circumstances.

I have recently received the following letter from Mr. W. E. Welden, Associate Member American Society of Civil Engineers, of Iowa Falls, Iowa. I believe there is no doubt that the condition of the fish of which Mr. Welden writes is due to the pollution of the stream by the beet sugar factory at Belmond. It is indeed a pitiable state of things when according to Mr. Welden's letter the "state reports nothing can be done under existing laws if beet sugar plant causes the trouble." When the Izaak Walton League of America has lined up the sportsmen of America into a thoroughly organized and militant body, such a report of helplessness under inefficient existing laws will not be the case.

"DEAR SIR: Apparently every fish in Iowa River above this town for 50 miles has died during the past two months. The winter has been open but the dying fish act as though they are dying by suffocation.

"Have reported trouble at State and Dept. of Fisheries at Washington. Examination of the fish shows the gills badly swollen. Some lay blame to the beet sugar factory at Belmond. Can you suggest some way we can determine exact cause of death so we can correct cause?

"The state reports nothing can be done under existing laws if the beet sugar plant causes trouble."

ALL of the cities on Lake Erie and the city of Detroit discharge untreated sewage directly into the lake and the Detroit river. Federal health regulations prohibit the taking of water on boats for drinking purposes out of Lake Erie. The Canadian government has protested against this condition of pollution and the Federal Health Service has indicated that a clean-up campaign will be waged against the American cities who are polluting the lake. In Toledo we have a frightful situation. The city deposits untreated sewage into the slow-moving Maumee River where, with industrial waste, particularly from refineries and furnaces, a contamination exists which is beyond belief. The Maumee Bay is so large and so located as that most of the pollution remains in the Bay, infecting bathing beaches and the waters along some important shore developments. We have, every year, a train of general skin infections, eye, ear, nose, throat and sinus infections and some cases of typhoid which are traceable directly to the polluted water at these bathing beaches.

This condition will in a few months be materially aggravated by the bringing in of a much larger volume of concentrated sewage through new sewage units which are about to be put into operation. We are, therefore, starting out on a campaign which every one of our lake cities in this section—probably every city between Port Huron and Buffalo—will have to take up.

N. E. HUTCHENS,
Pres. Toledo Chapter
Izaak Walton League of America

An Important Suggestion from Hamlin Garland

AFTER nearly five months in England I returned in October to make a lecture tour of the Middle West and one of the most disturbing and repulsive sights in my native state was the pollution of the streams, the use of their banks as dumping places for garbage. Rivers and lakes which in England would have had lovely driveways along their course were here disfigured with disgusting refuse heaps.

We can not lay claim to being completely civilized until we cease to poison our streams and strew their margins with filth. In so far as my words will carry weight I wish to urge the conservation of the beauty spots of our Mid-land region—we have so few of them! Every wooded bank, every spring, every river path should be protected from vandals, for the intellectual refreshment of the youth of today and the welfare of generations to come after.

There is money in such a campaign. If the "city fathers" can not be approached in any other way, say: "It pays to have a charming town. A refuse heap festering in the sun is a handicap." In all my comings

and goings in England I was pleasantly impressed by the little gardens of even the poorest cottages. Roses, roses in every back-yard. Everywhere I went in my own country I was sickened by the presence of dumping grounds in the outskirts of almost every village. My patriotism could hardly rise above this almost universal defilement. If your magazine can start a reform along these lines the men and women of the future will bless you—even the man who puts business above every other consideration will ultimately grant the value of a reform which will make his town more desirable as a place to live in. More power to your elbow!

THE following editorial from the New York Herald of November 16, 1921, is most interesting and instructive and proves how more and more the pollution of our streams is becoming a matter for national consideration.

When the Old Gent Snoozes

Federal control is the answer.

Pure Streams Mean More Fish

Many streams that at one time yielded an important food supply as well as good sport for the angler have become barren of fish through the pollution of the water by discharges from manufacturing plants along their banks. In some communities efforts have been made to compel the owners of these plants to dispose otherwise of deleterious waste materials, but speaking generally little has been accomplished in the way of safeguarding the purity of rivers.

Therefore importance attaches to the recent prosecution of the owners of a glue factory on Cattaraugus Creek, near Gowanda, in New York State. A warning was given the company when dead fish were found in the stream and evidence obtained that poison by factory waste was the cause. The warning not being effective, legal proceedings were begun and a fine of $500 was imposed on the concern.

It was not so many years ago that about every fresh water stream in the country yielded fish of some variety. Their pursuit gave pleasure to many, while as a food product they gave variety to the table of everybody. Nowadays even the largest streams have fewer fish than ever before and this condition is likely to continue to the point of extermination unless the pollution of rivers and brooks can be prevented.

Once the Hudson was famous for the quality of its shad, some of the finest fish being taken within the limits of New York city. Last year the catch did not repay the fishermen for their trouble. The sturgeon, once common in the Hudson, especially in its upper reaches near Albany, has practically disappeared. Known as Albany beef, it furnished a staple food supply for the communities bordering on the Hudson between Newburgh and Albany, while its eggs, used to-day for making caviar, were considered the least valuable part of the giant fish.

There are hundreds of streams in the State which would add to the food supply if freed from pollution and restocked. They would also give a lot of pleasure to those who believe with Izaak Walton that fishing is a contemplative pastime. At any rate, when a man or a boy is fishing he is surely out of mischief.

Scarcity of Fish in Connecticut Streams

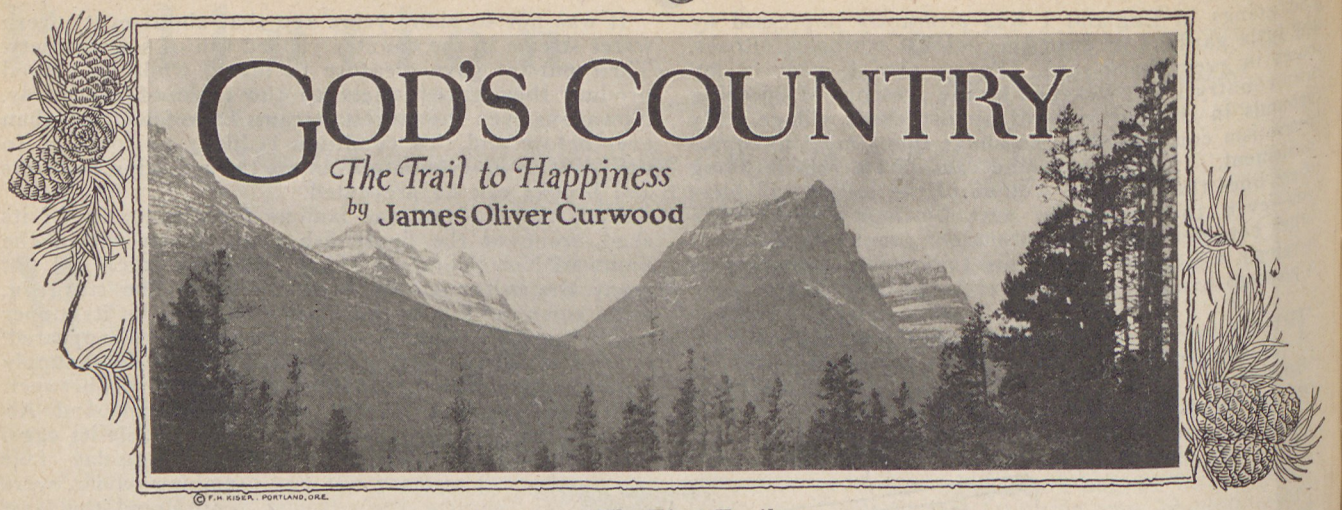
IN the last printed Report of the Fish and Game Commission of Connecticut, the President, F. C. Walcott, says that the prevailing opinion among the intelligent sportsmen of the state is that fish and game are fast disappearing. That there is, practically, no good fresh water fishing left. That the experiments in introducing foreign fish have failed; and that the present laws are too entirely liberal if the fish supply of the state is to be restored and made at all adequate.

Greetings to the Chicago Chapter on the Occasion of Its First Birthday Banquet, Jan. 15, 1922

Though I cannot share your anglers dinner, I hope to share your fisherman's luck in the efforts to purify and preserve the waters of America, big and little, as a home of fish, pleasant to catch and good to eat. The Izaak Walton League is doing something worthy of its name and beneficial to our great but often widely wasteful country. Enlightened public opinion is the only power that can accomplish this task. Let us do our best to create it, apply it, back it up and make it work for a living. All hail and good luck.

HENRY VAN DYKE

Do your bit for Outdoor America and subscribe NOW—$1.00 per year.



The First Trail

MY SECRET OF HAPPINESS

TONIGHT I am in a little cabin in the heart of a great wilderness. Outside it is dark. I can hear the wind sighing in the thick spruce tops. I hear the laughter of a stream out of which I took my supper of trout. The People of the Night are awake, for a little while ago I heard a wolf howl, and, not far away, in an old stub, lives an owl that hoots at the light in my window. I think it's going to storm. There is a heaviness in the air, and, in the drowse of it, the sweetness of distant rain.

I am strangely contented as I start the writing of this strangest of all the things I have written. I had never thought to give voice to the things that I am about to put on paper; yet have I dreamed that every soul in the world might know of them. But the task has seemed too great for me, and I have kept them within myself, expecting them to live and die there.

I am contented on this black night, with its promise of storm, for many reasons—though I am in the heart of a peopleless forest fifteen hundred miles from my city home. In the first place, I have built, with my own hands, this cabin that shelters me. My palms are still blistered by the helve of the ax. I am the architect of the fireplace of stone and mud in which a small fire burns for cheer, though it is late spring, with summer in the breath of the forests. I have made the chair in which I sit and the table on which I write, and the builder of a marble palace could take no greater pleasure in his achievement than have I.

I am contented because, just now, I have the strange conviction that, in this wild and peopleless place, I am very close to that which many peoples have sought through many ages and have not found.

In the distance, I can hear thunder, and a flash of lightning illumines my window. A cry of a loon comes with the flash. It is strange; it is weird—and wonderful. And also, in a way, it has just occurred to me that it is a fitting kind of night to begin that which I have been asked to write. For this night, for a short space, will be like the great world at large—a world that is rocking in the throes of a mighty tumult—a tumult of unrest, of discontent, of mad strivings, of despair, and lack of faith—a world that is rushing blindfold into unknown things, that is seeking rest and peace, yet can never find them.

It is, I repeat, a strange night to begin the writing of that which I have been asked to write, and yet I do not think that I would have the night changed. It seems to picture to me more vividly the unrest of the world fifteen hundred miles away—and fifteen thousand miles away. I seem to see with clearer vision what has happened during the past two years—the mad questing of a thousand million people for a spiritual thing which they cannot find. I see, from this vantage-point of the deep forest, a world torn by five hundred schisms and religions, and I see not one religion that fills the soul with faith and confidence. I see the multitudes of the earth reaching up their arms and crying for the Great Mystery of life to be solved. Questions that are rack- ing the earth come to me in the whisperings of th approaching storm. Can the ghosts of the dead re- turn? Can the spirits of the departed commune with the living? Is the world on the edge of an inundation of spiritualism? Does the salvation of humanity lie there—or there—or there? What shall I believe? What **can** I believe?

The rain is beginning to beat on the roof of my cabin and, in number, the drops of the rain remind me of the millions and the tens of millions of restless men and women who are reading avidly, in the pages of maga- zines and books, the "experiences" of those who are giving voice to new creeds and new beliefs or reviving old ones long lost in the dust of forgotten ages.

Ghosts have been revived; spirits are on the move again. New generations are drinking in with wonder and suspense the whole bagful of tricks worn out ten thousand generations ago. Tomorrow it may be the revival of witchcraft. And the next day new prophets may arise and new religions take the place of the old. For so travel the minds of men; and so they have trav- eled for hundreds of thousands of years before Christ was born and Christianity was known; and so they will go on seeking until God is found in a form so simple and intimate that all humanity will at last understand.

The storm has broken. It is like a deluge over the cabin. The thunder and crash of it is in the spruce tops —and such is the dreadfulness of the tumult and th aloneness of the place that I am in, that I would ceas where I am did I think that anything I am about to say might be sacrilege. But when a mind gives expres- sion to that which it holds as truth, there cannot be sacrilege.

I have been asked to put on paper something of that religion which I have discovered for myself in nature. There are many who will laugh; there are many who will disbelieve, for it will be impossible for me to make myself entirely clear in such a matter as this. For I have found what, to me, is God; and I cannot expect to startle the world, even if I desired to do so, for what I have found has been found in a very simple way— without bringing spirits back from the dead, or hearing voices out of tombs, or gathering faith through the in- spiration of mediums.

I have found the heart of nature. I believe that its doors have opened to me, and that I have learned much of its language. Through adventure and bloodshed I have come to a great understanding; and understand- ing has brought me health and faith and a joy in life. And because these things will do the world no harm, and may do some good, I am undertaking to write the story of a great and inclusive God whom men and women and little children should be made to know, but to whom, unfortunately, the swift pace of the times has made most of us strangers.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

I fear that I am going to shock many people, and so I am of a mind to get the shock over with and come to the meat of what I have to say. But I shall start with something which those who read this must concede—that everyone in the world seems to be looking for something which will bring him more comfort and more happiness from life. That, I think, is the reason the Catholic Church is the only Church which is growing to any extent. It is growing because it is the only Church which is holding out its arms as a mother and giving a human being a breast upon which to lay his head when he is in trouble. Yet I am not a Catholic. Neither am I a Protestant. I do not belong to the High, Low, Broad, or Free Church. I do not confess to Romanism, Popery, or Protestantism any more than I do to Mohammedanism, Calvanism, or the doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints. I am not a sectarian any more than I am a Shaker or a Restitutionist. I do not believe that one necessarily goes to hell because he does not accept Christ as the Son of God. I believe that Christ was a good man and a great teacher of his times, just as there have been other good men and great teachers in their times. I can look upon the Mussulman at prayer, or the Parsee at his devotion, or the Eskimo calling upon his unseen spirits with the same feeling of brotherhood and understanding that I can see a congregation of Baptists or Methodists singing their praise to the God on high. I do not pity or condemn the African savage and the Indian of the Great Barrens because they see their God through another vision than that of the Christian. There were many roads that led to old Rome. And there are many roads, no matter how twisted and dark they seem to us, that lead to the better after-life.

The Little Cabin Where the Author Has Written Many of His Great Novels.

I wish that some mighty power would rise that could show to man how little and how insignificant he is. Only therein, I think, could the thorns and brambles be taken out of that path to peace and contentment which he would like to find, and would find if he were not blinded by his own importance. He is the supreme egoist and monopolist. His conceit and self-sufficiency are at times almost blasphemous. He is the human peacock, puffed up, inflated, flushed in the conviction **that everything in the universe was made for him.** He looks down in supercilious lordship on all other life in creation. He goes out and murders millions of his kind with his scientific inventions; yet he calls a tiger bad and a pest because the tiger occasionally kills the two-legged thing that hunts it. If he kills a man illegally, it is called murder, and he is hanged and goes to hell. If his government tells him it is proper to kill a thousand men, he kills them, and is called a hero—and a chosen place is kept waiting for him in heaven. His conceit blinds him to fact. He thinks our little earth was the chosen creation of the Supreme Power—forgetting that the earth is but a fly-speck compared with the other worlds in space. He thinks that Christ was born a long time ago, and that time began with our own knowledge of history—when, as a matter of fact, he has no reason for disbelieving that man lived and died hundreds of thousands of years ago, and that countless religions have come and gone in the eons of the past. He does not stop to reason that, in number, he is as a drop in the ocean compared with other beating hearts on earth.

To me, every heart that beats is a spark from the breath of God. I believe that the warm and beating heart in the breast of a singing robin is as precious to the Creator of things as the heart of a man counting money. I believe that a vital spark exists in every blade of grass and in every leaf of the trees. It is the great law of existence that life must destroy in order to live, and when destruction is inevitable and necessary, it ceases to be a misdemeanor. But to let live, when it is not necessary to destroy, is a beautiful thing to consider.

Before men find a satisfying faith and peace, they must come to see their own littleness. They must discover that they are not **alone** in a partnership with God, but that all manifestation of life, whether in tree or flower or flesh and blood, is a spark loaned for a space by that Supreme Power toward which we all, in our individual ways, are groping. There is one teacher very close to us, as close to the poor as to the rich, to show us this littleness and make us understand. That teacher is nature—and, in my understanding of things, all nature is rest and peace. I believe that nature is the Great Doctor, and, if given the chance, can cure more ills and fill more empty souls than all the pysicians and preachers of the earth. I have had people say to me that my creed is a beautiful one for a person as fortunately situated as myself, but that it is impossible for the great multitudes to go out and find nature as I have found it. To these people, I say that one need not make a two-thousand-mile trip along the Arctic coast and live with the Eskimo to find nature. After all, it is our nerves that kill us in the long run, our over-restless minds, our worrying, questing brains. And nature whispers its great peace to these things even in the rustling leaves of a corn field—if one will only get acquainted with that nature. And my desire—my ambition—the great goal I wish to achieve in my writings is to take my readers with me into the heart of this nature. I love it, and I feel that they must love it—if I can only get the two acquainted.

"Fine line of talk for a man whose home is filled from cellar to garret with mounted heads and furs," I hear some of my good friends say.

Quite true, too. It is hard for one to confess oneself a murderer, and it is still harder to explain one's regeneration. Yet, to be genuine, I must at least make the confession, though it is less the fact of murder than the fact of regeneration that I have the inclination to emphasize, now that I have the opportunity. There was a time when I took pride in the wideness and diversity of my killings. I was a destroyer of life. Now I am only glad that these killings ultimately brought me to a discovery which is the finest thing I have to contemplate through the rest of my existence.

In my home are twenty-seven guns, and all of them have been used. Many of the stocks are scarred with tiny notches whereby I kept track of my "kills." With them, I have left red trails to Hudson's Bay, to the Barren Lands, to the country of the Athabasca and the Great Bear, to the Arctic Ocean, to the Yukon and

(Continued on page 310.)

Do your bit for Outdoor America and subscribe NOW—$1.00 per year.

The Real Tent Dwellers

By EDWARD BRECK, ALIAS "EDDIE"

ABOUT twenty years ago Albert Bigelow Paine wrote his famous book "The Tent Dwellers" which has delighted thousands and thousands of readers. The principal character of "The Tent Dwellers" was "Eddie," or Edward Breck, well known writer, lecturer and naturalist. The following story by "Eddie" himself is highly entertaining and witty and will prove of interest to all whether or not they have ever read The Tent Dwellers; but if there are any who have not already read that great outdoor book, they should immediately read it and then read again this story of "Eddie's," "The REAL Tent Dwellers".

HISTORY is full of traditions that threaten to usurp the truth. Wellington did not say "Up, Guards, and at them!" at Waterloo. John L. Sullivan did not say "I am too proud to fight." It was not Caesar but a New York office-seeker who said to the Governor, "You know me, Al!" Similarly the great conspiracy to make the writer of these lines appear to the ages as a "Herr Most" kind of a hirsute ogre, has lasted long enough. As Oliver Herford says "It's a long worm that has no turning," and this worm has turned at last. The Douglas complained to old King James that he had bourn it seven years that he was a Douglas, but I have bourn it three times seven years to be the "goat" of that slanderous tale called "The Tent Dwellers," the author of which once sent me a copy inscribed "To Eddie, from his historian." Historian indeed! Rather calumnious defamer. Assaulter of what is most precious to any man, his personal appearance. Gentle reader, I ask you as man to woman (or man), after examining prayerfully the portraits with which I enrich this literary gem, to tell the world what this pen-pusher yclept Paine has on me in the matter of personal pulchritude! And yet he formed a vile conspiracy with an artist to file me away for the coming ages, so that, when the historian of the thirtieth or fortieth century digs up a copy of this book from the ruins of New Jerusalem, he will throw these caricatures on the screen as an example of the hideous monsters that crawled through the Nova Scotia jungle in the year 1903 et seq. Any fairminded person can easily see the deception practised, for, while I am about five-seven tall and of a slim, graceful, Apollolike figure, this Paine person is a six-footer of the rail-splitting order of architecture, with a long nose, and—faugh, I won't go on with the description out of consideration for my readers' feelings. But glance into your copy of the "Tent Dwellers" and note that I am pictured as the uncouth giant, while he might pose for the cover of a lady's vanity-box.

"Eddie," the Tent-Dweller in Wartime wearing the Navy Cross—Legion of Honor.

And what has been the awful result of this dark treachery? Though any reader of "Who's Who?" may see for himself my accomplishments in many important fields of human activity, I am—what, I ask you? I am just Dr. (or Commander) Breck, **"better known as Eddie in "The Tent Dwellers!"**

I kick! I protest! **J'accuse!**

By mistake some magazine printed a portrait of myself with the title "Author of The Tent Dwellers," which might have pleased me if the real author-libeller had shared his royalties with me. But did he ever do any such thing? He did not! He has sent me down to posterity as an overgrown piece of ugly crankiness and taken blood money for it, a whole lot of it too, for his dratted book has become a classic, worse luck. He may go on writing things like his "Thomas Nast" and his "Life of Mark Twain," but the little volume about the Bluenose woods is the best thing he ever will do, and one of his dedications says, "Without whom, namely Eddie, this book never could have been written!" That's sticking the knife in to the hilt and then screwing it round.

Well, there's no use in crying over spilt whiskey. I say whiskey, for one of the saddest episodes in my life happened on this very Tent Dwellers trip, though the author mentions it not. It was at our camp at Kempton Dam, the place where Del the Stout exchanged some ten dollars' worth of fresh brook-trout (New York market estimate!) for fifty cents' worth of butter. As Paine tells us in his book, we were not very much addicted to the bottle, but there are times, etc., etc., and, as the trip was nearing its close, our limited remaining stock had appreciated considerably in value. It was one of those cold, clammy, windy evenings that he describes so well, and we thought it an eminently fitting occasion to open our last flagon of Canadian Club. Now I never found any reference to Canadian Club in Horace or Ovid or any of those old chaps who very evidently knew and loved good wine and fair women and all those lovely things that brighten life, at least did here on earth in the year 1903, but all I've got to say is that it was their loss. On a shivery evening I would rather have a generous nip of old Canadian Club than all the old Falernian that was ever pressed out of grapes by the sturdy feet of Latin damsels. Charles the Strong was deputed to open and serve our last bottle of this precious ichor, and the other three of us watched him with the keenest anticipatory interest. I could already feel the exhilarating, warming fluid trickling down my gullet, when—good Heavens! Charles the Strong stumbled over a pile of rocks, fell headlong and smashed that last bottle to smithereens! Wurra, wurra! The reason that Paine fails to mention this terrible incident in his book is because the agony of it was quite beyond description. A tear falls on my typewriter as I think of it, and it quite changed the course of Charlie's life, for soon afterwards he married and swore off liquor!

Now nobody can have any idea of the responsibility I burdened myself with when I allowed (note the verb?) this overgrown tenderfoot of a Paine to become part and parcel of my outfit for a very special trip to a portion of the western Nova Scotia wilderness that almost no sportsman had ever before visited. From the first chapter, in which he mentions my "straight, stiff hair" and "wide, round spectacles" (I boast of soft, silky hair and never wore round spectacles in my life!) Paine makes great fun of my preparedness, but, Ye Gods, what would he have done if all these lists had not been carefully prepared? We should not have had even a frying pan. You saw that, in the end, he became lyric on this very subject, for he sings,

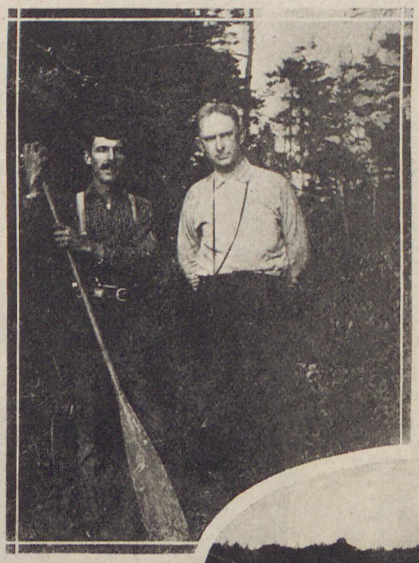
"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

"And let us buy for the days of spring,
While yet the north winds blow!
For half the joy of the trip, my boy,
Is getting your traps to go!"

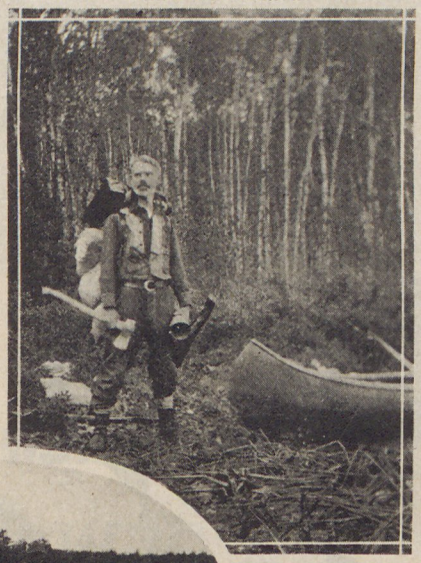
And note his sarcasm when he records that it isn't true that one can't get things in the woods. "I got Eddie's!" Of course he did, but I couldn't let him die or even languish there in the wilderness, could I?

The terrible thing about this book is that it quite ignores the fact that I am supposed to be an authority on matters of the woods, the arbiter of sporting ethics, etc. But he coolly sets down things here that damn me to eternity. Slanders, of course, all of them. For example, fancy the representative of the British Museum actually firing at a moose in close season, even with a twenty-two; and yet this crime is recorded and you may see the artist's visualization of the scene, with the telltale smoke curling from the barrel of the rifle. And what fun he did make of my very laudable ambition to capture a baby moose for the Museum—which I had legal permission to do. It is true that we did make a mess of our opportunity in Tobeatic Lake, but that was but zoologist's luck, as one might say. The very next trip I easily captured a baby bull which was my pet for some time, and now, for aught I know, still graces the collections of the British Museum. I grew so fond of the lovable, ungainly little fellow that I would never have turned his carcass over to the scientists if he hadn't been killed by a savage dog. Niggy his name was, which is short for Nigghiahjootch, or baby moose in Micmac.

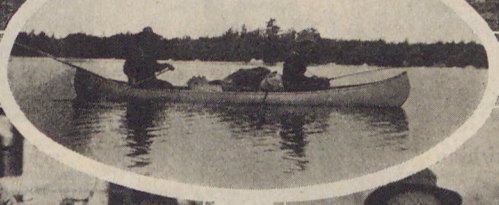
Lou and Paine.



Eddie well loaded.



Paine and Del afloat.



Albert Bigelow Paine before the start.

Del the Stout.

And then that story about fishing with three flies on one cast; that's enough to make the "purist's" cheek flame. But the worst of it is that it was true. Whatever was in the air or water of Nova Scotia that spring, I have never seen so many trout in my life. There were too many for real sport, and so we just had to resort to all sorts of experiments to freshen our jaded enthusiasm. This was the motive of our famous trout-fishing tournament at Kempton Dam. It was a desire to find the limit of this wonderful sport. Allie himself records (I suppose I may as well call him by his pet name. One can't always use the cumbersome Albert Bigelow Paine!) that I took seventy-four fish on a few miles of water, and that in about one hour's time. I just wanted to see what was possible. Of these six dozen trout, two or three that were badly hooked, were kept, while the rest were returned to the stream, to grow bigger and gladden the heart of future angling generations. In this rather brutal tour-de-force of testing the fecundity of the Shelburne there was, of course, no attempt at playing the fish properly. I wanted merely to see how many trout could be hooked and netted in an hour. The famous bets at Kempton were more interesting. Charles the Strong, a wonderful angler, found the trout rising, and bet Allie Paine a dollar that he could hook and creel five trout in fifteen minutes, which looked rather easy on that particular day. But Fate, the wanton, willed it that the fish stopped rising, while the anxious Charles got more and more excited and whipped the water more furiously every swiftly passing moment. And when at last he hooked a trout, of course it had to be a perfect whopper, far over a pound, in fact a fish that, with a five-ounce rod, had to be played out to the end of the struggle in that fast water, taking time enough to pull in three or four smaller fish brutally. In fact that big fish dished Charles's hopes. As Paine says, when the guide hooked this fish:

"But if Charles was happy, he did not look it. In fact I have never seen anyone act so unappreciative of a big fish, or handle it in so unsportsmanlike a manner. . . . A three-pound trout in swift water has a way of staying there."

In the end Charles lost his bet, and I, who rushed in where the guide failed, got my just deserts as well. But, as Paine records it:

"Yet I must not fail to add that a few days later, in other waters, both Eddie and his guide made good their wager. Each took his five trout, small ones, in fifteen minutes, and had time to spare."

Having had considerable experience in dry-fly fishing on both sides of the Atlantic, and dropped my flies, both wet and dry, in many waters, though mostly in the far north, I may as well place my opinion on record here that the **salvelinus fontinalis** of our northern streams and lakes is not a fastidious feeder, nor does he very closely distinguish between shapes and colors of insects. In fact I do not think he reproduces in his brain the nature of anything he sees floating on the surface, whether fly or worm or whatnot. He simply sees some-

thing that looks as if it were edible, and rushes for it. The average trout first grabs the food or the lure, and then spits it out if it proves inedible. What angler has not seen this procedure dozens of times?

Right here I must put on record that Allie Paine is not the inexperienced fisherman he is pleased to make himself out to be; far from it. On these expeditions he showed himself to possess what may be termed the instinct for the light rod in full measure. To be sure he had in his younger days fished only the delightful little mountain brooks of New England, where you "snake" the little fellows out of difficult places, an art in itself. But he took to the big ones and heavy water tactics like a born artist. As a hunter I can't say much for him. He hates to kill anything, especially if it has warm blood, and, by that same token, which of us really doesn't? Nova Scotia is at present perhaps the best moose-hunting territory (unless you prefer a giant head from Alaska), especially since the cows have been protected, and yet I have never been able to persuade Paine to be my companion on a moose hunt, a pastime I consider the most exciting and interesting on this globe, whether you shoot your bull with a rifle, or, much better, a camera.

Allie as a Wood-Nymph.

Unk says Good-Bye to Allie.

Eddie with an armful of moose.

Eddie and a few good ones.

Paine and Breck all dressed up.

As he records it, we made an agreement to eat anything that fell to our twenty-twos, which led to some gastronomic experiments with porcupines, young owls, young loons and a few other things that you will hardly find in the lists recommended in the sporting manuals. The most interesting experience in this line occurred on a later trip, and resulted from a bet offered me by Lou Harlow, the mighty Micmac moose-hunter, who was at that time guiding our chum "Unk," while Paine and Charles the Strong were accompanying our hunting party to the outskirts of the hunting grounds. There were a few black duck near the mouth of the Liverpool River, where it enters Rossignol, and we had heard a couple of shots the day before when Unk and Lou had been out on a little expedition of their own, from which, however, they apparently brought back no game. But, when they started off again in the morning, Lou bet me a dollar that they would bring back at least a brace of ducks before noon. Upon their return, two shots having been heard in the near distance, Lou strolled up from the canoe, and, carelessly throwing down two large birds, completely plucked, remarked, "Well, Doctor, I guess I'll take that dollar!" I glanced at the carcasses. There were no feathers at all nor any heads left on them, but Lou had made one fatal mistake, which was not exactly a compliment to my knowledge of ornithology. He had failed to take the **yellow** legs off these **black** ducks!

"Lou, you old scoundrel," I said, "I won't pay. Those are not ducks; they are mergansers, stinking shelldrakes, rotten, inedible sawbills, and you know it. Look at the legs!"

Lou looked sheepish and guilty, for those birds had been killed the day before, and it was an outrageous conspiracy to defraud me of a dollar of the realm that was being put over on me. However, seeing that the quarry, in spite of all his trouble, had been unmasked in all its shelldrakedness, he decided to put up the best bluff he could.

"Well, what's the matter now?" inquired he with an injured air. "A shelldrake's a duck."

"The deuce it is!" says I. "You didn't go out shooting shelldrakes to eat, did you? Come now, be honest."

"Sure I did, and I'll eat 'em too," insisted Lou.

The upshot of it was that Allie Payne, having been, with Unk, appointed a jury to sit on this important matter, and, with his usual "instinct for the jugular vein" of a joke, seeing a chance to make sport of me, made the following decision: "While perhaps Chapman and Beebe and Breck might not, strictly speaking, place shelldrakes in the category of ducks, properly so-called, yet, under these present circumstances, it would seem just to allow these two carcasses to go as ducks, **providing,** that Lou would immediately cook and eat said shelldrakes before the eyes of the court. And in that case Breck would pay Lou one dollar."

"I accept the order of the Court," said I.

"I sure want nothing better," said Lou, and he forthwith proceeded to clean those fish-ducks and roast them over the coals of the campfire, while the rest of us gathered round expecting to have to hold our noses as soon as the awful aroma began to arise from the birds. But now a miracle happened. When the aroma did rise it failed to have any awfulness about it. On the contrary it was delicious. We came to scoff and we remained to help Lou clean up those "ducks," for shelldrakes are

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"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

"I never see a little river without wanting to fish in it."—Henry Van Dyke.

James Oliver Curwood's Fight in Michigan

WHEN the banners of conservation wave triumphantly throughout America, the names of two men will stand foremost among those who have fought to save our forests and wild life—Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, and James Oliver Curwood, of Michigan.

Jim Curwood's fight, like Pinchot's, is one that has passed far beyond the bounds of his own native state. It has become national in its significance, and the righteous principle which is inspiring him, and which the political regime of his own state is seeking to destroy, is now being considered by at least eighteen other state legislatures. Hundreds of thousands of nature lovers and conservationists throughout the United States, as well as his friends in Michigan, are giving him the tremendous moral support which is bound to win in the end.

For Jim Curwood's "principle" is simple, yet it strikes directly to the heart of right and justice. He believes the wild life, forests and waters of any state **is the greatest single asset it possesses,** and that this asset should be adjudged a great corporate property belonging to the people of the state, and that **"politics should be eliminated from its control, and the biggest, broadest-minded and best technically trained men available be placed in charge of conservation affairs."**

He does not believe that a plumber can safely captain a ship at sea, nor a railway engineer direct the destiny of a great automobile corporation—and he does not believe that a politician, no matter how many counties or votes he can swing at election time, is a fit head to safeguard "that most precious of all our heritages"—a natural-resource corporation whose value in forests and wild life is two billion dollars, as it is in Michigan, and upon which the health, happiness and future of a state's population absolutely depends.

And in Michigan, fighting for this principle, without a single personal or political ambition of his own, and opposed by the most powerful political machine ever created in that state, Jim Curwood has stood by his guns, until the struggle which began in Michigan is having its influence in Washington, and from New York to San Francisco, and each week his supporters are growing in thousands. For the nation knows of the political machine which governs Michigan, and realizes the courage of any single individual who dares to rise up in the face of it with the demand that "our forests, wild life and water be freed from the devastating influences of political slavedom."

No object lesson to true Americans who have love of country deep in their hearts could be more inspiring than this struggle of America's great nature lover against tremendous odds.

Meanwhile, in his own state, where every person who loves trees, wild life, clean streams and clean living should place themselves behind him to a man, woman and child, every possible influence has been brought to bear against him. Because of the power of politics a part of the press has been silent in his cause, a part lukewarm.

But threats, political propaganda and influence, and the necessity for tremendous personal sacrifice have not held Jim Curwood back, and if at last he is downed **it will be because the people of Michigan do not properly value the mighty heritage of forests, wild life and streams which God saw fit to place in their hands.** But he will not be downed. He has started a blaze which no amount of political blindness and stupidity can extinguish. Political mismanagement of conservation affairs in Michigan is doomed. And when the last of the shackles fall, and those "big, broad-minded, technically trained men" fill the positions for which they have been fitted by education and experience, then will Michigan begin slowly to come back into her own. Her forests will return. **Her swiftly disappearing wild life will become plentiful again, her streams grow clean, her sun shine more brightly, and her people grow old more happily and more gracefully.**

We are behind you, Jim Curwood. From the Atlantic to the Pacific we are behind you!

WILL H. DILG

Over the Bar

A Great Day With Blue Fish Off the Jersey Coast

By FRANK L. STICK
Author of "THE CALL OF THE SURF"

Photographs by Frank Browne

WHEN I think of bluefish there comes to mind a strip of gray sand, with white capped breakers rolling in from the open sea. A dull sky with low hanging streamers of clouds. Gulls wheeling, darting and screaming, as they work above the school. Fishermen waist deep in the surf, at times almost hidden from sight, as some seventh wave breaks before them and sends its wash hissing up the beach.

Yes, the bluefish is a creature of wild waters. Now and then of a calm day the feeding fish will work in close enough to be reached by the surfman, but these are rare days. Perhaps it is only because this fellow loves water of a tropic temperature, and because an easterly wind tends to drive this warm current shoreward, but I prefer to think that it is the turmoil of waves that entices him to his undoing.

I have taken blues from a dory, twenty miles at sea; circling the schools with trailing squids, and horsing them into the boat with the stiff rod that this fishing requires, until my arms were numb. Under these conditions, he battles strongly and well, and gives the angler a better fight for his size, than any offshore fish that swims. But to know the bluefish at his best, to learn of his strength, his courage, and his savagery, you must fight him from the beach, with the rod of a surfman.

Now some there are who contend that surf fishing is a lazy, prosaic sort of a recreation, eminently suited to the tired business man, who desires nothing more strenuous for his week end entertainment than a day on the sand, with an umbrella, a well filled lunch basket, and a sprightly novel at his elbow, but a form of sport with little to recommend it to the red blooded angler.

Let him who holds this opinion, follow some day a real surfman. One, who with pack on back, and rod in hand takes the trail that leads to some lonely beach, with the endless blue in front of him, the shining sand stretching for miles to north and south, a wilderness of dunes and tangled vegetation behind him. Let him camp with him there for a day or two, or for a week, if the spirit so impels, with naught but the gulls and the beach birds for company, the song of the breaking waves, and the wash of the surf in his ears. Let him follow this surfman up and down the beach, as he hunts for likely holes and sloughs. Let him bear the sting of the driven sand, and the bite of insect pests, and let him share the scant fare and drink that the limited pack makes necessary, and he will, I believe, agree with me that this surf fishing is a man's game.

To me, the ocean is the great mystery of nature. Each day I spend on the beach or on the living waters but tends to implant in me a surer knowledge of its omnipotence, its sublime power to create and to destroy. This illimitable body, reaching round the globe and covering three-fifths of the earth's surface; tenanted by unnumbered creatures unknown to man, unfettered and independent of all laws of the earth; somber and cruel and threatening one day, slumberous and enticing the next, again a raging fury of stormy waters, of roaring billows, pounding down shores and destroying in a moment, ships, and bulwarks and cities. Those who follow the sea are apt to live bravely, and to die without qualm or fear, and I can understand it, for who can know the ocean without knowing also man's insignificance in the scheme of things.

Surf fishing is apt to attract men and women of diverse types and classes. The indolent soul, certainly, if he sticks close to his hotel, may loll to his heart's content. The convivial fellow also may here with his companions escape the restraining laws of civilization and carry on till the cows come home. But these are not surfmen.

There was a morning in late August, when three of us disembarked from our tiny dingy, close to the mouth of the Inlet. It was gray dawn, with the fog rolling in across the beach like smoke, and as we plodded up the coast the figures of my companions loomed bulky and grotesque with their burdens of packs and duffle, like prehistoric creatures, risen from the sea.

A half mile above the Inlet lay the wreck of a Danish schooner, which encountering the treacherous shoals which outflank the coast at this point, had gone ashore several years previous. Here was a channel and a deep hole, which had given up many a good bass early in the season, and at this point we dropped our burdens and rigged up for the day.

It was dead low water, and the sea into which we presently cast our baits heaved gently, with scarce a break against the wide beach. But further out, a half mile or more, where the guarding bar stretched to north and south, the breakers rolled white, and their boom came to our ears.

Personally, I like to begin my fishing at low water. At most points on our coast, the fish seem to come in with the tide, and it means at least five or six hours of fishing, with conditions at their best. True, many a good catch is made on a dropping tide, if the formation of the shore allows for the free ingress and egress of feeding schools, but at this particular point, the approach to the Inlet is so cut up with bars, that at low water any fish that remain inshore are practically landlocked.

After a half hour or so of comparative inaction, for the feeble flopping of a flounder at the end of a line can scarce be termed action, I filled my bait bag with slabs of menhaden and shouldering my rod, I wended my way northward.

It had been several weeks since I visited this spot, and even in that short time the formation of the shore had changed considerably. Where once had been a flat, now the beach shelved down abruptly, and a dune on which I had made a temporary camp, had been sheared off almost to the level of the beach. Several times I stopped and made tries in likely looking holes and channels, without result. At last I came to a point, where the shore line curved more to the north. Here was an abrupt beach, until it reached low water level, when it extended far out in a succession of bars and flats. To the south was a deep hole. To the north, the beach stretched unbroken, far as the eye could reach. It looked decidedly fishy to me, and so I unlimbered, and baiting with a strip of bunker, I made a long cast to the edge of the bar.

Minutes passed. A half hour came and went, without the lightest nibble, but I was not discouraged, for all the time the waves were rolling in stronger and stronger, and I had that feeling that comes to a fisherman, at times, that something mighty important was about to happen.

It came, not as a vicious tug at my line, nor was it the scream of the reel that aroused me to action. It was only the shimmer of a moving shape in a wave, as it curled a hundred and fifty feet from where I stood. My heart missed a beat, and then as another wave heaved upright, in a sharp ridge, I saw them; a dozen or more great fish, blue as tropic seas, with the sunlight behind the wave outlining them sharply in its translucent depths.

I moved rapidly then. The line was a blur as the whirling handle brought it in. Like mad, I rushed up the beach, and in little more time than it takes to put it down, I had changed my baited rig for a Belmar squid. Down to the water's edge, and knee deep I splashed and snapping the rod backward I sent the squid in a low arc, into a patch of clear water that showed between the breakers. With muscles tensed to withstand the expected strike,

I reeled rapidly, but the twirling squid came to my feet without a touch. Again the lure was sent into the breakers that swept over the bar. Scarce had I made a dozen turns of the handle, when the tip was snatched downward, and setting the hook, I felt the surge of a powerful fish.

Is there any thrill to equal it, I wonder? Is there, in all the sports of the out of doors, any sensation to compare with this heart tensing, all mastering feeling of elation that comes to the angler at that first strike of a noble quarry? I have crouched half frozen in a blind when canvasbacks, and green heads, with set wings, came hurtling into the stools. I have followed my setters over western stubble, and through eastern cover, and I have experienced the same emotions that brought them quivering to a point. I have followed the trail of deer, and elk, and bear, and I have thrilled at the sight of the blurred form against the snow. But to my mind, the gods of the out-of-doors, have no gift to bestow, half so exhilarating as the smashing strike of a good fish.

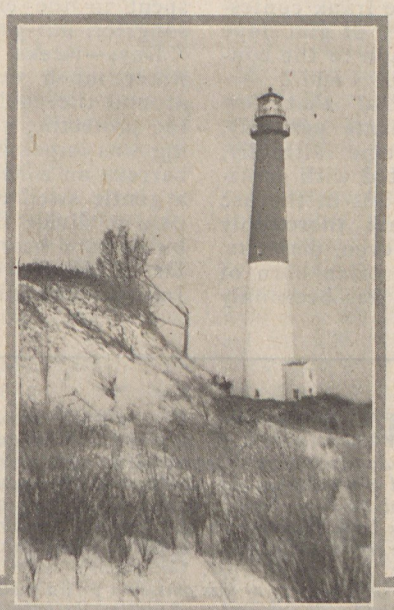
There was no mistaking the fact that this fish that had taken my squid, as it whirled over the bar, was a blue, and when I make this statement, the story is told, so far as sea anglers are concerned. We talk of this or that bass or drum, fighting in such and such a way, as compared with another fish of about the same size, and the same species. But there is no differentiating with the bluefish, excepting as they fight in proportion to their size. A loggy blue was never taken, or a slow one, or one who would give up before he was whipped. From the strike, until the time they are safely reposing on the beach, there is no give up to any member of the family pomatomidae.

My bluefish hit me with the power of a sledge hammer, and the sixteen ounce tip curtsied to the water. He shot to the right, and he shot to the left. He came out from the crest of a roller, with red gills flaming and shook his head in frantic efforts to dislodge the hook. I gave him line when necessary, and I took it in whenever possible, and slowly I worked him shoreward. At last I had him in shallow water, and I could see the darting shape of him. Slowly I worked him in, closer and closer, until seeing a higher wave than usual, driving in, I put a heavy strain on the rod, and lifting the fish into the wave, he was carried to my very feet. On the instant I jumped for him, for one must act quickly, when a bluefish is beached. But I was too late. The sand gave him the necessary purchase. His flailing tail swerved his body seaward. A shake of his head against the sand, and the squid was dislodged. A second wave came to meet him, and like a flash of light, he was gone. All in the space of four seconds.

I lost no time in bemoaning his loss, for this is a common occurrence in squidding. Again I made my cast. I felt a jar, and saw the splash of a breaking fish. I kept the lure coming, and again he hit. For an instant I felt his weight, and then he was off. I retrieved, and again shot the squid seaward. No result, but on my third cast, came a strong strike, and a plunging, leaping fish, on the end of my line. He pulled like a ten pounder, and when I had him at last at my feet, I saw that my estimate was not more than a pound or two off the mark. Another I took in the course of ten minutes, and then I remembered something. Clambering up the beach, I looked southward, in hopes of sighting my companions.

There they stood, faint to view through the mist, but apparently inactive, to judge by their postures. I shouted and waved my hat on top of the rod, which was a prearranged signal, but they gave no sign. I debated for a moment whether to go after them or to return to this gold mine of fishes, I had discovered.

Guardian of the Inlet.



Rigging up for the Day.

On my third cast, after missing a strike, I hooked another blue, and brought him to the beach, after a rod straining battle. Again I climbed the sloping beach, and waved and whooped to no avail. Duty done, I returned to my fishing.

I judge it must have been my fifth trip to the ridge, for I remember there were six bluefish lying in a heap on the sand, when I perceived that one of my companions had detached himself from the other, and was meandering slowly in my direction. Ah, the capers I cut up then. What leaping, and waving of rod and hat, and whistling and hallooing. What carryings on for the father of a family. At last he saw me, for he broke into a trot.

A heavy fish was fast to my hook, when Bert reached me, red of face, and panting like a spent hound.

"Put on a squid, and get out here," I shouted over my shoulder, for I had my hands full.

"I didn't bring my bag," he panted.

I waded to shore, for I had lost my fish by now, and made a hurried search through my own tackle. There were hooks of every size, and wire and leads, and pincers, and every other conceivable requisite for the surfman, excepting an extra squid. I could not understand it, for I knew I had started with four or five of these effective little block tin affairs in my bag.

The spirit of good sportsmanship, and the fact that my arms ached from the strain of casting and playing those heavy fish, impelled me to make an offer which I knew he would not accept.

"Here, take my rod," I said. "I'll go after the squids."

Bert was already pulling off his boots, and he shook his head. In his stocking feet he made fast time, for a man who, to put it nicely, is acquiring a waist line. He was back again from his half mile run, in the time it took me to hook and land two more blues, and to lose double that number. And Hank was with him.

And now, had the bluefish that swarmed over the bar, outside that lonely beach, possessed knowledge of what was in store for them, there would have occurred a seaward retreat, that would have raised a tidal wave whose effect would have been felt in Europe. Bert at home, and Bert engaged in the sport which he loves best, are two unique and distinct personalities. At home he lives a well regulated life of ease. He loves to be waited on, and he gets considerable attention because he is a lovable fellow, and deserves it. He is apt to be late for dinner, and when I make an engagement with him, I invariably name an appointment for an hour ahead of the time I expect him to turn up.

But see him now. Stripped to a flannel shirt, a ragged pair of knickers, woolen stockings, and sneaks, he dashes into the surf, waving his rod on high, like a standard bearer leading a charge. There is vigor and energy and action in every movement. Forward he progresses, until

(Continued on page 304)

Game Rifles

By M. L. GOCHENOUR

THE space forbids a complete narrative of those eventful days on Lower Opasatika during September and October last, yet, some frank confessions of late sins by your compiler of gun dope and hunting lore may offer some inspiration to the contributors of "Arms Failures in Bush and Field."

Long has it been patently proverbial that few preachers practice their own preachments perfectly, and fewer doctors take their own medicine faithfully, upon all occasions. The offense committed with greatest ease by otherwise ethical sportsmen, lies in the use of ammunition with which they are not thoroughly familiar. Consequent disappointments, even disasters, are rivaled only by the exasperations so often born of dependence upon arms with which there has been only slight acquaintance. Both transgressions spring from that lazy time server, taking too much for granted.

On my 1921 vacation, a new 180 grain bullet for the .30-'06 conclusively proved its efficiency by tearing twice through the shoulders, and twice "end on" through the largest moose of my hunting experience. When I wrote the manufacturers of this load, they insisted that their 220 grain, soft point bullet must have been used to obtain such remarkable penetration, as they were quite sure the 180 grain, open point, bullet was not capable of such results. However, not until the last of August were some cartridges, loaded with the 220 grain bullet, received. A confusion of professional engagements, in the effort to prepare my practice for a month's absence prevented even a trial of this cartridge on the local range, for ballistic properties. Following the line of least resistance, correctness of the figures supplied by the manufacturers was taken for granted. Surely this heavier missile, even though of the old soft point variety, would assure more certain and more merciful, the nasty business of killing, if it fell to my lot to take the life of another of our biggest antlered brothers!

Hot, dry weather was encountered, even in October—the fag end of a summer-long drouth in the James Bay region. Where swift, white current made miles of the Lower Opasatika formidable, if not dangerous, in 1921, we found insufficient water to float our canoes this last year, and our frogging progress up or down stream was tedious, hard work. The river banks were parched and devoid of game feed, excepting for partridges. Nearly all the tributary brooks were Volstead sympathizers. To find moose required long cruises far back on the heads of the few spring fed brooks. However, the late dry fall was not without ample compensation. Robins were common. Incessant partridge drumming turned the calendar back a full month. Best of all, daily concerts by the Canadian marsh sparrow, that best loved, though perhaps least known, of North Woods' kinfolk, paled Galli Curci's triumphs into insignificance. September, 1922, marks my first close acquaintance with this unpretentious, rustic little song bird, whose notes are the sweetest, smoothest, and altogether the loveliest in all Bob Becker's realm. It would be far more pleasant to tell you of the blissful hours spent in the enchanted conservatory of this premier songster, but you were promised a hunting narrative.

Days—weeks passed! The moose were not in the water much during the day, but kept well hidden around the cool springs at brook heads, miles back in the protecting cover of heavy tag elder thickets. Stalking was impossible, excepting on the wet, moss covered barrens on a height of land or water shed slope, where a gentle swell rose up in Nature's divine plan of fairness to divide the burden of neighboring brooks. Few bulls were heard, and fewer sighted. My companion, Dr. H. H. Rogers, a League brother, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, had killed a fine specimen of 55 inches spread with 26 good points. My resolution was to kill only a head approximating 60 inches. A heavy camera had been carried many miles in the futile effort to shoot any kind of a head with that arm. Only two days remained before we must begin our laborious ascent of the river to the railroad, when the final try was made on a big, wet barren at the head of the brook on which we were camped.

A thermometer hung from a poplar in the bright sunshine that afternoon would have registered 75 or 80 degrees, and inside my elkskin jacket, well over the hundred mark, as we brushed the last alder out of our faces and trudged forth on the open expanse of wet tundra that we had chosen for our last effort. A moose-road across the muskeag toward the crest of the divide was followed for a half mile or more. Frequent fresh beds in the luxuriant grass indicated we were "handy" to a moose sanctuary. The guide had just remarked that he did not see any big bulls running away, when, almost at the same instant, our eyes beheld a great, immobile, brown hulk, not over fifty yards ahead. It seemed a part of the landscape, in color exactly the same as the frost bitten grass—an excellent example of protective coloration. There was no good cover for 500 yards in any direction. Closer scrutiny developed this brown mass into a bull moose, above the average in size, evidently an old age pensioner of moosedom, and carrying on the left side of his head, at least, an antler that would make a worthy prize for any den. A lone bush of tag alder hid the right antler from my inspection, but the guide, standing a few feet on my right, insisted the head was a record breaker. It is doubtful if a photograph would have disclosed anything, owing to the perfect color scheme, but here is confession number one! Neither of us thought of the camera until after the setting had been disturbed by one of those .220 grain missiles, and the peaceful atmosphere shattered by the roar of my Springfield.

The shot had been directed at the neck, just at the base of the brain, as the moose turned to his left for the purpose of investigating our hushed, though hurried, conversation about his millinery. He went down but soon got up with his hind feet, on his knees in front and started in this fashion, running circles, much like a

WE are reprinting this splendid moose story by Mr. M. L. Gochenour because in January when it appeared, the printer left out several hundred words, with the result that the copy read "For nearly an hour we lay back on our rock and laughed," leaving the reader completely at a loss as to any cause for amusement. Mr. Gochenour's letter to us on discovery of this omission was a model of self restraint and good nature, the letter of a true sportsman who takes all things equably.

He wrote—"Certainly no human being could laugh for an hour, much less, when flat on his back on a rock, and particularly when there was seemingly nothing to laugh about! Readers of my copy as it was run could only conclude that the writer was hopelessly deranged. I fear that they will forever doubt the sanity of the Gun and Ammunition editor."

We offer this public apology to Mr. Gochenour and we suggest that every one read the corrected story, as the formerly omitted portion is of great interest and essential to the understanding and enjoyment of the whole.

—THE EDITOR

chicken with its head off. After a few moments of this struggle, he became quiet and seemed to collapse. We walked up to within twelve or fifteen feet of where he lay. Then we thought of the camera and stood lamenting our thoughtlessness in not trying for a photograph of the scene that was then so fresh in mind, but now gone forever; when, with a suddenness akin only to his first appearance, the bull was on his feet. Motionless, he stood there looking defiance to the very tips of the fingers on his palms. Instinctively the trigger was pressed for a quick shot between the eyes, only to find that by force of habit, the safety had been thrown over when we advanced. That made the goose flesh creep up my spine and may account, in part, for the shot, that followed quite a ssoon as it could be made, striking slightly off center on a line between the eyes. Then an uncanny feeling, never before experienced, came over me; for the bull absorbed that 2,376 pound blow without flinching, batting an eye, or twitching a muscle. Like a statue he stood there. More care was taken with the next shot which struck almost exactly where two lines, drawn diagonally across his face from the base of each antler to the opposite eye, would cross. The end was instantaneous and without a struggle.

Although the left antler was very good, carrying 24 points, the right proved a freak, with a palm not half as long as the left, and bearing only 12 points—the spread, a scant fifty inches. The second bullet did not even penetrate the skull, but was ground into powder form on the frontal bone. The last penetrated the brain, but went to pieces on the base bones of the skull. The first shot had not broken the neck, as was intended, and supposed, but only severed the tendons above the spine, without passing through. No such penetration as that obtained by the 180 grain, open point, Lubaloy last year! Convincing proof that the soft point bullet is not adapted to cartridges developing a velocity of much over 2,000 feet per second!

Failure and disappointment with this bullet and cartridge were destined not to end here. One day was spent bringing the head and meat to the river. The toilsome trip up the shallow rock strewn current began. For two days the guides and cook waded and tugged at the heavily laden canoes. Dr. Rogers walked ahead of them a few hundred yards with me, in the remote hope of interrupting a black bear or a wolf along the river. Toward the close of our second day's travel, we climbed up on a big boulder on the east shore, above the last rapids on the way out, and sat basking in the sun, waiting for the canoes to come up with us. Those inevitable pipes had a good smudge going. A great horned owl complacently looked us over from his perch on a dead spruce across the river. Several cock partridges were drumming vigorously in the birch and poplar behind us. A pine squirrel scolded from the far end of a log that connected our boulder with the shore. As we sat there in that peaceful, nerve healing environment, meditating in retrospect over the three strenuous, though joyous, weeks preceding, life seemed indeed worth while. Then stealthily as a phantom, from the heavily wooded inside of a horseshoe bend, some two or three hundred yards upstream, a beautiful bull moose walked out into the river bed, and the scene was complete. The stream at this point broadened to a width of three or four hundred yards. Leisurely he splashed through the ankle deep water, picking his way over moss covered boulders on the bottom with greatest ease, until he was well in midstream. There he stopped to drink, again and again. He would shove his great nose deep in the water and hold it there for an unbelievable length of time. As he stood between us and the setting sun, a young rainbow was created each time he shook his mane after a drink. For nearly half an hour we must have watched him before he continued his course across the river to the west bank, some four or five hundred yards away. Reaching the edge of the current he had stopped and was looking toward us when the guides came up through the rapid and we pointed him out to them.

My guide at once implored me to shoot the bull for meat, since we were over the last bad water, and he wanted a moose on his resident license for his family of many children in Cochrane. Until this time we had no thought of shooting that bull. The doctor was carrying my .22 and we had no cartridges for the Springfield excepting those in the gun—a clip loaded with these .220 grain bullets. We had wished for the binoculars many times during that blissful half hour, but they were in the duffle bags in the canoes, with the ammunition. Had we wanted to kill this animal, we could easily have done so when he was first sighted. He was not a large moose, carried a head measuring some forty inches, but had an unusually long, beautiful dulap.

The head guide became provoked on my reluctance to fire at the fine creature that had brought us such complete pleasure. After some discussion, the Springfield was lifted from across my lap and with the sights set for 200 yards, a shot was taken. The bullet hit a rock not over a third of the way to the moose, but directly in line. Thinking it must have been a defective cartridge, another try was made at the same elevation, with like result. A third held for the top of the hump struck about half way. The Doctor, sitting at my side, looking along my rifle, had noted every shot in line and suggested holding well over. This was too uncertain for accuracy, and the last two shots were fired—the fourth, holding about two feet over the shoulder, fell short several yards, while the fifth, aimed a full three feet high, splashed a little water on the bull and he walked up the bank. There he stood while the guides scrambled into the bags for more cartridges, and we lay back on our rock and laughed; for we were glad. Just as the cook threw me a new clip, the moose stepped into the green timber and we saw him no more. The guides would not swallow the ammunition excuse, and were as peeved as we were happy. There was much satisfaction in seeing every bullet strike and knowing that a fine animal had not been wounded.

Upon my return home, the trajectory of this ammunition was verified on the range. It was found that on a cold day, the sights must be set for five hundred yards to make bull's-eyes at two hundred and even then, the round nosed, soft point bullets were not so accurate as the pointed, or "open point" bullets.

These experiences and subsequent experiments are convincing proof that no bullet with exposed lead should be used in a charge developing more than two thousand feet per second muzzle velocity. The better bullets for the Springfield, and other high-power cartridges, are of a closed point variety, which permit of insulation against heat, to prevent melting the core of the bullet. The ideal Springfield bullet would be one of 200 grs. in weight, with an expanding or open-point, such as all the leading ammunition companies now use in weights of from 145 to 180 grs., with a jacket of tough metal, carrying sufficient thickness to give good penetration before collapsing, exploding or upsetting. This bullet could be speeded up to a velocity approximating the 180 gr. loads. Then the Eutopia in moose, elk, caribou and heavy bear ammunition will have been reached.

The candid confessions I have made are submitted with the three-fold purpose of giving helpful information; to offer an illustration of bad example in not testing the ammunition before using it on the game; and lastly, for conclusive demonstration that your humble arms editor is made of mud—plain mud, with a little grit as its only redemption.

I am fervently with the Izaak Walton League of America in its crusade to preserve life and soul in American waters.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

A Small Woman and A Big Swordfish

By MARGUERITE IVES

The First of a Series of Interviews with Well Known Outdoor Women of America

Photographs taken at Catalina

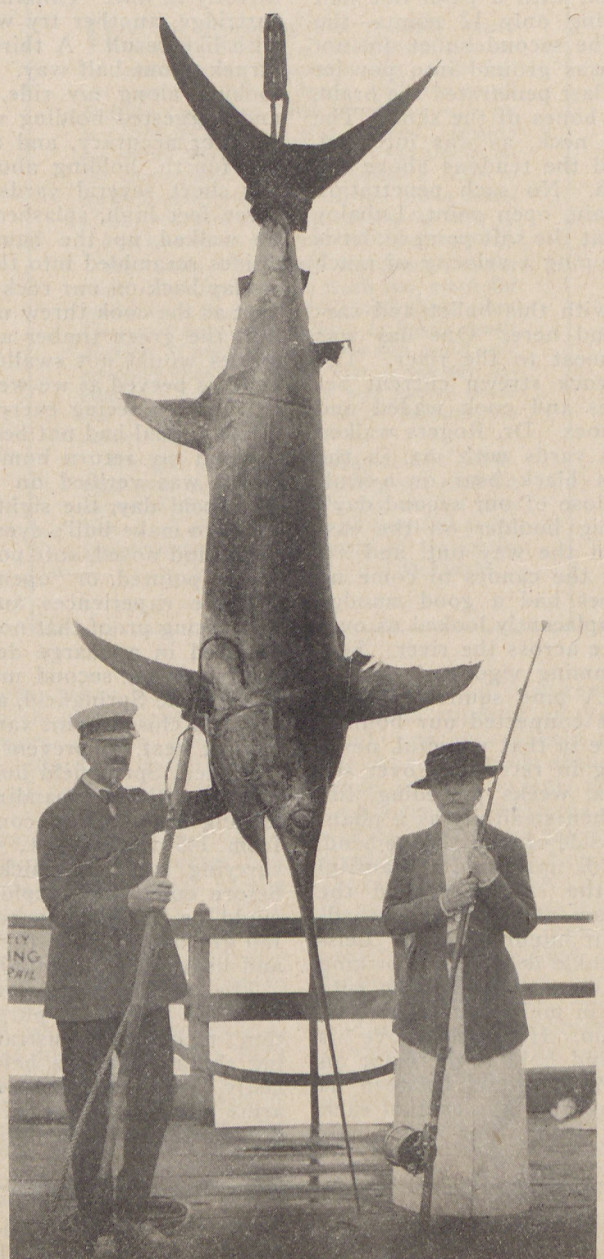
THE name of Mrs. Keith Spalding, holder of the woman's world's record for broadbill swordfish and also of the world's record blue finned tuna on light tackle automatically comes to mind as the logical outdoor woman first to be interviewed in this series.

Mrs. Spalding's feat is unparalleled in the history of women in the deep sea fishing game.

In the first place her broadbill weighed 426 pounds, and not only was it a world's record for women, but it was also the second largest broadbill swordfish that has ever been captured with rod and reel. The one exceeding it which holds the world's record weighed 463 pounds—37 pounds more! That fish was caught by W. C. Boeschen, a man with muscles of steel, whose keenest pleasure in life was the fighting of big fish and who spent many years absorbed in deep sea fishing, holding at various times the world's records for tuna, tarpon and marlin as well as his broadbill record. His name will probably always be synonymous to deep sea fishing enthusiasts with grilling battles with the magnificent and fighting monsters of the salt waters. All of which is interesting in contemplating the picture of the small and gallant woman who runs so close a second!

Small? Yes, a little woman with tiny hands and feet, yet with a sure suggestion of strength in the rounded arms and small boned wrists. There's something distinctively poised and well balanced about her. One can imagine her aboard the yacht she loves so well and upon which she and her husband spend so much time braced steadily against the stiffest breeze, or wind or storm.

One feels a certain determination in her which one knows it would be useless to attempt to swerve. Stubborn? Well, perhaps and I can tell you, other outdoor women, that that is an absolutely essential quality for success in the splendid game of deep sea fishing. I know what it is to play tarpon hour after hour until one feels so bruised in every muscle and joint, that only one's character is hanging on to the rod! Stubborn! One **must** be—long after the last hairpin has left one's back hair, the last vestige of wonder at how one must be looking; even after joy and interest in that gleaming, glorious prize at the end of the line is followed by positive hatred of the cruelly tugging, back and heart breaking fiend out there, still so far from conquered; long after you really want to quit—you don't because you're—stubborn! And that quality I found sticking out all over Mrs. Keith Spalding. She spoke with an enthusiasm and warmth that took one far away from the bleak and grey mid-winter afternoon and transplanted one to the glow and shining glory of blue bayed Catalina. She talked of the sea, the color and shimmer and imagination of it, as only those who love the sea can talk, and of the mountains, "the perfectly stunning mountains," she called them, and of the whole gorgeous beauty of outdoors at Catalina.



Mrs. Keith Spalding and her record broadbill swordfish.

"I have always loved the outdoors. I used to go fishing with my father when I was a girl, long before I could cast—when in fact, a good cast was only about every ninth splash!

"It seems regrettable to me that so many women waste so much time inside houses. In the summer time it's positively criminal. I am deeply interested in the work of your splendid League and want its success with my whole heart."

This interest Mrs. Spalding has very practically proven by her generous gift of one thousand dollars to the save-outdoor-America crusade of the Izaak Walton League of America.

"I wish some conservation work could be done in the ocean—something done about saving our magnificent deep sea game fishes. For instance commercial tuna fishermen come in with several tons of tuna in their nets, fish weighing from 10 to 16 pounds. That of course spells ultimate extinction of the tuna. But after all, outside the three mile limit, the ocean is anybody's ocean, so what can

be done? Still something **must** be done." And a certain stiffening and tension of the slight body strengthens one's belief of the "stubborn" in her.

Her sportsmanship is superb, not a sign of self glory—surely perfectly justifiable over such piscatorial achievements as hers; but instead a frank account of the foul hooking of her great fish which she feels enabled her to land him.

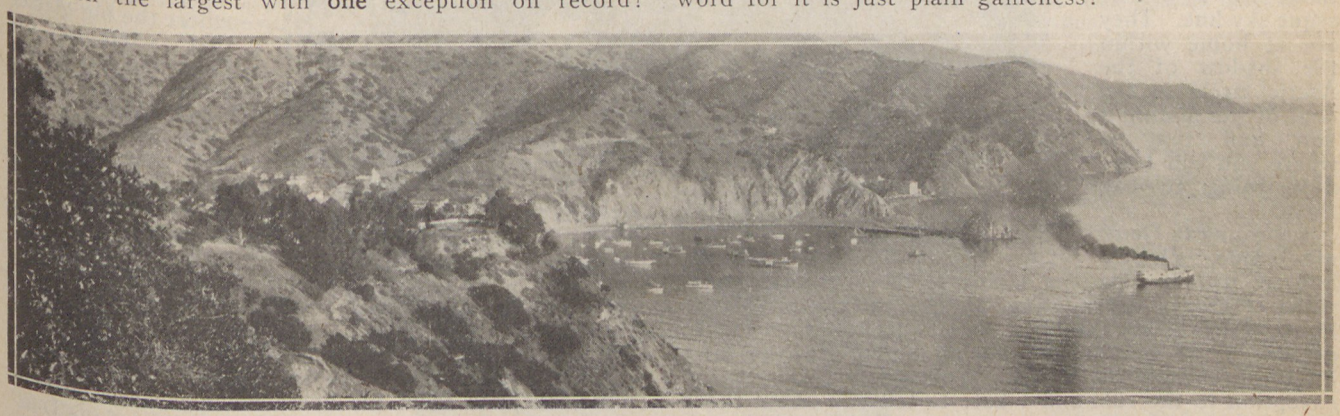
"My broadbill was hooked in such a manner that the hook penetrated the jaw and ran up through the corner of the eye, thus doubtless causing the fish great pain and keeping him up towards the surface of the water during the whole of his fight. Each 'pump' of my rod caused him to follow up in the effort to lessen the torturing pressure of the hook through his eye. The fight was remarkable in that after the initial run of possibly 500 feet, the fish was never farther away from the boat than 250 feet and as the sea was perfectly still and glassy that day, I was able to watch practically the entire fight. This fish was caught on the regulation heavy tackle of the Tuna Club and entirely according to their rules. I doubt, however, if I could have landed him except for the way he was hooked. Of course I am delighted to have my broadbill, but far more do I treasure the memory of my 105 pound blue finned tuna on light tackle. That is a real record while of course the broadbill is not."

These words coming from the lips of the only woman who has ever landed a broadbill swordfish and that swordfish the largest with **one** exception on record!

"My blue finned tuna is a truly world's record, not a woman's world's record. I caught it according to the rules of the Tuna Club of Catalina on a 6 ounce tip and 9 thread line. It took me 2 hours and ten minutes to land him and I never felt more perfect satisfaction over anything!"

In spite of this unique achievement with light tackle, Mrs. Spalding believes that too light tackle can be used for big fish—and that there is a certain unfairness to the fish in the use of tackle that nine times out of ten has no chance to land the fish.

"I fear that there are hundreds of splendid tuna swimming around with hooks and long leaders attached to them. This seems to me fearfully unfair. Adequate tackle should be used, tackle heavy enough that with skill the fish may be landed and either killed or released to swim on its way with no impeding hooks embedded in its jaw and heavy wire leader trailing and entangling it. When we try to make records with unreasonably light tackle we are simply sacrificing fair play to the fish to our own vanity." Speaking of the relative fighting powers of the swordfish and tuna, Mrs. Spalding said, "I believe it is generally accepted by those who have fought both tuna and broadbill that pound for pound the tuna is the harder fighter. They are much quicker in action than a broadbill. I couldn't have landed a 426-pound tuna but hope to have another chance to fight 400 pounds of swordfish." Stubbornness? Well, another word for it is just plain gameness!



The glow and shining glory of blue bayed Catalina.

Vagabonds All

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Under my window, white in the moonlight,
Runs the road to the market-town,
Clean and clear in the marvelous June-night,
Cleaving the forest, the field, the down:
Only to town and back they tread it,
Neighbors mine who have long since furled
The flags of their hopes; but a Voice has said it
Leads at last over all the world.

All roads do! You need only follow,
Faithful, ready and unafraid,
Knowing the cant of caution hollow,
Reckless of money and man and maid;
Self-sufficient, not self-indicting,
Careless of issues, in love with Today,
Courting the winds, be they warm or biting,
Having the will to start—to say:

"I shall go forth on the straight, white highway,
Highway wonderful, silver, strange;
Tread it, thread it and make it my way,
Over the edge of the farthest range—
Over the world's edge, run on, whip on,
By mountains of laughter, valleys of tears:
West from here in a line is Nippon,
East from here in a line, Algiers.

"Here I am caged, each muscle and motion
Ordered so ere they come to be;
But right over there is the Indian Ocean,
And right over there is the gray North Sea;
Here is the narrow and narrowing village,
There are Italy, Spain and France;
What if I'm plundered?—I, too, may pillage,
And run on the ribbon of road with Romance!"

Go, and the Elves of the Road will lead you;
Stay, and your fetters will hamper and goad;
For the fetters will cling and will cry, "We need you!"
But the Road's Free Sons are the Lords of the Road.
Yours to decide! Be it your way or my way:
To rot like lilies in stagnant ponds,
Or to live and die on the world's broad highway
One of God's chosen vagabonds

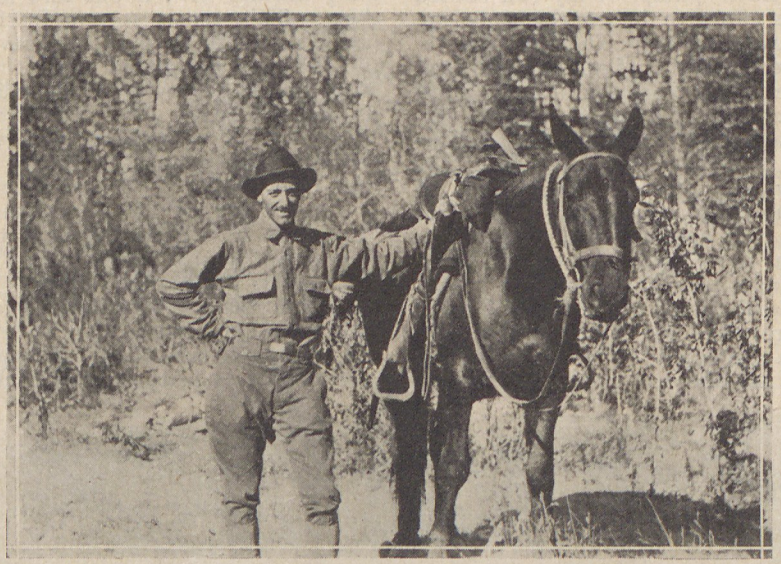
Bagging the Monarch of Gloomy Creek

By

BOB BECKER

Editor "Woods and Waters," Chicago Tribune

HAVE you ever hunted the big white rams of the Northland? If you have had that pleasure, if you have ever seen those handsome, snow white sheep against the green of a Northland mountain you will agree with me that the white sheep truly belongs to the far North where snow capped ranges and huge glaciers make for a picturesque sky line. They are at home within the shadow of the Arctic circle in the land of the midnight sun and that is where you and I are now going to bag them.



Bob Becker himself ready to start.

According to Gene, my guide, sheep hunters usually have the same old story to pass along when it comes to shooting on the early days of the hunt. Each fellow has just so much punk shooting to get out of his system and during that period he can't hit the broadside of a barn. Well, yours truly was no exception to the rule and I hate to tell you about those first days on the Duke river when Field, the Siwash Indian who led me to the big game, and I rode hard and long, climbed like goats and shot like a bunch of wild men from Borneo. We all but caused landslides by our blasting up the landscape and nary a sheep did we get. Maybe we didn't get any rams but that didn't mar my wonderful days in that secluded, beautiful valley, which sure was a hundred percent in scenery, what with every peak covered with blue green ice fields and whose grass carpeted floor was densely populated with ptarmigan, to say nothing of the grayling in its streams. What a life! What a life we did lead in that Paradise. Do you wonder that I hated to break camp and move to the Donjack?

But when we caught sight of the large bands of sheep decorating the green slopes of the Donjack valley we decided it wasn't such a bad place after all. It took lots of trick and rough riding to reach our camping spot but when I stepped out of my tent the morning after our arrival and counted better than 40 sheep in plain sight of our temporary home the old place looked pretty good. Gosh! how we did inhale our breakfast, and hustle out of camp as Field and I felt our reputations were at stake. It was up to us to get sheep of some description as we had no fresh meat in camp except ptarmigan, of which all of us were sick. "Must kill um sheep today," said Field, as we rode toward the head of the valley. Less than a quarter of a mile from camp the Indian spotted seven (mostly young rams), just what we wanted for the table. It was a cinch to get up to them and we rode to within 200 yards of the band. Then sneaking up a small draw Field led me to within easy shooting distance and before you could really appreciate what had happened I had dropped a fat young ram, Field slammed another and there we were ready to start for camp after being out about 40 minutes. Both sheep were plump, in good shape and boy, oh boy, what steaks and roasts we did enjoy from then on.

The next day Field and I sallied forth from our sheep camp early in the morning. It was a corking day, wind blowing from the south, sun shining warm—an ideal day to go after the big rams. We rode along towards the head of the valley where the big glacier that stretched for miles and miles back toward the coast came down to form the swift flowing river that swept past our camp. Field had his eyes glued to the side of the mountain as we climbed above the valley floor and it wasn't long before he spotted three good looking rams ahead and some distance above us. "Boi-nee-ah" (I see sheep) said Field as he pointed to them and I repeated the Siwash Indian phrase after him as I, too, had seen the three olds above us. Field, ahead of me, dropped from his horse when we arrived at a grassy little plot which overlooked the valley of the Donjack and from this point we proceeded to inspect the rams. How that Indian does like to get a good pair of binoculars in his hands, and then sit down on a grassy slope and just look and look over the landscape. I had a pair of glasses that were so powerful that they all but curled the hair on a ram's back when you put the glasses on him and Field never could get over the way they made the sheep look so close. Time and time again he would shake his head and remark, "That glass, she pretta strong. Make everything far away come close." Field and I sat there on the lush grass for some time giving the mountain side and especially those three rams the once over. The Indian began pointing out to me the different bands of sheep in sight and believe me he could find them. As Gene said, that Siwash can see a sheep five miles away with the naked eye. I never will forget the picture we enjoyed from our lookout there on the side of the mountain. Everywhere were mountain sheep and before we got through I had counted up to 200 white beauties without moving out of my tracks. Field finally swung back to those three rams which originally had caught his eye. He looked long and hard and remarked that all three looked good but the one in the middle appeared to be the prize winner. There was no argument then—we just mounted our horses and rode a bit farther up the valley so as to cut down the walking and climbing as much as possible, a wise idea in this sheep hunting game.

But at last it was good bye to our horses. Field had taken me as close as he dared and from then on it was a case of performing a la mountain goat or sheep—you know, boulder to boulder stuff on the side of the mountain. At the mouth of a mean looking canyon or gulch we tied our horses. Gloomy Creek was the name of

Where snow topped ranges and huge glaciers make a picturesque skyline.

The Monarch of Gloomy Creek.

the stream that flowed out of this gash in the mountain which was cut sharp so as to form walls steep and precipitous. I couldn't help but ponder over the name of the creek as we got ready for the climb and I eyed those tough looking slopes which appeared to be so steep that not even a goat could navigate on them. Gloomy was no name for it and the Indian was preparing to lead me up whether I would or no. Another inspection of the slope and I knew I had better get rid of excess baggage so I began shedding every thing I could. Before I got through you would have thought I was dressed for the tropics but the combination of that canyon wall and a sun increasing in warmth later proved that my move had been a wise one. It's hot work climbing and hanging onto a mountain, no doubt about that. We took one last, long, cold drink from the creek and started.

Field led the way, of course, and he went right up the side of that cliff. Slide rock and more slide rock was on the schedule and some times to step up meant simply sliding back twice that far. At first I tried stepping in the foot steps of the Indian but as he has longer legs than I have it didn't work very well so I had to give up that stunt. As we neared the top of the cliff it got so steep that I found myself sort of carving little depressions in the slope into which I could slip the toe of my shoe and thus hang on a little better. In this fashion, foot by foot we ascended the side of Gloomy Creek and eventually came over on the side of the mountain where our big sheep were supposed to be loafing around waiting for us. When we crawled over the edge of the gulch I was relieved to see the Indian sit down for a minute or two as there was no doubt but what a rest was mighty welcome. Even Field who is used to shagging up mountains was puffing pretty strong or as he phrases it, "Got too much wind, mus' take rest." Our box seats there on the side of the mountain were dandies giving us a view for miles up and down the valley with the big glacier showing up like a million dollars. While sitting there Field tested the wind and then shook his head. Apparently there were air currents swirling up the draws and ravines and they might spoil the party if the sheep "caught" any of them. Looking along the side of the mountain there wasn't a sheep in sight, but that was not surprising as the many gullies, draws and ravines and benches prevented your seeing very far ahead. To play safe Field took some matches and as we sneaked along the mountainside he set fire to several small tufts of dried grass which produced smoke enough to make it safe for us. For as Field described it, "make um fire and plenty smoke and sheep no smell people."

So with our smoke barrage on the job, Field and I sneaked and crawled along the mountain for a number of yards hoping each minute to get sight of the three rams. It was so rough and rocky that we had fairly good cover even though it was tough on your hands to hang on and not easy to get a foothold. Field finally crawled ahead a few yards and from behind a big rock took a look. Then he motioned for me to come on. Apparently our quarry was just ahead. I looked once more at the little Mannlicher and then advanced. Squatting next to the Indian he whispered, "shoot quick on right one." So I got to my knees and this is what I saw. Immediately in front of me was a gully filled with slide rock. On the far side of it and just beyond the edge were two big rams. What a picture they made! One was slightly above the other on the mountainside. Their heads were up, both looking at us—foreign figures in their stamping grounds. Even with the naked eye I could see that the old boy on the right had some set of horns and silhouetted against the skyline they looked magnificent.

"Shoot quick," said Field again, so I brought up the little Mannlicher and let go. Never touched that ram, either. I got to my feet, anchored myself on the steep slope and made ready to do some fast shooting. The mountainside seemed to be literally alive with mountain sheep although there were only three, the third sheep making his appearance after I shot. Field kept saying,

"shoot on right one," so I kept my eyes on the old ram who was tearing across the mountainside, his head up and covering those rock-slides as if he were on a flat concrete highway. My quarry was running below me at an angle and once more I brought up the Mannlicher, too. But before I could get a good bead on the animal he had disappeared behind a little outcropping of rock. I waited a few seconds. From behind the rock the big ram shot like a cannon ball, a picture that will live in my memory for many moons. I covered the old boy in a jiffy, the gun spat and down went the big ram to stay down for good. Standing there ready to shoot again if it were necessary, I received such a lusty crack between my shoulders that it almost knocked me off the rock. Whang! the Indian slapped me again which all but shook my teeth loose, saying as he did, "At-ta boy, Becker, you kill um sheep good," thereby using his newest bit of American slang.

Field quickly slid down to where our prize had fallen while I picked up the camera and took it more leisurely. Before I reached the sheep the delighted Indian called out, "This sheep, she good one, got big horn, too." It wasn't a "she" but then mixing up the pronouns is a common thing with these Indians, and Field was so delighted with the size of the head that he could mix 'em up as much as he wished. No doubt but what that old ram was a corker. He was an old timer, the veteran of many a scrap, a veritable king of the mountain and when I saw that rugged, beautiful, powerful head I felt like doing a couple of handsprings, as this was SOME head. Field quickly skinned out the head while I ambled down to our horses and the little creek, as a cold drink of water was the next thing on the program.

As proud and as satisfied as the Indian and I were with our big ram he wasn't the only one that bit the dust that day as in the afternoon once more Field and I ascended the mountain and bagged another beautiful trophy. But that is another story. Suffice it to say that the big fellow from Gloomy Creek was the king pin trophy, the prize head of the season for the region where we hunted. Enuff said!

Snugly encamped in snow.

Barbless Hooks and Hookless Barbarians

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Vice-President the Outlook Company.

IN the course of the last few years I have heard, I think, all the criticisms which can be raised against the barbless hook. Most of the criticisms answer themselves,—so far as real anglers are concerned, for they come from people with no eye to the future and from people who are willing to write over our fishing grounds the motto "After us the deluge." Only it will be a piscatorial desert and not a deluge which they will leave behind them if they have their way.

Not exactly in the class with the self-answering arguments which I have not troubled to cite, is the statement that the barbless hook is merely a fad which need not be taken seriously; that the barbless fisherman is in a class with the dry fly fanatic who will walk for days without casting a fly unless he happens to see a fish on the rise.

Those who have seen the barbless fly in actual practice and have noted its results over a term of years, never raise such an objection as this. They know that it is both an effective fish taking instrument and at the same time an effective preserver of fishing.

I have on my desk a letter which has just come from a man who has lived in the woods all his life. His bread and butter depends on the preservation of fishing, for he is the superintendent of a club which can only exist as long as its fishing grounds are protected and productive. This man is Mr. Alvah A. Berry. What he says can be taken as the testimony of a practical woodsman as well as a genuine sportsman. Mr. Berry writes:

You may be sure that I shall spare no time in getting the barbless hook started in Maine. In so doing we will pave the way whereby it may be possible for our grandchildren to be able to have some of the same kind of fishing which we have had,—without it, in a couple of generations there will be few fish left for any one.

As I write Mr. Berry is attending the Convention of the Maine Fish and Game Association, where he is attempting to secure an endorsement of a plan to make illegal the use of any hook but a barbless hook in certain waters of Franklin County. The bill which he is backing, while it relates to two relatively small bodies of water, nevertheless would be a pioneer bill of great importance in the history of American angling.

That the anglers of Maine are not the only ones willing to take definite action in regard to the barbless hook is indicated by a resolution which was recently passed by the Wisconsin Fish and Game Protective Association. Mr. Dilg has sent it to me and I quote it in full:

Whereas it is the duty of our Association to lead in fostering more sportsmanlike and humane methods of hunting and fishing;

And whereas many under-sized fish are killed or injured so as to result in death, and because of the force and violence necessary to remove a barbed hook;

Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Wisconsin Fish and Game Protective Association, in tenth annual Convention assembled, that we urge each and every member of our organization to give a thorough and consistent trial of the barbless hook, with the request that they report to the Association at its next annual meeting their experiences and opinions in regard to the barbless hook. Will Dilg says, "Even if you lose a few you will feel better by giving the fish a fighting chance."

Members of fish and game associations throughout the country should bring to the attention of their conventions this admirable resolution passed by the Wisconsin Association. Similar resolutions passed in every state in the union would do a great deal to advertise the barbless hook. And advertising is all that it needs. It will convince any genuine angler of its merits who once gives it a fair trial.

During the last few days I have discovered that the barbless hook has even a more ancient lineage than I had imagined. I have been reading Mr. William Radcliffe's "Fishing from the Earliest Times" and find that until the Twelfth Dynasty Egyptian anglers used nothing else.

But Aelian, quoted by Mr. Radcliffe, tells of certain ancient anglers who went even the barbless Egyptian one better. These worthy gentlemen eliminated not only the barb but the hook also. The method which they employed for catching eels was as follows: They took a hollow reed, fitted over one extremity the end of a sheep's gut and let the other end dangle in the water. When the eel seized the loose end of the gut they blew into the reed. The air passed through the gut into the eel's stomach, thus inflating him so that he floated to the surface. Then the angler had him at his mercy!

Apparently fishing stories as well as the barbless idea are not as new as some of us may have believed. I may be unduly skeptical, but if I should see an eel caught by the method which Aelian describes, I should feel inclined to echo the familiar words of the bibulous angler whose somewhat hazy eye fell upon a large mounted tarpon which hung over a club room mantel. Steadying himself for a closer observation he remarked indignantly, "The man who caught that fish is a damn liar!"

The following letter is from Mr. Jim Allison, of Missouri, who evidently has been "shown" the worth of barbless hooks to his perfect satisfaction.

Editor Izaak Walton League Monthly:

Dear Sir: One summer afternoon my friends, Newt, Reuben, and I arrived at the old sawmill on "Elks Fork," one of our largest tributaries of Salt river, where we left the car and pitched camp.

We got out our rods and lures and went down to the river to catch our supper. Newt took the oars and we were off for a cliff overhanging a deep pool. I decided to try a bucktail fly, so I put one on, and cast into the deepest looking part of the pool. No sooner had the fly hit the water than there arose the king of all Bass, who never hesitated but took the fly instantly. After many circles and runs and leaps I landed him. He was the biggest bass I have ever caught.

OF COURSE, I HAD FILED THE BARB FROM THE FLY AS I ALWAYS DO.

Is It Enough?

By LIEUT. WARREN H. MILLER, U. S. N. R.

IT was in the middle of the Bay of Bengal, fourteen thousand miles from home, that my heart went out most strongly to America. And it was my native county, Pike, in Pennsylvania, that called. Pike is where the forested mountains sweep in hazy green billows, like a ridged sea as far as the eye can scan; where grow trillium and bee balm; cardinal flowers at the waterfall heads; columbine under the shady shelters of moist slate shelfs, eupatorium and verbenas in the fields; where papilios and satyrs and grapta butterflies haunt the moist roads; where pines and hemlocks and hardwoods clothe the mountains—and there, too, is my little bass lake.

These things are life to me. I get a thrill from a glimpse of the rare and beautiful Timetes butterfly, or a close-up study of the equally rare pileated woodpecker, that few other things can equal, and these thrills **happen** in Pike, for the rarer sorts are there. It has been my fortune to know the jungles of the West Indies and those of Burma, Ceylon and Sumatra equally well with our own spruce forests of the North and our cypress swamps of the South. But my heart is in the middle latitudes, for none of the others, beautiful and exotic though they are, get down deep to the soul. And particularly, Pike. Already I could envision it, the county of my birth, with its generous mixture of hardwoods and conifers, its lakes and streams and waterfalls, its bass and trout, its deer and grouse. A delectable land, as it unfolded on memory's page that hot and sweltering day on the decks of a Bibby Liner, bound down the Bay of Bengal from Rangoon for London.

There is no country like ours, and I determined then and there that when I set foot on dear America's shores once more I would go direct to Pike. It assuaged the heat to plan that camp. I envisioned a certain beloved camping box stored in a dark closet at home, a box full of all manner of good things—tents, cooking kits, trail clothes, axes, camp stoves, moccasins, sleeping bags, food bags—everything that a man and his children needed for a free and comfortable existence in the wilderness. My old friend, Frank Stick, the artist, had my house, but I could not see that the owner of such a camping box need worry about a home for the summer so long as there was a place like Pike to go to.

Three beauties, the rod, the girl and the fish.

Arrived at Marseilles to pick up my little family on the Riviera, the announcement that we were going on home to camp in Pike was received with shouts of approval by the youngsters. The next steamer!—O fly!—Fly! We took the next one, and passed, on the way to New York, the outbound steamer bearing my eldest son, the art student, on his way over to France with a scholarship in his pocket. What a gorgeous and varied thing is life! My eldest daughter was for a house party in Scarsdale; my wife bound for Gloucester and her summer cottage immediately upon arrival, but we three children, the two youngsters aged seven and eleven and myself, **we** were headed for Pike and the woods!

Stick sent up the precious camping box to the nearest station, six miles in the mountains from the lake. It was there when we got off the way-train. A man with a truck presented himself with many salaams and offered to take us, The Box, and our duffle, up to the lake. That ride! Through winding mountain roads with stony farms and picturesque buildings hidden under the apple trees; the noisy brooks flowing under rude bridges; the long avenues of hemlock and beech; the skiddings along high mountain banks, with evergreen valleys far below and a brook brawling somewhere down under the hemlocks—and then came the deep forests surrounding the lake.

The Box was pitched down at the end of a tote road, our duffle bags heaved after us, and we were alone in the American wilderness once more! The kids had whooped and sang and pointed and danced all the way up, while I sat beside the driver drinking in memories. The good Box was now opened, and, journey by journey, all its contents, packs for all three of us, a light three-pound stove, grub bags, fishing tackle and axes, carried down a quarter of a mile through the woods to the lake. The old site was just as it was, and we were not long in clearing a spot back in among the trees from the bank where our collection of tents could be assembled.

And then the results of that planning of long before out in the Bay of Bengal took visible form and shape. I had a light tarp, nine feet by twelve. This went up on a ridge pole to form the central living room. The eleven-year-old, with his belt axe, went skirmishing for frame poles, while little Girl Scout, of seven short years, helped me with the tarp. Between us we soon had it spread out and tied to the frame to form a nine-by-ten room, around whose sides we tacked cheesecloth for the lower half and white mosquito netting for the upper, so that we could at all times look out into our forest and upon our lake. On opposite sides of the living room hooked into it, the two tents, light 6'x6' wall tents weighing six pounds each. One of these was for myself and boy, the other for the girl and my eldest daughter, who was expected up later, after we pioneers had got everything established. At the rear wall of the living room we set up a lean-to tent, with all its three sides of mosquito netting only. This was to be our guest room, for that tent is the "star" summer tent of all, the one which is as nearly outdoors in the forest as it is possible to be, yet remain protected from rain and mosquitoes. Alongside of this lean-to we gave up the rest of the rear wall to our kitchenette, a small lean-to which would just hold the stove and the food supplies.

Remained The Box, which was now dragged down

empty and turned over to make a permanent table for the living room. Benches of boards and stakes were built around it, and for flooring we had a pile of those large, flat rocks in which Pike abounds. One by one these were carried down whenever anyone had occasion to go up the tote trail to the main road. It made a good floor—for persons in wet bathing suits, which was generally the condition of all the persons in that camp!

"We three children, myself and the youngsters aged seven and eleven."

Existence in this abode was idyllic. You had the lake for fish; you had a mail box up at the end of the tote road in which you dropped a postal order to the nearest butcher and grocer eight miles away. On the following day Uncle Sam's rural delivery would drop your package of meats and canned goods (we had all staples with us) by the roadside, and there you were. Two country elves came each morning with a quart of fresh milk from a farm near by.

And now I come to the significant part of this story. In years gone by that lake is where I trained my older children in woodcraft, fishing, camping out. The bass were there. When my eldest boy (the one we passed at sea with a scholarship bound for France) was a youngster, it was on that lake that he caught his first bass, learned his sportsmanship and woodcraft. Was not his younger brother entitled to the same advantages? It seemed so, and the lake seemed as good as ever, for it yielded a large pickerel and two bass the first time out. But that first day was all. Around the lake now are many cottages, and on it you will see, at all times of the day, boats moving along its lily-padded shores. There are good fishermen in those boats, expert casters, good sportsmen (and some swine) men who know every lure and dodge for taking bass. It was not three days before the catch for all dwindled to one bass per day per boat. Even at that I estimated that two thousand bass were taken there during the summer. **And not one new bass planted there by all the men who fished it and got their sport out of it.**

What chance had my youngster there! With me he set out, filled with enthusiasm, casting faithfully in his bungling way, and together we worked all the well-known coves where his brother six years before had had his triumphs and had never failed to return, proud as Lucifer, with a bass or two for his turn around the lake. But what bass were left now were wily and educated. An expert would have his day's work cut out to take even one of them. Gradually I saw my youngster's enthusiasm for bass fishing die out. He was content to hear of his big brother's scores and wistful to emulate them—but where were your bass? He, with his sister and two little cousins, degenerated to sunfish and perch. Hikes through the forest, swims, and rows across the lake to a certain spring where ice-cold water could be had, occupied most of their time.

This would not do. I bring up my boys to be sportsmen, the Lord willing. Sunfish and perch are for summer boarders, not real woodsmen. The challenge to your skill and manhood that a bass or a trout represents is what makes going after them worth while. Any fool can catch a sunfish. There is more to the forest life than the delights of nature study, the utter freedom of the woods, the lazy days of swimming and loafing. And that more is the training of will and character which its sterner aspects give. Any idiot can yank up a sunfish; it's a **manly** boy who can last out the desperate rushes of a fighting bass and come out of it victor. I've seen grown men utterly blow up and lose their nerve with that same fish on the hook. It's a **manly** boy who can follow the autumn trails with weapon in hand, hunting grouse and deer, surrounded by perils of getting lost, of danger from sudden and severe changes of the elements, pitting his skill and endurance against the subtle and uncanny intelligence of the ruffed grouse and the white-tailed deer.

It was the assurance of that manhood, born of the forest, that let me see my eldest boy sail alone for Europe, knowing well that his own character and self-reliance would bring him home again safely. It was the seeking of that manhood which I had in store for the eleven-year-old, now on his first big camp to pit his skill and staying power against the battling black bass. But alas! As matters were, he had no chance.

We stayed a happy month. My older daughter and I took bass. We had the skill and the experience. But it was going hard with the youngster. My heart bled for him. What! Not even a strike, after all that patient casting, and some of it good enough to deserve strikes, too! So I had recourse to a stocked lake, owned by a club near by. My friends there saw the kid's predicament, and the lake was opened to him as the club's guest. We had a glorious day with fly rod and casting rod. Strikes, no end! Thrills, fumbles, backlashes—but indomitably he went at it, again and again, for the bass were there. They had told him so by savage smashes at his lure. And at the end of that day the proudest youngster that ever stood in moccasins walked back to camp, dangling three large bass on his string. His own—his first! A sportsman for life! You could not get him to look at a sunfish now!

The answer? Stocked lake, not fished to death. The Club owns five thousand acres up there. You cannot step off their lumber trails without putting up a grouse or two. All the low, moist spots in the trails bear the pointed hoof-tracks of deer. They have two streams alive with trout. They have one lake so full of pickerel it is a shame, and another reeking with bass. When they took over this tract it was as poorly off for game as

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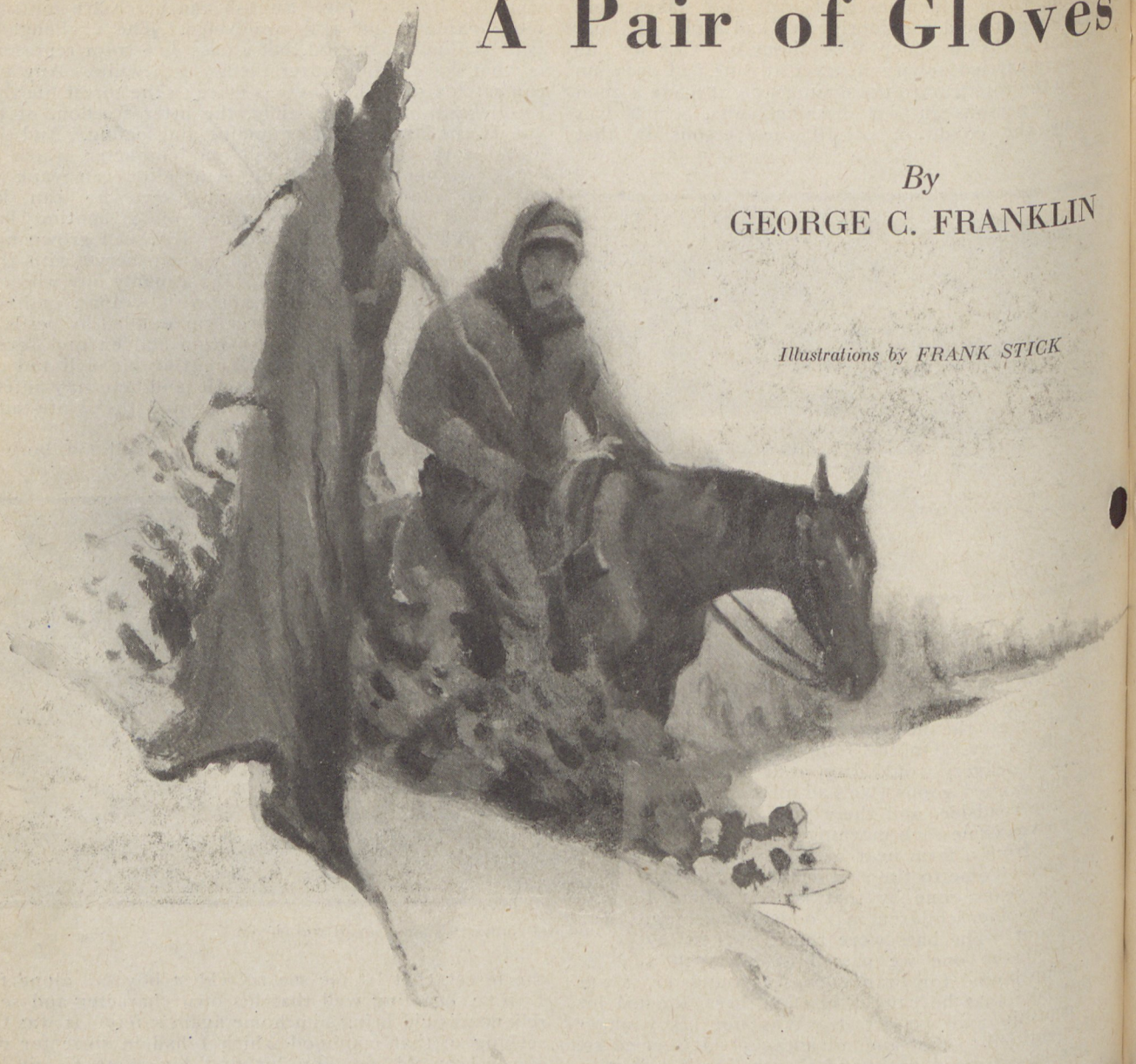
A Pair of Gloves

By
GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Illustrations by FRANK STICK



OUTSIDE the December wind howled and shrieked and tore at the branches of the trees, and then droned off up the valley as though defeated for the moment, in its destructive work, it hurried on to some weaker quarry leaving the stubborn strength of our forest for some mightier blast, but always with the threat to return with greater reinforcements than ever, and to rend our log house apart, and scatter the great rocks of the fireplace into the canyon below: Then a lull, as if the fiends paused to fill their mighty lungs for the maximum of effort and united in a great blast, came screaming from the mountain tops, gaining impetus as they came to concentrate all their efforts in one mighty crushing blow, before which no work of man could stand, and then again repulsed by the buttress of logs, whined and growled like a defeated wolf as they again moaned up the valley.

What a sense of security and comfort at such a time, comes to one who sits by the open fireplace heaped high with burning logs, and watches the shadows come and go upon the faces of his loved ones; and if added to this, one's daughter gently touches the keys and woos therefrom some low sweet melody that brings memories of other days and other faces now gone to another plane of consciousness; what sense of regret or loss can come, but oh, the ineffable sweetness and spirit of achievement that rests upon consciousness at such a time. In such an environment one night, I was asked to tell a story of some of the trophies hanging on the walls of the room, and as my gaze wandered over the rods and guns, and equipment of the chase, it rested upon a pair of large gauntlet gloves, made from the single skin of a giant beaver.

"A story, of what shall it be, of fish or field, of mountain or plain?"

"Hunting," said the boy.

"Horses," said the girl.

The musician turned from the piano. "Tell us how you got the skin for those big gloves."

Well, that story answers all your demands, as well as any I know, for if there had been no fish to catch, I would not have ridden that way; and but for the sensitive ears, and keen sense of my horse, I might have missed a most unusual sight, and while I was not really hunting, my rifle did play an acceptable part in the outcome of the affair.

It happened in the late '80s near the head waters of the Rio Grande, in the month of January. I had been hunting for some horses that had strayed away from the ranch, and returning in the late afternoon had crossed the river on the ice a mile or so above the usual crossing. My horse trailing briskly, thinking of the warm stable and the oats at the end of an hour's ride, failed to notice a small hole in the ice and step-

ping in it, broke through, tossing me lightly over his head into the soft snow. When he had regained the solid ice again, and as I was readjusting the saddle, I glanced back at the hole he had broken, and saw several trout, startled by the sudden thrusting of a foot from above into their pool, gliding back to their resting place. Attracted by them, I walked closer to the pool, and looking down through the clear water saw resting on the bottom a dozen or more peeled aspen logs, where beaver had sunk them after eating the bark or inner skin, whichever it is that they like. Searching along the bank for another air hole, I saw where several beaver had been working in some alder bushes, and down in the bank near the bottom of the river was a dark tunnel, unquestionably leading to a warm safe retreat under the frozen earth.

I mentally resolved to have a try for some of those trout next time I passed that way, and mounting my horse rode briskly on my homeward trail.

Next morning I started again on my search for the horses, not forgetting to put a line and some bait hooks and pieces of salt pork in my pocket. It was one of those glorious mornings whose influence has been stamped indelibly upon our characters, for whatever of courage or of adventure or of confidence in a directing Power has manifested itself in our lives, the conception has taken place in our consciousness on such mornings as this, and in some such environment.

Halfway down, the sides of the snow-covered mountains were bathed in golden sunlight, the frost on the snow-laden branches of the spruce trees reflecting these rays back as diamonds, emeralds and sometimes in ruby red, glowed with active life.

In the forest where I rode over the trail of the day before, the snow, not yet touched by the sun, creaked and "sang" under my horse's hoofs, and he, as if stimulated by the great drafts of frosty air, rose on springy muscles, with many a dainty action, which showed the joy he felt in the exhilarating exercise.

The forest grew to the river's edge, so that there was an effectual screen between the river and the trail, but when I was two hundred yards distant from the scene of yesterday's trifling accident, that sixth sense, which comes to hunters and naturalists and savages, was stirred. I knew that some adventure lurked among the spruces in front of me, whether of danger or not, I could not tell: Suddenly my horse stopped, and "froze" as rigidly as an elk. His sensitive nostrils extended, the pointed ears turned sharply toward the river while the great brown eyes searched for some visible evidence to confirm his other senses.

There was no doubt now, but that some animal of which he was mortally afraid was in the vicinity, and but for his training to respond only to the bridle reins resting lightly on his neck, he would have bolted back toward home and safety. Pulling my Winchester from its scabbard, under my leg, and throwing a shell into the chamber, I urged him forward, until peering through the bushes at the bank of the stream, I saw an unusual sight. Near the open water, where my horse had broken through the day before, and facing out toward a small island near the center of the stream, lay a large grey wolf, while about halfway between him and the island, sat the largest beaver, I have ever seen. The snow was packed hard, and splotches of blood showed crimson patches in many places. So far as I could see the honors were all with the beaver, for his smooth coat was undisturbed, except for the rising of the hair along the neck, while the long hair of the wolf lay scattered about, and his hide showed red in places, and this seemed just for undoubtedly he was the aggressor. The beaver sat like a statue, his small eyes fixed on his enemy, but not showing by the quiver of an eyelid that he was afraid. I slipped quietly from my horse, and tied the bridle reins to a small spruce, intending to end this primitive struggle at once, but as I turned again toward the stream the wolf rushed, snapping as he sprang quickly to one side and doubling back before the beaver could turn. He seemed to have him at his mercy. Then something happened. Just at the instant when it seemed the great gleaming jaws of the wolf must close on the now defenseless body of the beaver, he dropped flat on his back, and instead of the wolf fastening his fangs in the soft flesh, he received a blow on the side of his head from the beaver's tail, that sent him stunned, almost to the edge of the stream.

I thought now, of course, that the beaver would rush for safety to the open water, which was not twenty feet away, but instead, he took several steps toward the alders, on the island, and again stood or sat up ready for the new attack, which he knew would come as soon as the wolf regained his strength. This was an unaccountable move, for generally a beaver will charge through actual danger to reach the safety of the water, in fact they often dig long canals from their ponds to a neighboring clump of aspens so that they may have a safe retreat to the pond in time of danger.

It was then that I noticed what before I had not seen, and that was the body of a beaver lying in the edge of the alders. Here then was the explanation, for the other one's refusal to seek safety in the water. He was defending with his life the body of his comrade from being eaten by the murderer who had slipped upon them under cover of the darkness.

(Continued on page 309)

The Elusive Grouse

By LIONELL F. PHILLIPS

Illustrations by R. Feyerwether Babcock

JUST when we had about decided to devote our surplus energy in wheeling the accumulated pile of ashes out of the cellar, along comes a letter from Will Dilg with a plea for "another story." With one million people in this grand country of ours, all willing and anxious to devote their paper and typewriter, he has to pick on me, just when we feel ambitious. Being he is an Editor, though, means that we will have to jump through the hoop when Editor Dilg cracks the whip, so don't blame us if you don't like what we write. Pick on the Editor, he hasn't been picked on as yet, and now is your chance! The worst part of it is that we know he wants a fishing story, and we haven't been fishing for months.

It so happens that we live in that little state called New Jersey and are proud of it. Of course, some envious people call us the "Mosquito State" and others mention us as that "tight little state." Some of them refer to our size, others to the efforts of our Chief Executive who has promised us plenty of wetness. We haven't arrived at the "wet" point officially as yet, so with all our small size we have room to move around in, and emigration from other states is only normal in volume.

Our state being what it is and with armies of hunters pursuing the rabbit until they (both hunters and rabbits) grow thin, we spend our hunting days, for safety's sake, in a vain attempt after the elusive grouse. What's that, you say you don't think much of grouse? You don't know the New Jersey variety, its plain to see! Maybe you refer to the grouse of the North Woods, where the common hunter uses a club as a weapon, and the more elite a "sling shot"—the kind teacher used to confiscate from you more or less regularly.

New Jersey grouse are a different bird entirely, the product of our great educational system known as the Open Season. Not only are the birds educated, but highly so. One glance and they have decided upon the gauge of the gun, the exact killing range and the skill of the hunter. As a result they wait until he approaches them equal to the extreme range of his weapon plus one yard (to be on the safe side) and then flush. This wouldn't be so very bad if that were all they did, for some time or another, if one waited long enough, he MIGHT catch a bird asleep, and then—. Unfortunately, they have still another bad habit, the uncanny knack of dodging behind the largest tree they can find just before you pull trigger.

No matter where you flush the bird, he has the advantage of you. It doesn't matter much whether you carry a gun or not, just think of pulling trigger and the bird is behind a tree. Don't tell me birds have no brains! Our New Jersey grouse practice mental telepathy! Of course, the shell manufacturers praise grouse hunting very highly. Why wouldn't they, for undoubtedly it is their main source of income, though it is true that with all their advertisements they stick to the truth and mention the "hunting" with no word about the "shooting."

When we get fairly started on grouse we recall one other cute little trick of theirs—they live in the most rugged country they can find. The pheasant and quail are gentlemen, sticking to the flat country, but the grouse is well called the "roughneck grouse," for he has absolutely no consideration for the feelings of the hunter. Of course the bird books try to smooth down his real character by calling him politely, the "ruffed grouse," but "roughneck" he is and deserves to be. In addition to these names, the New Jersey bird has frequently been called others by disgusted hunters, but if we ever put them down on paper this magazine would never be sent out through the mails.

We could endure all of their tricks and the prices of good mountaineering boots if they were only a little more sociable, but no, they are a disgruntled lot. Evidently they can't get along among themselves at all for one rarely sees more than one bird at a time. Other birds stick together, and when one flushes they all start off, so that even the slowest shot may get a bird, the tailender of the crowd. With a grouse, though, you know that when he is gone it is the end, and that there won't be another bird to swing on if the first bird gets behind the usual tree.

With all his faults we love him still, much preferring to go home and exclaim about the beauties of Nature, and how we enjoyed ourselves inhaling large gobs of fresh air and taking the gentle exercise furnished by our mountains, to going home full of bird shot and only a rabbit or two to ease our wounds. Grouse "hunting" is a safe and sane sport for all concerned; in fact, we sometimes wonder why the law insists on our having a hunting license. It doesn't seem reasonable, somehow, to have to pay our hard earned cash for permission to tramp around a lot of rock strewn mountains.

We suppose by this time you are wondering about the story. The trouble is that we have to put in a lot of local color in order to make any story at all about it. We could sit down and tell you all about how we caught a bass, because bass are the same wherever you go, but New Jersey grouse are found only in New Jersey, and nowhere else. The other grouse may look the same, but we know they don't act the same! Well, here goes, and since we are in a hurry to get the ashes out of the cellar, we won't spend much time in introducing the hero of this tale—"Fatty," the hunter from the mule state and beyond.

Nothing must do but that "Fatty" go grouse hunting even though we warned him solemnly and in detail just what he was to expect if he went. No need of going into detail of the difficulty of getting fat men, in general, and this fat man in particular, out of bed on the morning of the hunt. Unfortunately he lived in a front apartment, so that by the time the Klaxon had aroused him, the cliff dwellers of all but the rear apartments knew all about it. In fact, since our fat friend is a fisherman as well as a hunter, I am quite sure he isn't exactly popular in that apartment; I've noticed some sour looks at our disreputable clothing and general state on our return from various excursions in the wilds. True, somehow or other we always manage to return at the wrong moment, just when the elevator is crowded with tired business men and their partners going off for the evening, so I guess Fatty will move soon.

We got off at last, with our heavyweight friend alternately mumbling over his hurried breakfast and grumbling about a state where you "have to get up at midnight to bag three birds." Nothing suited, not even the cold calm of the November morning; in fact, we came dangerously near to inviting him to a much warmer climate several times during our ride to the hunting grounds.

It was evident that our choice of territory didn't impress Fatty very favorably, for he sighed audibly when he surveyed the rocky and wooded slopes, the

steep trail over the mountain, the tangles of laurel and briers that are so characteristic of a "grouse country." Up the trail we went, with Fatty soon giving a very clever imitation of a freight engine pulling a heavy load, now and then stopping, ostensibly to rearrange his shoelaces or recover hunting cap whipped off by low-sweeping limb. While our fat friend was yet to learn the fact, the mountain up whose slopes we were so laboriously heaving ourselves was the first of a series of such wooded heights, stretching for miles, an almost unbroken bit of forest, and the home of the surviving members of the grouse tribe. Whatever faint ideas Fatty had about his troubles being over after he once gained the mountain top were false, for he was doomed to alternately climb and descend in grouse hunting.

Running in innumerable directions were many trails and woods roads, some of them the sole reminders of abandoned mines long forgotten, others used for lumbering and as short cuts over the hills by hunters and the "natives"; along the brooks in the hollows were usually fishermen made paths, for the little brooks contain the much sought for trout. Strange as it may seem, our ruffed grouse are usually found on just such trails and woods roads, why we wouldn't attempt to say. Of course the laurel thickets, especially near the brooks, also contain a grouse or so, but experience has taught us the value of sticking, in the main, to the woods highways, rather than making a blundering progress through the woods themselves.

We were out to show Fatty that his education was still incomplete as far as bird shooting was concerned, so we led him to one place after the other, always with the expectation of flushing bird and always with the reaction of disappointment. Places that we had visited time and time again and flushed a bird at each visit, proved deserted, with no whirr of wings, far or near, to introduce His Lordship, the grouse, to our apprentice.

The morning slipped away, we stopped a long, long time for the sandwiches and the "Arab" food, helped out with coffee made over a tiny fire, but still no grouse.

We explained all about the Arab food to Fatty, and he looked interested. You see we have always been interested in a portable, nutritious food for fishing and hunting lunches, and hit upon dates and figs as "good medicine." When questioned about our choice of food, on one occasion, we airily explained how the desert horsemen could live on a handful or two of the stuff, so there was no good reason why a good American couldn't do the same. "Maybeso" quoth our pal, "But look at the Arabs! Do you want to get like them? You're thin enough right now, I'd say!"

"Fatty was a very weary person!"

Since we threatened to make this short and snappy we will pass over the events of the afternoon, and the increasing difficulty we had in getting Fatty in gear. According to him, he was suffering from every known ache and pain, including blistered heels and scratched scalp. If he had known where he was there is no doubt that there would have been one less hunter in the woods that day, but under the circumstances he had to keep going. We were swinging around in a semi-circle and would eventually come out of the woods only a short distance away from where we had started, with only the first mountain of the series to ascend and descend its farther slope.

The sun was low over the mountains when we came to a fork in the trail. One branch led to an open slope, the other through a particularly choice bit of shooting ground, thickly grown with laurel, and finally ending on the same sunny slope, higher up on the hill. Fatty elected the short and easy route, and who can blame him, while we strode off for one last chance at the elusive birds we had sought all day without results. We agreed to meet in the open spot, near the end of the trail on which Fatty was.

Our search proved vain, so we entered the open glade at the same time that Fatty broke in the open below us, for Fatty was a weary person, a very weary person! We saw him mop his forehead, then hasten to a convenient flat rock, alongside of a dwarf pine tree with low hanging branches. Slowly he lowered himself, laid his gun aside and proceeded to fire up the old pipe he prized so highly. He struck a match, and "Bruurr" sounded at his feet, as a dark streak whirled out from under the pine tree. Fatty afterwards confessed he thought a cartridge had exploded in front of him, but at least he saw the bird as it disappeared in the woods below him. Of course he grabbed his gun as he rose, and of course he had to slip as his weight came down on feet resting on slippery pine needles. The air acquired a blue coloration following the slip and subsequent contact of Fatty's most obvious portion of his anatomy on the solid rock.

Fatty sat down, but rose again as "Bruurr," "Bruurr," "Bruurr" sounded again, and three more birds took wing from under the pine. "Bang," "Bang" went the gun and so did the birds—into the woods where the first bird had flown. The mighty hunter of the West had met a grouse, nay, he had met three grouse, and had failed! Our Jersey grouse had not failed us, even when without the friendly shelter of pine or birch, and Fatty knew a little, a very little, about the birds at last.

Of course we hastened down the hill when the shots

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Plant a Bass

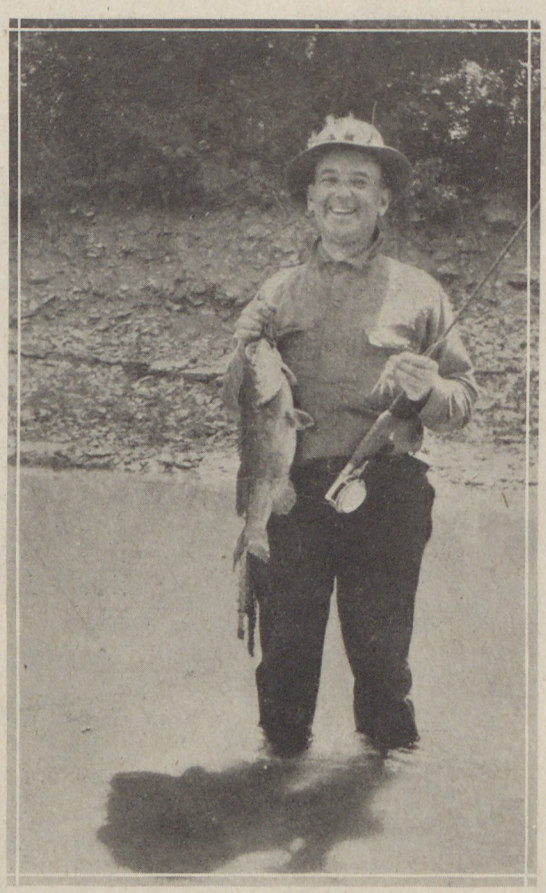
By DOROTHY M. WILDER

IN all sections of the country the Plant a Bass movement has been received with enthusiasm. In fact, the response has been so great that we advise those who contemplate planting during the coming season to make application for bass fry without delay. Write today to the Department of Commerce, Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

It is the policy of the Bureau to fill all applications, so far as is practicable, in the order of their receipt, and the allotments are as liberal as circumstances will permit. But aside from the uncertainty as to the stock of fish available for distribution, there are other factors governing the size of allotments and time of delivery.

Distribution operations of the Bureau of Fisheries close with its fiscal year, which ends June 30th. At the beginning of a new fiscal year all applications on hand are listed and arrangements are made to supply the fish assigned thereon before the following winter, so far as the stock available permits. Applications received after the opening of a fiscal year cannot be filled during the same calendar year unless there happens to be surplus stock after deliveries have been made on the applications listed.

Distribution is arranged to cover the country by States, or groups of States, and individual trips are routed in such a way as to supply most effectively and economically all applicants of a particular section. The Bureau does not carry at all times a supply of fish that can be delivered on demand. Fish reproduce only once a year, and when the supply for one year has been exhausted it is necessary to wait another year before further stock can be obtained.



Plant a Bass and Smile like Dr. B. C. Higgins, Vice President of the Mason City, Iowa, Chapter.

Rarely is a second trip made over a route in the course of a year, and if for any reason an applicant fails to meet the Bureau's messenger and receive his consignment, the application is held for another attempt the following year. Only in extraordinarily good seasons can the entire area of the United States be covered. Each section is supplied in turn, so far as is practicable, priority being given the older applications on file.

Application for bass fry or fingerlings should not be made when it is possible to plant with adult bass secured from nearby waters. Such applications might prevent anglers less fortunately situated from securing stock, for though the Bureau is willing to co-operate with us in every way, its funds are limited. Moreover, adult fish are better for our purpose. On this point the Bureau says:

"The most successful and speediest results . . . . are attainable by the use of adult fish for the original brood stock. These can in the most cases be secured from the public waters of the immediate locality during the open season prescribed by the State laws.

"In general, it may be assumed that the species which is the most prolific in the public waters in the region in question will be the likeliest to produce material results, and by procuring adult fish for breeders the pond in which they are placed should become stocked to its maximum capacity within a year. On the other hand, if State or Federal aid is relied upon, only a limited number of fingerlings or, at best yearling fish, will be available for beginning operations, and it will require from two to three years for them to mature and stock the pond through natural reproduction."

As to the relative value of fry, fingerlings and adult fish for planting, the Bureau makes the following remarks:

"It has been estimated that 350 fish one inch long are of more value than 1,000 fry, and that 25 fish six inches long are the equivalent of 100 only half as long. This is approximately the ratio of decrease experienced in rearing fingerling fish at the Bureau's stations. . . . ."

When taking bass for stocking purposes it is best to use the fly, for it is not likely to harm the fish taken. The use of bait is liable to result in paunched fish and such fish almost invariably die. Fish hooked only in the mouth are in no way harmed for breeders, but care should be taken, when removing from the hook and in transportation, not to damage their scales. Rubbing off or loosening the scales is likely to cause the growth of a fungus, which will eventually spread over the entire body of a fish and kill it.

As the fish are caught they may be placed in a tub or large bucket, with an old blanket or rug thrown across the top to darken it. This will keep them quiet. The water in which the fish are kept should be changed as they seem to require it, but they should not be unnecessarily excited.

If the bass cannot be transported immediately, a shallow pool about six by three feet and about eighteen inches deep may be made at the edge of the water from which the fish were taken. If it can be so arranged that there is a moderate flow of water through it, even large fish may be kept in it for several days.

Moved quite a distance, the container should be of sufficient size to allow the fish to lie at full length. The depth of water is a matter of less importance, but it must be kept at the proper temperature and well aerated. If necessary, ice may be used to maintain an even temperature corresponding to that of the water from which the fish were taken; but if that be high and the distance to the pond great, it will be found better to reduce the temperature to 65 degrees and gradually raise it, when nearing destination, to conform with that of the water in which the bass are to be liberated. During conveyance the receptacle will be kept in motion and adequately aerated, but when standing still it must be artificially aerated by dipping out some of the water and pouring it back into the container from a height.

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"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Addressed to the Fighting American Sportsman

By
THE EDITOR

THE New Year of 1923 is on its way. January, which marked the first birthday of the League, was a month of celebration for our Izaak Walton Chapters. Big banquets were held from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the far north to the far south by our various Walton Chapters. Photographs here in the office show many banquets where more than five hundred were present. The Chicago Chapter held the biggest sportsmen's dinner ever held in America and also the most important one. Here at headquarters we have been rushed to death and your editor is worn to a frazzle and can scarcely think out a "Come on, boys!" editorial for the February number.

In my search for material I have gone through every one of our issues from our August issue, which was No. 1, to the January number, and it is difficult to produce anything with the pep and go to it worthy of this National Organization of American sportsmen. It is certain that the Izaak Walton League's "Save Outdoor America" Crusade is reaching into the hearts and into the consciences of the principled sportsmen of this nation. Everywhere Izaak Walton Chapters are being organized and everywhere our leading sportsmen are rallying their brothers into this great movement.

It does not take a wise sportsman to know that there is great need for this National Organization; it does not take a clever sportsman to read the handwriting on the wall. It is too plain. Every man of soul and conscience realizes that we sportsmen must get together one million strong so that we can successfully battle the commercial exploiters of Outdoor America who are nationally organized and who know how to fight with money because they know how to use it.

We have had some great editorials. In August Emerson Hough wrote the revolutionary document "Time To Call A Halt," which has proved a clarion call. Then came Zane Grey with "Vanishing America" and a masterful plea to the fathers of America. Next came Henry Van Dyke who appeals for "Good Will, Common Sense and Wise Laws." Our December editorial came from Gene Stratton-Porter and this great American woman pleads with her countrymen to join in with this great cause and help us to save the wild things and wild places of our homeland. Dear old Dr. Henshall, whom every fisherman loves, wrote "A Message of Hope" for our January editorial. And now comes Irvin S. Cobb with his tremendous preachment which appears in this issue.

It seems impossible that any wide awake American can read Mr. Cobb's editorial and not feel it a sacred duty to join in with us. If we are to speak with a commanding voice to every state legislature and to the Federal Government itself we must begin it with this national organization of fighting sportsmen. We need twenty fish hatcheries where now there is one and ten wild game farms where now there is one. We must show the politician that we have the numbers and mean business if we are to get these hatcheries and game farms. Surely every sportsman with half an eye can see that the conservation activities of our state and Federal Governments are not more than a drop in the bucket when compared to the need. Surely every common sense man of us believes that the politician knows when the water gets up to his ears, and will vote for fish hatcheries and wild game appropriations when they are backed up by a sufficient number of voters.

If the American sportsman is to get anywhere, he must fight his nationally organized enemies by coming into national organization himself. There is no other way, as the history of the past has proved. This League and its magazine is not overstating conditions of sports afield and astream in our country. We are not exaggerating when we say that Outdoor America is threatened absolutely to the point of annhiliation. You must not, my brothers, conclude because the fishing may be good in places here and there, or the hunting good in places here and there, that it is any argument against the stern fact that on the whole the boy born today is foredoomed to have no fishing or hunting at all, unless his parents can take him to remote places, and boys, game is getting scarce even in the remote places.

No man with a heart in his bosom would deprive our boys of all the health and happiness he himself has gained from contact with Outdoor America. Surely every reader of this page must know that such a condition would constitute a positive menace to the Americanism of our future citizenship. It is our duty, my brother sportsmen, as good Americans to band ourselves together in this nation wide conservation movement and help bring into the Izaak Walton League of America the million members which it needs so that its practical conservation program may be carried out.

I am going to close with the closing lines of my January page, which go as follows: If there is a drop of fighting blood in your body, you will join in with us and you will join us NOW. Sign up for a membership at large in the Izaak Walton League of America and for the magazine it owns; never, never, have you been offered so much for so little. Think of it—$2.00 does both and the magazine alone is worth $2.50. THINK!

Membership-at-large coupon
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
326 W. Madison St.
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (10c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY
COUPON

Date_____

Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (10c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

Do your bit for Outdoor America and subscribe NOW—$1.00 per year.

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

I DEDICATE this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greater understanding of Dogs; not to the killing of game birds, but to their greater conservation; not to lamentation over the past sins of commission on the part of game hogs, but to a better understanding of the present sins of omission on the part of sportsmen; not to the theory of the more game movement, but to the practice of achieving this end; not to dogs as the impersonal instrument through which birds may be shot each hunting season, but to the fineness of dogs, their intelligence, faithfulness, loyalty and the delight of their companionship at all times.

The kennel training and feeding of puppies and their diseases, the training of dogs for the hunting field, the training of dogs for companionship, the protection of game birds from their natural enemies, the more practical methods of providing feed during the winter, the extent to which laws are adequate—these and other important subjects will be treated in articles by the Editor or others better qualified to write them and will appear in forthcoming issues of the Izaak Walton League Monthly.

But in addition, there must be stories of remarkable dogs, unusual hunting trips, sensational points, delightful reminiscences of happy days afield, funny hunting experiences, interesting photographs. These, to a large extent, should and will, I hope, be contributed by readers of our magazine. Questions will gladly be answered directly by mail, or printed in these columns for general discussion. Suggestions of any character will be particularly welcome to the Editor, who has been inspired to undertake the responsibility of "working" this Department in season and out through his genuine admiration for the untiring and herculean efforts of Will Dilg in behalf of the success of the Izaak Walton League Monthly.

The Day I Saw Red

By TRAVERS D. CARMAN

HE was tall and angular with gray hair and beard, prominent forehead, nose and chin. His cheeks were ruddy and his eyes were kindly or relentless in keeping with his mood. He was Scotch and my nose told me that he was too frequent an indulger in the distilled spirits that bore the same name.

He was tender and gentle with his wife and daughter, but merciless and cold as a blizzard in mid-winter on the hunting field. He was proud, to the extent of fanaticism, of his ability to boast that he could "yard break" and "field train" any setter or pointer "wi foor legs, a bit o' a brush and nair less than wun eye."

"Uncle Jock," I called him, and "Laddie" was his name for me.

He was both a trainer and raiser of dogs, an interesting character and known to sportsmen generally, for he frequently entered his dogs in field trials in the South and Southwest. I loved him for the Scotch burr on his tongue and for his dry humor, although I keenly resented his treatment of his dogs, who I knew obeyed him through fear and not love.

But "Uncle Jock" was a big man to me in my younger hunting days, quite a hero in fact.

His philosophy of life was in many ways excellent, in some ways cynical, and often humorous.

I drove over for him one cold, crisp fall morning, when all the countryside proclaimed in radiant color its joy in life that winter would soon put to sleep, and was somewhat concerned to find him walking with a limp.

"The top o' the mornin' to you 'Uncle Jock,'" I shouted, and with a chuckle he replied "An th' rest o' th' day for yoorsel', 'Laddie'."

An English and Irish setter were lifted in no gentle manner into the rear of my wagon, Uncle Jock got in and we started for the hunting covers of a club of which I was a member.

"And what about the limp, 'Uncle Jock'?" I asked, as the horse steadied down to a comfortable trot.

"Weel, 'Laddie', ays haed ma foot steppit on by a verra ferroshus bit o' horse flesh in ma stables th' noo an aye verra mooch doot if th' beastie will repeat th' performance. I did na worrit me'sel' into a pashun, 'Laddie', tho' th' pain werr a bit hot. But suddin like aye felt me'sel' in dire need o' exercise, an ma whup, hangin' in th' stables by th' side o' where aye was standin', on wun foot provodenshully provided th' means o' accomplushin' it.

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"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Pipe-Chats

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor, The People's Church, Chicago

TO many of the fishermen of other days the word Lake Gogebic, Michigan, will recall golden memories. A few years ago it was the mecca for the bass fishermen of the state. When I saw it for the first time I thought it the most beautiful body of small water that I had ever seen. The approach to the lake is through a virgin stretch of hard wood forest which extends the entire seven miles from Marenisco to the water. It is now seven years since I have seen its beauty or watched the evening shadows lovingly caress the century old trees on the crest of Alligator Point. An experience which I had once on this lake is one of the most vivid of my fishing days and altered my fishing methods ever afterward. One can easily reason and philosophize about fishing in the quietness of the winter fireside, but it is an actual experience that repudiates our reason and annihilates our philosophy.

My companion on the last fishing trip I made on Lake Gogebic was Mr. William C. VanGilder of Chicago. A man with a deeper appreciation of the wild places than any man of my acquaintance. He was the best woodsman I have ever met. To him the world outside was an inexhaustible mine of beauty and romance. Every tree, every flower, every bird, every cloud, every sunset, every star were but the symbols of some elusive spirit of good and truth. I remember once when we were lost on Lake Vermilion in northern Minnesota our sitting around a campfire all one night while he wove garlands of incomparable phrases in praise of the night—its silence, its awe and its necessity. Tonight as I write, his body is forever resting in quietness. Knowing him as I did I am confident that he is where there is "no night."

When we fished Lake Gogebic the last time the bass fishing was so poor that no one ever fished for bass. Occasionally one would strike, but very rarely. The lake was then noted for its Great Northern Pike. They ran large and are not to be confused with the pike in lakes farther south. They were game with all that the word means to the fisherman. We left the cottage early as is becoming all good and honest fishermen. Sometimes I think that one of the real tests of a true lover of angling is to be found in his willingness to arise early. Van and I rigged up the morning of this memorable day for pike. The day was lavish with good omen. The wind was right (yes, I have my own pet superstitions about the wind). The morning was made for fishing. It was the sort of a morning that Van always called— "a fine Christian morning." It was worth an hour's fishing to watch him sit down in the stern of our boat, stretch out his long legs, raise his two great arms to the sky, take in a deep breath and exclaim— "a fine Christian morning." He was a real estate man and I suppose did not know so very much about things Christian. I was rowing. Just before I started I always would light my pipe. Van would carefully scrutinize the operation of filling and lighting the old briar. More than once he has accused me of performing the ceremony as though it were an ancient and sacred right. It is ancient but to many far from sacred. However, I am certain that to properly fill and light a pipe is a work of art. My only objection to Van was that he did not smoke. He was born in Virginia too. A long sweep of the oars brought us away from the dock and at once we were both making our casts. We followed the shore line about a hundred feet out, and cast in toward the shore. I have heard great orchestras on both sides of the sea. I have heard all of the great artists of my generation and I heartily agree with Sidney Lanier, that where "Shakespeare ends, Beethoven begins," yet I say unto you that there is no music comparable to the purr of the reel as away goes the lure to its predestined spot. What a moment it is! We had both had some very inspiring strikes and each of us had landed a fine pike when I suggested that we row over to the other side about half a mile away. The eternal and impish desire to try it "over there" is ever present in the hearts of fisherfolk. Van agreed and we moved. I was fishing with a plug. It had five gangs of treble hooks. Fifteen

Proving that the Dr. is a fisherman.

hooks on one plug. May God forgive me! Though this happened a long time ago I blush now to write these words. My frankness just here is a part of the penance I meted out to myself. I picked out a likely spot. I was certain that any fish with just ordinary fish sense would be very close to that spot. I did not have enough sense myself to realize that if he was he would not have to strike to get hooked, all I had to do was to rake him in. Anybody can catch fish with a rake. It isn't fishing, it's murder! I made my cast. I had started retrieving as is my custom before the bait struck the water. When it struck it was already on the way back to the boat. (I hope my friend Jack Welsh reads this.) I had in only a few feet of line when IT happened. A beautiful game pike hated my rake. It didn't belong in his world and he was boss out there. I tell you that fish was mad. He took out a good stretch of line before I insulted him again, by calling his bluff and stopping him. Back he came to the boat, hesitatingly, I will admit, but he came. I could see when we had our second sight of each other that he was hooked securely and lastingly. Every time he swerved or swooped the plug secured another grip. He did not like me any better the second time than he did the first. Away he went and this time he never stopped. Now I know enough to test my line daily and reverse it after every day's fishing. Those days I didn't. Oh, well, Van laughed, I said a prayer, rigged up again and resumed. Van had just made a cast when I heard a metallic sound, like hooks rattling. I looked around in time to see my fish with his mouth out of water, shaking his head. We fished for two hours after that and moved more than a half mile from where I lost him. At intervals during that two hours the fish would rise to the surface and repeat his efforts to release the plug. He followed the boat. He was never over twenty-five feet away when he tried to get rid of that awful mouthful. Does a fish have sufficient mental organization to reason that he found this disturbing thing in his mouth near that unnatural object floating around over his home, and if he stayed by it long enough he would lose it where he had found it? Whatever was the viewpoint of the fish I know what the experience did to me. I know that that fish starved to death. He could not feed with the position the plug held in his mouth. It was the thought of that lingering death that reformed me. From then on I have used a one hook lure and the next summer I am going one better and try the barbless hook. Van chided me a trifle for my "sentimentality." But somehow I cannot help but think that all life is precious in proportion to the world in which it lives.

* * *

I wish every fisherman might have had the pleasure of attending the first annual banquet of the Chicago Chapter of the League. The most philosophical speech was made by Bishop Anderson, the most analytical speech was made by Governor Preus of Minnesota, the most vital speech was made by James Oliver Curwood, the most unnecessary speech was made by myself. The truest sentence of the evening was given by Judge Dickinson—"Fish and animals have no vote." The general theme was "Conservation." Long live the Izaak Walton League of America!

Preston Bradley

Do your bit for Outdoor America and subscribe NOW—$1.00 per year.

Mostly About Boys

By OLD BILL

Recommended to the oldsters as well as the youngsters

I WONDER if you boys liked Romer Zane Grey's trout story in the January number as much as I did? Johnny Shields and Romer were a wise pair of fishing kids to get an early start on Rae Lake that morning. Those two pals by leaving the rest of the boys at breakfast could choose their own fishing grounds. The three pound trout Johnny Shields caught must have put up a great fight and I felt sorry for Romer when he lost his big fish after fighting it for five minutes. He evened up on the day though with twenty-one fine trout.

Romer is a mighty lucky boy. His Daddy, Zane Grey, the famous novelist, takes him to the wildest of wild places and it's too bad that all our boys haven't the same chance of really seeing their wonderful country.

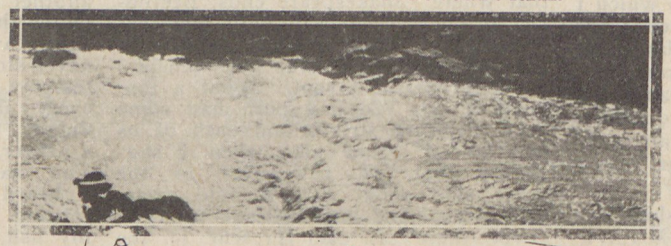
I wonder if you noticed the mountains and the grand scenery in Romer's pictures for his story. If you failed to notice particularly I advise you to turn to page 214 in the January number and study the photographs.

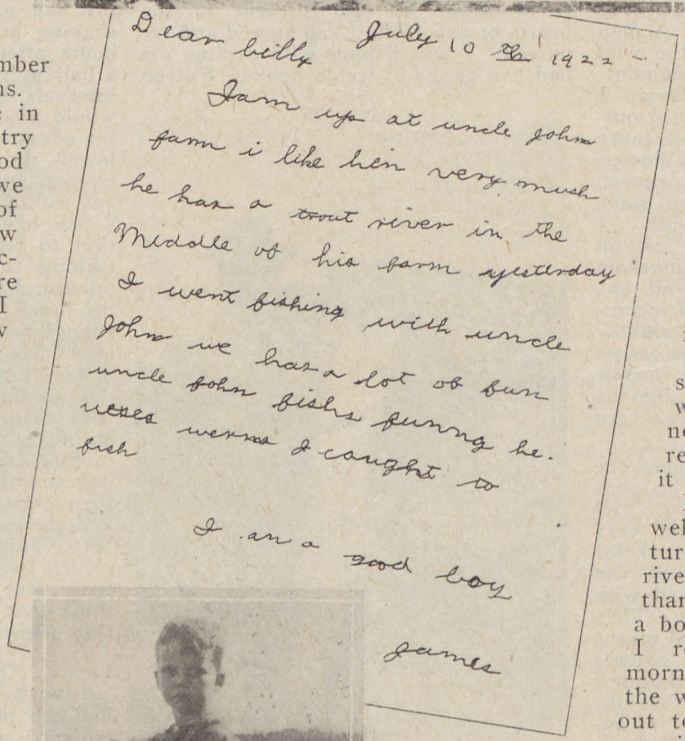
One doesn't have to be in the Sierra Mountain country though, to have a bully good time out of doors. Here we are right in the heart of winter, with cold and snow and sleet almost a daily occurrence. Last night before I turned in for the night, I looked out of the window and it was half raining and half snowing all at the same time. I thought the roads would be too nasty to take my early morning walk. You see, boys, I live in the country—or as much country as it is possible to get in less than an hour's ride of a big city like Chicago. I have a few acres alongside of the Cook County Forest Preserve, so there are plenty of big trees and woods all around me.

After an early breakfast, Mike, my wire haired fox terrier, and I started forth. During the night it had grown colder and we had a sharp northwest wind. The rain and sleet of the night before had frozen on the trees and bushes and one could not have asked for a finer or a more beautiful winter morning for a brisk walk.

Soon we crossed the fields and were into the woods where it was warmer. Mike scared up a rabbit every once in awhile and I saw one shoot by me half running and half sliding over the slippery snow crust. I could not help laughing at Brer Rabbit and wished for a bunch of real boys so they could have had a good laugh too. I looked for a wild strawberry patch where last summer I had picked enough berries to make two cans of strawberry jam. I broke the snow and there underneath I could see the green leaves and found other woodland plants snuggled up safe and warm, covered with the brown leaves and snow. Next spring, you boys and I will take an early spring morning walk through these woods and we are going to find lots to make it worth while.

A bit of the trout river on Uncle John's farm.





Dear billy July 10 th 1922

I am up at uncle johns farm i like him very much he has a trout river in the Middle of his farm yesterday I went fishing with uncle John we had a lot of fun uncle John fishs funny he. uses worms I caught to fish

I am a good boy

James

Little James Mundstock, who wrote me the above letter.

Through these woods in the summer time there runs a little wood-shaded creek. It is not very deep nor very wide but there are fish in its pebbly shallows, and a few black bass in the deeper holes. Last July at twilight I was walking along this little stream and heard just ahead of me a great commotion in the water, and found a sizable bass striking at the darting minnows. Now the little river was frozen hard from bank to bank and blanketed with snow which had drifted high in spots. In the month of May along its banks grow violets; buttercups and wild flag blossoms are to be found in the wet places. Let us leave it now in its winter sleep and return in the early spring when it awakens.

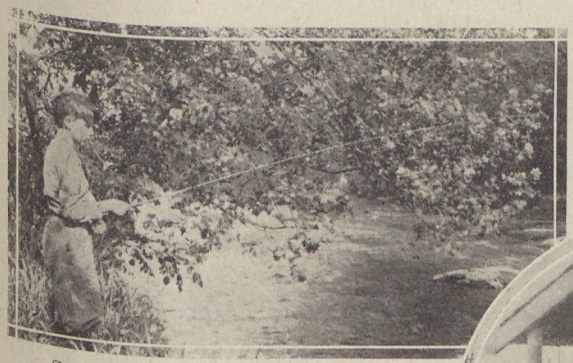
Boys, as I walked along the well worn trail which twists and turns just as does the little river, I thought of a time more than forty years ago when I was a boy of twelve in old Kentucky. I remembered a warm April morning. I was coming through the woods after turning the cows out to pasture. It was a joyous morning, and the woods were throbbing with the song of birds. Even as though it were yesterday I recall that I was barefooted for the first time that year. The crooked cow path I was walking led to an old rustic bridge which spanned Bear Creek. It was my habit each morning to look down into the water. There was a deep pool underneath the bridge and often I had seen sunnies and sucre and goggle-eyes and calico perch swimming about and occasionally even a green bass. This morning the stream was white with reflected dog wood blossoms. I gazed down into the pool as usual and found it swarming with goggle-eyes, some of which it seemed would weigh a pound. I stood on the bridge entranced by the darting fish and vainly tried to count them. This I couldn't do, but surely there were at least fifty fish in the school. I must have lingered for nearly an hour before I awakened to the realization that I

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

would be late for breakfast and tardy for school as well. I started for home on the run, planning as I ran to be on hand with pole and line and a can of worms just as soon as school was out for the day.

On the way to school I met Cole Porter, a boy of my age, and as I was flowing over with the importance of my find, I told Cole about the big goggle-eyes in the pool under the bridge. Cole and I decided that we would not tell anybody but that we two would go pardners and catch the fish just as soon as school was out. We agreed that we would hurry home for luncheon and both of us would dig a can of worms during the noon hour. I can never forget how I hated to go back to school for the afternoon and I still wonder how I resisted the impulse to play

Carl Hollie, a six year old follower of Izaak Walton.



Syd Dewey, a future Waltonian.

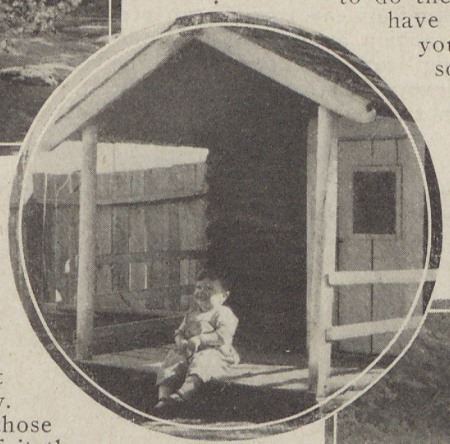
hookey. Much to my surprise, Cole did not return for the afternoon session and I puzzled over it. As the slow seconds ticked away the afternoon on our school clock, I would look over at Cole's empty seat and wonder if he had played hookey. At times I could see him catching those goggle-eyes and the more I thought of it the madder I got.

The afternoon at last wore away and we were dismissed for the day. I ran every bit of the way home, grabbed my pole and can of worms and started for the bridge, and I made all the short cuts, I can tell you. Just as I was in sight of the bridge I saw Cole at the turn of the road just beyond the bridge with his fishing pole over his shoulder and a string of fish a yard long, some of which trailed in the dusty road. I let out a whoop of rage and raced down on Cole and grabbed him. I was so crazy mad I was crying. I lit on Cole like a mad bumblebee. I had him down in a second and gave him a good pummelling right there in the dusty road. Cole went home bellering loudly but fishless. I took the fish from him and there were twenty-eight in all and every one a whopper. Cole had had a glorious afternoon and after he had caught the last one he had started for home. I had arrived just in the nick of time. A half minute later Cole would have been out of sight. I remember fishing for an hour after the fight but I never got a bite. I also remember the sensation those whopping goggle-eyes made when I brought them home. Most of them were still alive and they made a pretty sight. I said nothing about taking them from Cole and of course he said nothing about playing hookey that afternoon.

Often as the years have rolled on I catch myself thinking about Cole and those goggle-eyes and to this day I haven't been able to decide whether or not I did the right thing by taking those fish away from Cole. Did Cole deserve a good trouncing and the loss of the fish or not?

Come on, boys! Write me, I want to hear from you. I told you this boyhood memory in the hope that you kids would come through and help Old Bill to make "Mostly About Boys" score, and score big. I can't do it alone as you youngsters can plainly see. It takes nine players to make a ball team and it's going to take more than any nine players to make this boy department a success.

I told you boys last month that "I'm going to put my heart in our department and of course I expect you kids to do the same." Of course I want and must have help. Write me and tell me about your pals, your dogs, and if you have some photographs, mail them to me. Common sense will tell you I don't expect you kids to write like professionals. Send me your boy stories and write 'em in a boyish way, and I'll be tickled pink. Any boy up to seventeen is welcome to our party, just as I said last month. If ever an old man liked boys—it's Old Bill. **Let's Go!** The following letter is from my young friend, Dominic Sonandres, who very appropriately signs this bird letter of his "Audy Bon."



Shirley C. Ashby, Jr., one of our youngest members on the porch of his own log cabin in Helena, Montana.

Syd's brother Bob, "crossing the Jordan."

Dear Old Bill:

This is not a story about fish, but it's about the next best thing—birds.

A few weeks back, while walking down a country road, I saw a little blue bird fall from a rail fence pierced by a farmer boy's missile. And I, being a little civilized,

(Continued on page 302)

A further adventure of "John Moreland, Fisherman"

By WILL H. DILG

will appear in our special black bass number in June.
It will be a story about fly fishing for black bass, and will be entitled—

"John Moreland on the Upper Mississippi"

Do your bit for Outdoor America and subscribe NOW—$1.00 per year.

Fine Muskie Waters.

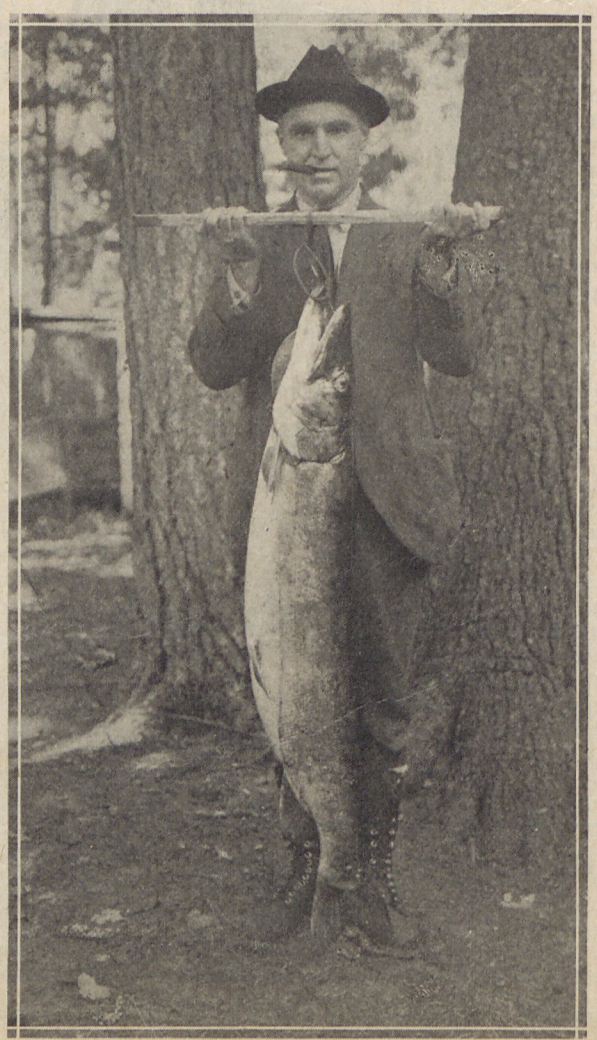
The Tiger of the North

By WALTER C. TAYLOR

WHEN a man has devoted his vacations for twenty-five years to one kind of piscatorial sport, he should acquire a certain amount of skill derived from these long years of experience; when that man is an expert in every form of outing, whether fishing or hunting, it is not to be wondered at that such an eminent authority as Zane Grey should consider him the most expert muskellunge fisherman in the world. To merit this title, this man must have "done things" while fishing for muskies, and he truly has, and in a royal way at that. The writer was honored by being the guest in September of Mr. Marion Lambert, at his beautiful camp on Lake Minocqua, Wisconsin, hence he had a closeup view of this great sportsman "on location," as the movies term it.

The day of my arrival in camp will always be a marked epoch in my life, for on that morning my host caught the record musky of his many years in quest of this tiger of the north. The story of this great event will stand repeating, for all sportsmen delight in the tale of an encounter where the quarry, or trophy, is possibly a world's record, or very close to it.

What makes sporting life most attractive to its devotees, is just how is the game played, and to the everlasting credit of the true sportsman is his constant endeavor to give his quarry the best of the argument, and this is just what Prince Lambert does in all his exploits with game, whether of fur, fin or feathers.



Mr. Lambert and His Wonderful Fish.

Searching through the records of big muskies caught in previous years, we fail to find any heavier than Mr. Lambert's giant of October 11, 1922, and to make this all the more creditable, it weighed, hours after it was caught, forty-six and one-half pounds.

A slender steel casting rod, a twenty-four pound test silk line, and a reel holding seventy-five yards is truly light tackle for a "big 'un"—no trolling for this sportsman, no plug casting, no pork rind bait, just the very hardest kind of work putting that half-to-one pound "sucker" or chub-minnow. Try doing this constantly all day long, casting that heavy bait out 150 feet!

Do not imagine that "luck" played any part in this event, rather it was the result of judgment and the hardest kind of work.

The selection of a favorite lake, miles from camp, the early morning ride through the frosty air, with the scent of giant pines to stir the blood; soon the boat is launched, then comes two hours of that nerve and muscle strain, casting the big minnow far out on the rough waters, reeling it in as fast as possible, keeping the bait jumping on the top of the water, often skipping it from wave to wave, this is truly "a man's job!"

Suddenly out there on the darkened spaces over a bed of weeds there is a swish and a swirl! All motion ceases, carefully the boat is moved towards "the strike" with the silence of the Sphinx, the line is slowly reeled in, until a slight strain is felt. This is the all important moment. Will the musky turn the bait in his mouth, and, oh. will he run

with it? Maybe he will reject it as he feels the hook or the leader. The seconds are hours and it truly takes nerves of steel to withstand this anxiety. Judging from his dash at the minnow, he is a big fellow. Will a dream of twenty-five years come true? Slowly, oh, too slowly, the line runs off the reel, quicker than a flash a mighty strike is made, and five feet out of the water leaps this giant tiger, striving to shake the deadly barb from his aching mouth, far out he rushes, then deeply dives, again he springs forth from the cold waters, desperate to free himself from this strangely stinging, deadly strain upon his liberty. Again and again he speeds on through the weeds, fiercely seeking his freedom, but always is that awful tension upon the line; then more viciously does this monarch fight for his very life, yet strive as he may, the master hand at the rod is punishing him mercilessly, never relenting, never ceasing that mighty drag upon the steadily tiring fish.

THIS story is descriptive of the splendid fight of a 46½ lb. muskellunge caught by the famous sportsman, Marion Lambert, of St. Louis. There can be no doubt of the thorough sportsmanship of Mr. Lambert, but we cannot let this opportunity pass to state our opinion that muskellunge fishermen should gaff their fish, just as does the salmon fisherman.

We realize that this subject is debatable; that many fishermen advocate the practice of shooting the fish, while others as strongly urge the use of the gaff. It occurs to us that this is an excellent time to bring out the various opinions of our readers on this subject. We will gladly print such written opinions.

Finally the giant seeks the shadow of the boat, for there he surely will find the cover he has so valiantly sought. Spitefully the automatic barks as that prince of guides, Frank Miller, places a "38" bullet just behind his head, and slowly he sinks, but not for very far. Now the boat is turned towards the shore, since this musky is too large to lift into it, and Mr. Lambert does not use any sort of a gaff.

He is carried along, but very cautiously, for he is only stunned. There, where the water is shallow, he is quickly caught in the gills, and before he can more than weakly struggle, he is on the bank.

Truly this has been a contest of giants. "To the victor belongs the spoils." Today this Mighty Tiger fiercely glares upon you from a far different lair than where he was wont to sway, the monarch of the Northern Lakes!

FIRST BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

I AM glad to have the opportunity of extending greetings to the Izaak Walton League on the occasion of its first birthday. I greet you as champions not of the sport of kings but of something vastly more important—that is the sport of those who are still young in heart. The spirit of the boy who spits on the bait and that of the man who selects a fly suited to the day and the water is the same and this spirit is among the good things of the earth. I trust your association will thrive and that all good and conscientious men will join it.

HERBERT HOOVER

YOUR every message increases my unrest and hardens my resolve this summer to turn again to the long trail and the long canoe. It is a fine thing to know that many gatherings of true sportsmen and good fellows will meet today to prove the comradeship of gun and rod, to plan not only to preserve game life but no less the traditions and standards of sportsmanship. God bless you all.

SENATOR MEDILL McCORMICK

THE Izaak Walton League deserves unbounded success because organized to put over a big proposition conceived in unselfishness and prompted by loyal interest in our most valuable inheritance, namely the varied natural resources of a new country. A good sportsman is our most interesting type of human being.

GEORGE ADE

GREETINGS to the disciples of Izaak Walton and their League for the conservation of the living wealth of our forests and streams. For a heritage of the recreating life of the open to our children and to their children. For the ideals of all true lovers of God's out-of-doors. I am with you always.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

IT is my loss that I cannot be with the Izaak Walton League at the celebration of its first birthday. I am heart and soul in accord with the principles and purposes of the league. I hope that each red blooded man and woman of America will join forces and work unceasingly and in harmony for the protection of our loved land and its natural resources and wonderful beauties. My best regards to each of you.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Arms Failures in Bush and Field

When Gun or Ammunition Failed

By HUNTERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

EVERY day, in every way, these stories are getting better and better. From the four corners they come! Some must literally be born again, but the idea is ever present. At last, we have a series of hunting stories that are not a succotash. There is a powerful lesson in every tale, all blending to one common purpose—a careful, sensible use of arms adapted to the work at hand. Naturally, the failures related teach the precepts of correct Nimrod standards by actual experiences and practical illustration of what should not have been.

The editor of these unusual stories intends not to spoil them by injecting unwarranted prefaces and comments. All the letters about the contest and contributions for it indicate clearly that the interest is in the stories themselves. With each succeeding issue, this interest is gathering an accelerated momentum that cannot be stopped, and no one wants to stop it. Many letters enclosing stories contain such fine spirit and good information, that only the limitation of space prevents passing them on to you as the contributors' own interludes. One typical letter will best enable you to know the full compensation that rewards the editor of this series for his labor of love. Accompanying a superb story, Brother L. F. Phillips, of Belleville, N. J., sends this greeting:

"I enclose an 'attempt,' which I haven't the time to work up into a real story. However, if you need a filler for your contest, you are welcome to it, if not, tear it up.

"In looking back over years of experimenting with firearms, especially rifles and pistols, I am struck with the few times either the arm or the ammunition failed me. On one occasion we fired 36 grs. of 'Walsrode Grey' shotgun powder with lead bullet from a Krag carbine—on a bet—and nothing happened except a swelling like a pear ahead of the chamber of the gun, and the brass of the shell brazed the bolt fast! Again, a friend loaded 6 grs. Bull's-eye in a 32/20 (double charge) and the cylinder of my S. & W. took out a large window to our rear. We had a stock and trigger left, top strap barrel and cylinder either gone in sections, or completely. Since then we reload our own stuff!

"Good luck for the contest!

"Very truly,

"L. F. Phillips."

Here is Mr. Phillips' reminiscence:

WHERE gun or ammunition failed!" Doesn't it carry a mental picture of roaring lion, of charging grizzly or ponderous elephant? Alas, we have no such tale to offer; the dull routine of civilization is broken only at rare intervals by a day in the field or on the stream, where no more dangerous game than elusive trout or wily grouse is met with. As yet, just as the humble pedestrian courts death at the city crossing as surely as the proud soldier before the enemy, we have an humble tale to offer. It is a tragedy of the grouse coverts and not of the jungle, but a tragedy where failure of weapon played its part, and as such it is offered.

Shamelessly, we confess that we are a citizen of the "Mosquito State," whose many charms are overlooked in the forgotten buzz of the insect pest. We are a state of ancient lineage, with Valley Forge and half a dozen battles to point to as claim for honored place. Ancient settlements mean a long extinct game paradise, so that the hunter in the state bringing in a brace of pheasants is photographed and featured in our newspapers. And yet, even now some trace of the wilderness exists. Here and there in our mountains are miles of ragged woods and abandoned farm land, the last refuge of the fast flying and wily ruffed grouse. Thanks to his speed and brains he still survives, and the grouse woods are our goal on the infrequent trips the demands of keeping the modern wolf from the door permit us.

Hail! You Nimrods!

YOU have heard the call! We have Bill Dilg and his idling fishermen on the run. If you have any doubt of it, read every story in this series. We want to keep the edge this month's issue gives us. More power to your pens and typewriters! Keep the tales rolling in. M.L.G.

On one such trip our good friend and hunting companion, Sandy, invited a new-found friend. Ordinarily we are doubtful of new hunting companions, much preferring the tried and true to doubtful experiments with haphazard handlers of lethal weapons. Our new friend seemed a "find," a trifle younger than Sandy or ye scribe, but full of cheer and with fearless eyes and firm mouth. One look was enough for us to say to ourself, "Here is a Man;" and our impression was not lessened by the long ride to the hunting grounds.

We assembled our guns for the hunt, and a little imp of doubt entered our thoughts, for our young friend drew out from the battered, age-darkened leather case a still more ancient weapon. We have a possibly unreasonable horror of the hammer shotgun, born of several experiences with the weapons, and possibly our questioning attitude was apparent. George, for we had soon called him by his first name, explained his weapon to us. Here was the beloved shotgun of his father and of his grandfather before him, an old muzzle loading firearm made in the days when the workman put pride and love in his creation, and long ago converted into a breech loading gun. The gun itself was a beautiful example of ancient gunsmithing with silver inlaid stock, beautifully engraved breech and figured barrels, the famous and long forgotten six blade "Damascus" steel, the object of derision by users of the modern "fluid steel" but a thing of beauty, almost too beautiful for powder burning.

Was it a tear that clouded the grey eyes as George spoke of the love his father had for the old weapon? He spoke of the wish his father had expressed just before he died that his son would cherish the ancient firearm and "Use it like a sportsman," even if he purchased a more modern and fitting weapon later. May our son handle our own cherished shotgun with the same pride and affection this boy showed towards the shotgun his father and his father's father had carried and loved so well!

Our hunt was not a success, judging from any other standard than that of our own state. At noon we could boast of but one bird among the three hunters, and modesty forbids dwelling upon the ownership of this lone grouse. We had worked hard to give the new friend a shot at game with his ancient weapon, but so far the barrels were still free of powder stain. At last we knew from certain "inside information" that it was time for the lunch and a whistle soon brought us together for a short stroll to the usual lunching spot beside a small but clear spring.

We were walking abreast through an open glade in the woods when a grouse flushed from a nearby laurel patch. Three guns snapped to their owners' shoulders, three fingers pressed the trigger, but Sandy and ye scribe held their fire; we wanted George to get a grouse with his father's gun. There was a sheet of flame, a startled cry, and the bird flew behind a convenient tree, unharmed. No clean report was this, but an ominous sound, such as we had never heard before from a shotgun. What had happened?

One glance at George's horror-stricken face told us the story as we walked to him—the ancient shotgun had failed. To us it spelled miracle that the lengthy tear in the beautifully figured barrel had not shattered hand or fingers. To George it spelled a tragedy that the gun which had served his father so long had failed the son at the first shot. He could not believe that the gun was ruined, and the narrow escape he had had from serious injury never entered his mind. We could not console him with tale of repairs, for we knew such a thing was impossible; the gun would never be fired again.

Who can explain the accident? It was not forgotten cloth in the barrel that had caused the trouble, for a bulging ring would have told the story to anyone. Was it the "smokeless" powder of old and well dried shells, too strong a medicine for ancient Damascus barrel? Very possibly, for this gun was built in the days when gun cotton was unknown and nitro powders unheard of. The gun showed faithful and loving workmanship in every line, but even the best, whether it be person or inanimate thing, must eventually fail, the living to go to that "bourne from which no traveller returns," the thing to the land of discarded things. It was fated that the old gun would wear out eventually, but the tragedy of failing when it did!

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

THE Izaak Waltons of bush and field are evolving the correct creed of safety and good sportsmanship, by these graphic illustrations of their actual experiences. Here is a snappy snow-shoe story, submitted by Robert T. Wegg, of Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin. Was ever a New Year resolution better conceived?

THE SIGHT THAT FAILED!

The last day of 1922 dawned in that warmth of snow flurries from the south that so surely brings out the rabbits. Five high school boys made up a party. They had two good hounds and borrowed a third from a farmer friend who lived near the hunting grounds.

Darkness comes all too quickly on these occasional days of real good hunting. Evening shadows caught the party when well within the woods. The outward trip was full of pep and fun. An occasional trip-up or fall, rude introduction to low-hanging limbs or back-springing bushes (suspicious in their exact time of arrival), were some of the reasons for laughter, snow balls, and jokes.

The dogs jumped a rabbit. The hunters took up stands. The trailing passed beyond hearing. "Snow-shoe!" was called from stand to stand. The trailing turned back. The hunters became more alert. Snow-shoes travel far and fast, usually returning well before the hounds. The dogs were howling in the distance. "Patter! Pit. Patter!" Down the far side of a log there flashed a streak of white. At the end of the log it stopped. Two guns were pointed toward it.

"Take it," whispered one, "I can't see much of him."

"BANG!" roared the gun of the other. "I got him!" he cried.

Running to the spot they found there, dead, one of the dogs,—the borrowed one!

I have not tried to eulogize this little hound. Rather, I ask YOU to join these five boys in a eulogy to ALL such hounds, to ALL such does and fawns now lying in Northern woods, and to ALL OTHER such Creatures of God. It is a New Year Resolution.

I. To Hunt Only by Daylight.

II. To be sure of my Eyesight before using my Gunsight.

FEW gun failures produce so proof found and lasting regrets in the loss of a record head, as that experienced by our nom de plume "Mullett," of Tuscola, Illinois, with an automatic in the hands of his wife. Why he insists on the camouflage is a mystery. Certainly, his self-imposed title was not warranted by this "Canuck" story. Vot you tink?

By gar! Dese game law, he bean dam funny ting. De open time on quail bean 30 day—on robbers and bruder-in-laws it be all de time.

'Bout 15 years ago I bean agent for Russin Cavair Co., dat is bad carp eggs canned up, and I bean away from home lots of de time. My wife she bean afraid by herself so I buy for her fine automatic pistol. I tell her dat des pistol bean dam dangerous fellow, to be ver' careful. Dat all she hav to do to shoot is to pull de trigger.

Vel, you know von time ven I bean away, my bruder-in-law he come to our house for visit. He pretty good feller but he ver' rich, so he get dam tiresome talking—some time. Vel, you know des feller he bean a night-hawk and he do most of his hunting at night-time. So my wife she gif him de key to de front-door, so he come and go as he pleas.

One night ver' late my wife she hear someting on de front porch. She jump out o' bed, grab queek dat pistol and go listen! Des feller he try de front door. Den he go to back one and try dat. Den he come to de front again, ver my wife listen, and he turn de nob and try open dat door. My Emma she rais dat pistol, aim him at de door and pull de trigger, but dat dam ting just go "click," like dat! I didn't ever loaded it! Des man he hear dat pistol go "click," den he holler who he be. My Emma so oxcited she hardly able to open de door to let in dat dam fool bruder-in-law. She ask him about de key, vy he not use it to come in, and he say, "I forgot all about de key, I still hav it in my vest pocket."

Vot a chance to get a prize head dat vas!

MR. JOEL BACKA, of Detroit, Michigan, calls up hair-raising memories from every devotee to lethal weapons by a boyhood reminiscence. Let the lesson sink home!

In reading the experiences of brother Nimrods, on occasions when gun or ammunition failed to function properly, at the most critical moment, an incident comes to haunt me that I would gladly erase from my memory, if that mental process was a possibility. Although more than fifteen years have passed since the incident occurred, it still bobs up in my recollections every time my mind drifts to hunting, which is not very seldom.

When a kid of twelve, I purchased a shotgun from an older boy for two dollars. The gun was in good repair, excepting that it was minus a stock. Being apprenticed to a carpenter at the time, I decided to make a stock. Much pride was taken in the workmanship on fitting the stock to the barrel, and complimentary remarks from the old carpenter swelled my chest considerably.

The advice of a painter was sought on the proper procedure in staining and varnishing the stock, but before this stage was reached, Saturday afternoon rolled around, and into the woods after partridge I went.

My desire to try the new arm knew no bounds. A crow was sighted upon a fence post, apparently out of range, but I banged away and the result was one dead crow. Soon afterward I had bagged two partridges and missed a few others; but the gun was working fine and my spirits were high. I came upon a party of boys building a camp in a thicket. When they saw my unvarnished gun stock they all joined in poking fun at it. In defense, I praised the shooting qualities of the gun and pointed out that the color of the stock made no difference if it killed game. My eye caught a spot in the bushes probably one hundred feet away, that appeared like a bunch of red and brown leaves fallen from the branches of trees above. I asked every one to watch me hit it, raised the gun to my shoulder, took aim and pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to explode and a greeting of loud guffaws came from the boys. I cocked the hammer and pulled the trigger again, with the same result. More laughter and humiliating remarks from the boys! Once more I tried, and again there was only that dull thud from the hammer striking the firing pin. Then, as I was lowering my gun, disgraced, that bunch of leaves I had been aiming at, moved, and out of the thicket came a boy wearing on his head a knitted red and brown cap!

My body lost its strength and I sank to the ground, white as a sheet. It must have been an hour before I had the strength to get up and start for home.

In the meantime, one of the boys took the gun and shot the same shell off at the first attempt. Afterwards, hundreds of shots were fired from the same gun without a miss-fire.

I hope every reader of this story will remember the lesson that I learned from this experience. Never even point your gun at anything, until you know positively what you are aiming at. The Fairies are not always so good to the Irish!

IN the initial issue of this magazine, the introductory statement by the Arms Department declared war on repeating shotguns for game hunting. The pump and automatic are dangerous enough to the game supply when used by experienced hands, well acquainted with their eccentricities; but a covey of quail or flock of ducks are always in smug security, even when hunted by these slaughtering weapons, compared to the hunter and his comrades, if the repeater be a "borrowed" one. Many of us have not escaped so easily as did one of the fraternity from St. Paul, Minnesota, who signs his story by the initials "N. G." He takes considerable pains to advise us in his letter that these initials are his very own, and have no further or other application to the story. May there be fewer "borrowed" guns used, and still less repeating and scatter guns!

In northern Pennsylvania, eleven miles west of Erie, I spent my boyhood days—in the woods when opportunity afforded.

About the year 1874, I learned to handle a gun. Partridge, rabbit and squirrel were the game I learned to bag first, as they were then quite plentiful. In the spring of 1885 I came to St. Paul, Minnesota, but saw very little of the country that summer.

September came and with it the hunting season. I got uneasy when I saw the bags of ducks that were being brought in by hunters getting off the trains. At last I found a way to get out for a duck shoot. A young man who worked with me said I could go with him and four Pals. There was room for one more. We met at his home on Saturday about 7:00 P. M. Three brothers, owners of the team, their uncle, my host and I made up the party. We started a half hour later. The trip covered about fourteen miles. Many good hunting stories were told on the way. It was my first Minnesota hunt, so I was a good listener and eager to learn. We stayed at a farm house for the night, with some friends of the boys who owned the team. There was a hunting club on this farm, and the boats were so much in demand that my host and I were allotted one only for our joint use.

At four the next morning every one was in a hurry to get out. When we arrived at the lake the farmer showed us a path through the rushes which we followed to the water's edge, where we found a boat. My friend got in first, settled himself on the seat nearest the bow, and said there was only one set

(Continued on page 306)

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by Will H. Dilg

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

IF you are a real sure'nuff fisherman, the Angling Memories in this one issue are alone worth the whole price of the magazine. This part of our magazine belongs to us anglers. Here we are sure to meet "our kind of folks." The fishing stories told here are true experiences and will help many of us to forget old winter and lure us back to little rivers and smiling lakes and for an hour or so we may be care free anglers.

I have a letter written from the sick bed of a brother fisherman. Our friend has been flat on his back for two long months. He says, "I read every word in the League's Magazine but the Angling Memories suit me best of all. I'm not much of a writer and never dreamed of writing a fishing story, although I have had plenty of angling experiences as I have been a fisherman since boyhood. I have passed the biblical three score and ten and now that I look back over life's long journey I must thank God most of all for the blessing of making me a fisherman. Here is the story of my big day a-fishing and I hope it will bring some of the boys half the happiness the stories in Angling Memories have brought to me."

There have been other letters, lots of them and they come from all parts of the country and every one tells just about the same story. Now brother fishermen, get into the game and do your bit. That pet Angling Memory of yours is aching to get into print, besides it's apt to win the fifty dollar fly or bait casting rod or the Eastman Kodak or some other prize. Come on—the water's fine—send in your Memory.

This memory of Mr. Chas. N. Whitaker, of Gilman, Colo., is of a 22 inch lost trout. Have we more memories of the lost ones than of those we have caught, I wonder? When we lose them the memory of them is our compensation and there are those rude enough to say that our compensations grow larger year by year!

In this country one hears of a five-pound "Rainbow," but such news travels far and lingers, too. Fishing is good but even one-pounders can't be stamped on. For the past three seasons it has been my burning desire to catch a four-pounder, or better. Why the "four," I couldn't say.

My pal and I decided to try the Frying Pan River. We finished fixing up our camp about five in the evening and then decided to have a try before dark. In about an hour I came to a fine pool about fifty yards long. It was too deep to wade and the trees were so thick along the edges that it was impossible to fish from the shore. It happened, however, that a big granite boulder lay at one edge and in about the middle of the pool. The top was at least eight feet above the water. I climbed on top of this and began casting the fly over the shadows on the far side.

About the third cast there was a heavy strike and—Good Night! He sure felt like a whopper! I was so excited I nearly fell off the rock.

Things seemed to be going all his way. Anyhow, all the line I could spare went with him until he stopped with a jerk and started upstream, the automatic reel taking up the slack as he came. This continued for it seemed at least ten minutes, and then he let me pull him over to my side like a Jersey—with only passive resistance, you might say.

When he was in quiet water alongside the rock, I leaned over to take a look. Holy Trout! Wasn't he a dandy? At least twenty-two inches long—but wait a minute! I never had a fly like that on my line— Not one eight inches long!

Well, I'll be hanged! Imagine the consternation and cuss words! What do you think had happened? An eight-inch trout had taken the fly and at the same instant the big fellow had grabbed the little fellow by the tail and hung onto him. Hence the heavy strike, the elation, the consternation and the memory of a lost fish!

The Five Judges

THERE are no greater anglers than the famous Americans who have agreed to judge the winning Angling Memories. These men are all devotees of the sport of angling and therefore capable of knowing a real honest-to-goodness fishing story when they read it. Their very names guarantee a fair and square deal to all. They are:

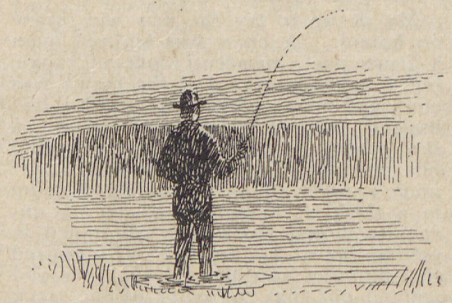
Judge George V. Triplett, Owensboro, Ky. Famous Green River Kentucky fisherman, collector of angling literature and great student of Izaak Walton's writings.

R. C. Grey, Catalina Island. Brilliant writer and noted fresh and salt water angler. Has taken every species of American sporting fishes.

W. L. Brann, New York City. one of the National directors of the League and devotee of light tackle and noted fly fisherman. Collects rare literature. Has great ability as a writer.

E. C. Kemper, Washington, D. C. Distinguished executive and lover of angling, preaches and practices highest ethics.

Lionel Phillips, Belleville, N. J. Lover of sports afield and astream. Writes wonderful fishing and hunting stories.



This Memory is sent us by our friend Tom Townsend, of Lima, Ohio. It is the story of a fight between a splendid bass and an also splendid angler, Mr. B. F. Hill of Lima. Mr. Hill has for over half a century been a devotee of light tackle. He has used barbless hooks for many years and makes his own rods.

Come with me, you lovers of light tackle and fair play, to a little lake in Ohio. I'll show you a battle between champions, masters of their game, skilled on one side by years of study and untiring effort; on the other are several pounds of condensed courage, craft and cunning inherited from a long line of fighting ancestors—the kind of black bass ancestors that fight and fight and fight and surrender only when exhausted.

It is a hot still evening in July. The last traces of the sunset have faded. The surface of the lake is like glass. Here and there are circling wavelets as a feeding bass gets some luckless bug. It is quite dark except for the faint starlight reflected from the mirror-like water. There is no sound but the continuous chirp of crickets and the hum of insect life.

In the foreground near the water, picture an erect, slender, white-haired man of seventy. His eyes are a kindly blue with a cheerful twinkle but they flash fearlessly when their possessor is aroused. His cool head, excellent body, springy step and steady arm are the reward of clean living and the result of many days in the open. He is a worthy champion. **Note his tackle.** In his right hand is a willowy four ounce rod of his own make, equipped with an automatic reel, an enameled line and on the end the tiniest of black flies. The entire fly is less than ¼ inch long. The snell is delicate in proportion. We have not made a sound. He thinks he is alone. We hear a gentle "swish" and a tinkle as that little fly touches the water. It moves slowly a foot and then another. The angler's wrist intuitively twitches, moving the tip six inches—the fly is taken—the message is flashed and our veteran knows this is the battle of his life. Calm, cool and deliberate he thinks of the four ounce rod, the little fly and the delicate snell and the extreme caution he must use if he lands this fish. His sensitive nerves tell him it is a good one. He is helpless to handle it. The fish is irresistible, it hardly knows it is hooked. There is a slight stinging in its lip and a gentle strain retarding its movements. It goes just where it pleases but the restraint continues as the minutes pass. It is really becoming annoying. A few feet this way and the strain is no stronger, and a few feet that way and it is just the same. The little rod takes up the slack. The reel gives and takes just as the fish comes and goes. Fifteen minutes have gone. Our champion is now fully alive to the situation. His eyes flash the spirit of battle. He realizes it is a record fish and he can do nothing but hold him gently with only a few ounces of strain and if it does not run too far he may sap its strength and win. There it goes and the reel is almost bare. Our man hurries along the bank anxiously watching the reel expecting every moment the

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

end of the line will be reached and then something must break and the fish be lost. The other fighter is now thoroughly annoyed. The teasing stinging thing in its lip sticks tight. It does as it has many times before when a crab fastened its pincers in the same way. Up and clear of the water, a vigorous shake, but still it holds and stings. A rush—luckily for our man it is toward the shore. The reel does its work and several yards of line are regained. Then up again with all the strength of the fish, another shake which no crab could withstand, but the little stinger clings as before, another rush and another leap and another and another, but the fish does not reach the end of the line. Little by little the fighter in the water becomes exhausted. The tiresome pull never varies, no stronger, no weaker. Our fighter on the shore now has hopes. There seems to be a chance. The fish comes in a little with a gentle pull. One hour has passed. Our man is now all a-tremble. Perspiration trickles down his face. His heart is pounding in his ears. The excitement is intense but he sees a chance for victory. For the first time the fish is within a few feet. Its silvery side shows dimly in the starlight. If that little hook will only hold a few minutes now. It does. He has won. The fish has ceased to struggle. Its strength is absolutely gone. There is only the faintest movement of the tail and fin. The rod is now shifted to his left hand. He stoops carefully without adding an ounce of weight on the rod. Deftly a thumb and finger close on the open jaw of the vanquished fighter and it is lifted carefully on the grassy bank. It has taken just one hour and fifteen minutes. The little hook holds merely a thread of tough membrane. The ever ready scales show exactly 5¾ pounds.

Mr. B. F. Hill, gentleman and high class sportsman that he is, dipped both hands in the water, lifted the defeated champion tenderly to the edge, submerged it and in a moment with a gentle movement it disappeared in the still waters—to live and fight another day.

My old friend "Jimmie" Schnitzler, of Chicago, sends in this very unusual angling memory. If I didn't know James to be a sober and a truthful man, I might be tempted to think this more of a dream or a nightmare than a memory. I am not sure that Mr. Gochenour will not reproach me for taking this away from his hunting stories; at any rate, it relates an interesting and amusing incident.

I had a most unusual experience while casting for bass one day in a Northern Wisconsin lake. My wife who was in the boat with me enjoyed it also.

I was casting a rock shore using little chubs as bait, when we came alongside a flat rock, just off shore on which sat a mink—a very long one but very skinny.

I cast my chub, hitting the rock and when it fell into the water Mr. Mink grabbed it off the hook. He ran up on shore and salted it away under a log and came out for another.

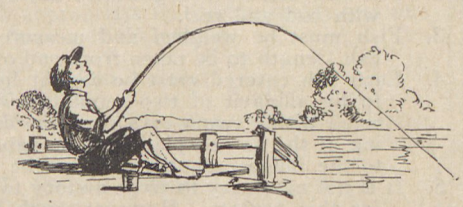
After giving him one more he came for a third. I decided he was striking short as I hooked the third chub down through the mouth and out the side.

Mr. Mink grabbed him and got well hooked and gave me a better fight than any small mouth I ever had on.

I finally calmed him down and put the landing net under him. I had to take him with me to the camp to prove my story.

After some of the other fishermen saw him, I released him and he was off for the water again.

I was given the name, however, of "Jimmie the Minker."



The story which follows is from the pen of a New York fisherman, Mr. Walter P. Frank who occasionally writes under the name of "Plug Ugly." He's a good fisherman, I have seen him at it myself. He and Warden Brown know every fish by its first name that inhabits the crystal clear reservoir lakes which furnish the big city its drinking water. "Brownie" and he, I understand, have forsworn the constant use of their bait casting rods and are now more often found in the twilight of evening casting the cork bodied bass bug floaters.

"My birthday falls shortly after the opening of the bass season in our Eastern waters, and this is but just and logical, since the pursuit and capture of the two tribes of the microptera are said to be my main objects in life.

"Hence also my own rejoicing, though each anniversary brings with it a few more gray hairs and a fiercer twinge to the rheumatics. For does not the day furnish an excuse for a brief vacation, despite a hard-hearted partner, weighty law books and importunate clients? Be it bug or plug which the fish are taking, there is magic in the fairy fly wand or its cousin, the casting rod, which makes me forget that anything save the basses exist. And yet, the day has its bitter memory, to be recalled when the tackle is being laid away, while the old pipe bubbles and sends up clouds of smoke. Memory of one particular birthday, farther back than I care to recall, a day opening in pride and rejoicing only to end in the inevitable fall.

"To be more exact, on that eventful June morning, I had reached the advanced age of six years, a part of which time had been devoted to fishing with bent pin and string for such lowly game as sunnies, rock bass and an occasional perch. So, when Dad presented me with a little rod, a reel and a truly silk line, and honest-to-goodness snelled hooks, the world was mine. In these days of Leonard or Payne rods, Hardy reels, Meeks (of the old Kentucky breed) and Talbots, I still think fondly of that first outfit. How many of us can remember those rods, the butt of ash, with a lancewood tip, reel bands and guides of shiny brass, good for any old kind of fishing. And the reel, a double multiplying affair, also of brass, with a click cloud and large enough for a B Ocean still sends chills of delight up and down my spine.

"Given a boy with a new outfit, a perfect day, and a lake just across the road, it was inevitable that bait had to be obtained so that another angler might be sent forth upon the waters which hold unending delight, wonders and joy for young and old, rich or poor, who have been fortunate enough, at birth, to have been touched by the Goddess of Fishing with her rod made of the rib of a blade of grass, and her line of spiderweb.

"Behold me, then, escorted across the road and seated in a shady spot on the lakeshore by Dad, who was almost as excited as myself. After the capture of a rock bass, my father left me with strict instructions not to wander off to the bluff, where deep waters lapped on the beach.

"About half an hour later, behold a weeping boy crawling across the road; a little lad with mud-plastered hair, whose tears helped swell the rivulets running from his clothes. Soaked with water and slime from the lake bottom, minus the shiny new rod, the reel and the truly silk line, he sought his mother in order, within her sheltering arms, to pour out his tale of woe. He had hooked a bass—he had—as large and larger than any ever landed by Dad. And the bass had pulled him in—yes he did—had taken his new rod, reel and line. He had lost his first bass and the disgrace was complete. Dad said nothing and finally left the room. Then after a few minutes he returned bearing my rod, reel and line. Horror of horrors—from the line dangled no magnificent bronzeback, but a poor, little sunfish with the hook deep buried in his throat."

You fellows whose wives don't like fishing will sympathize with Brother F. R. Rope of Pittsburgh, whose sad tale follows. While a few of us fellows who have fishin' wives can gloat a little, I think it would be a mighty good idea if all of us tried as hard as Mr. Rope to make the "missus" like the game. What a splendid comradeship would result! And they can all join the league too!

Fishermen are of three classes, those who are unmarried, those whose wives also like to fish AND those unfortunates who relate the "grand passion" and its allurements to the Wife in vain. Ah, me, I belong to the last named class.

I was raised up, fished, hunted and was married in the grand old state of Missouri where most all boys knew what Boyhood really is—but never, never, could I instill any enthusiasm into the Missus for fishing. She disliked wet feet and all the "creepy" things we use to coax the old he bass to bite. In the state where we now live we must go a hundred miles if we are to feel the thrill of a bass strike and just that far is a lake—"fished out" they say, but still an old timer can snake one out now and then if he is "born to the clan."

This lake is used largely as a summer resort too; and for that reason only were the Missus and I there together.

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THE SUNSHINE MILLS
Plainwell, Mich.

Then came the day when other pleasures palled on the lady and she said to me: "I believe I will go fishing with you today just for the change."!! Ye Gods, here was my long awaited chance to demonstrate to the Girl that one game fish caught is the ultimate in pleasure. So away we went, trolling by the weed beds for salmon and later to pound the shore for big-mouth.

Then I felt my luck slipping when it began to rain and She got soaked, but no, she was game and so we sought shelter in an old ice house and then for four eternal hours we alternated between the water and the ice house until I deemed it wise to pull for the cottage and dry cloths for us both. So with sad thoughts of Fisherman's luck we started up the lake with my only chance to convert her gone— But not so, a fast trolling spinner on a dark day is liable to start something, and BING! the first think I knew I had a sizable musky on that bass spinner!!

Oh, the care I used in playing that fellow—the thrills, the hopes, the PRAYERS—if I could only land him mayhap she would go with me again and catch one herself. **That** would make a believer of her. Perhaps there was too much at stake.

I brought the fish around HER end of the boat too soon; she saw him not six feet from her.

HE ROLLED HIS EYE AT HER,
SHE LET OUT A LITTLE SCREAM,
HE LUNGED
THE LINE PARTED,
ONE SWIRL AND HE WAS **GONE.**

I sat back down on the wet seat. It began to rain in torrents, and with a low muttered oath I straightened the boat around and pulled for the cottage.

I am still doing my fishing alone!

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is not necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, the prize will be awarded by the judges to the angler using tackle which gave the fish the fairest fighting chance for its life.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In Addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interest in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not had sufficient time to decide upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of Fish.....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....
When caught ..... Where.....
Rod used ..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used ..... Lure.....
Caught by (Signed).....
Street .....
City .....State .....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses)
1. .....
2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest. Read them over, pick out one that you like and begin to plan where you'll go for the big 'un.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOK TROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus saltatrix)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a **One Hook, Artificial Lure.**

OUTDOOR BOOKS
By WARREN H. MILLER
Former Editor of Field and Stream

NEW! "The Sportsman's Workshop" $1.25
How to make tents, pack-sacks, cook-kits, tent stoves, decoys, reloading, rifle and rod fittings, leather working. Silk Cloth binding, $1.75.
"Airedale, Setter and Hound" 1.00
How to raise, train and doctor the three great hunting breeds. Pedigrees, kennel construction, care in puppyhood.
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Practical big game and wing shooting.
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The "Sourdough book" for veteran woodsmen.
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A strictly modern work. Latest pedigrees, puppies, breeding, training, dog diseases.
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Canoe, sail boat and motor boat designs.
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Cheap yet practical outfits. Camping for boys.
"How to Build a Hunting and Fishing Skiff" ..... .50
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"The Medicine Man in the Woods" ..... .25

WARREN H. MILLER INTERLAKEN, N. J.

The Illusive Grouse

(Continued from page 281)

were fired, for we had visions of one grouse, maybe two of them in Fatty's hunting coat. Why else had he fired, if it were not at grouse, and didn't he claim to be a quail shot? We couldn't quite understand it, but at least we could find out very shortly. At last we arrived at the rock, with Fatty purple in the face and unable to explain or answer our question of "What luck?" He was speechless, but we waited patiently for him to unburden himself.

Fatty had just started to unlimber his famous vocabulary, starting off with the statement, more or less vague of "Of all the blankety, blankety birds I ever—" when "Bruurr" sounded another bird, almost at our feet, and from under the self same pine tree. Up went Fatty's gun again, and there was no doubt but that he was familiar with shooting a gun in the brisk way he handled himself. The gun flashed up, there was a momentary (no, not exactly a "momentary" but rather a "split-second"ary) pause and then "click, click" went the locks. Fatty had forgotten to reload! We are ashamed to set it down, but at the same time that Fatty was struggling with his empty gun, we had also swung on the bird, hoping that he would miss the shot and thus give us an opportunity. Game is so scarce in this state that there is little of that Alphonse and Gaston stuff when a bird gets up. A pair of hunters alternate on the first shot, and if one misses the other may shoot in turn, on the theory that if you can't hit the bird with the first barrel you might better stay at home. At any rate, the bird was disappearing out of range and Fatty had proved a failure, so we fired at the bird. It wasn't skill, it wasn't anything but pure luck that made that grouse roost under a pine tree in a meadow, and that is the only explanation we can give, for we had a bird to show to our fat friend.

We gave the bird to our weighty friend, but even that has not proved successful as a peace offering. Fatty swears that we walked him up and down mountains on purpose, and that we were "kidding" him all of that day. He says that grouse are out in the open, just like quail, pheasants, and all the birds he knows, and that he is sick of practical jokes. All the arguments in the world wouldn't change his mind, and, according to him, if he hadn't happened to sit down under that pine tree we would have had him convinced that we knew what we were talking about. As knew what we were talking about. Who can convince him that the five birds under a pine tree constitutes not only a record but comes near to being a New Jersey grouse miracle?

Still More About the Plug

What both its enemies and its friends think about it.

MAY I ask for a little space in the **Izaak Walton League Monthly** in which to defend the much maligned and apparently misunderstood plug with its multiple hooks, as against the single hook?

It is invariably the case that when a plug fisherman opens his fish kit and discloses an assortment of floating and underwater plugs carrying from one to three trebles, some bystanders burst into violent flame and begin to heap abuse on the "murderous outfit." And when I make genteel and quiet inquiry as to the cause of their emotional display they blend in one gargantuan chorus to which no man can reply and be heard; and this is the song they sing:

"What chance has a fish got with a thing like that?"

"What do you mean by heaving that general hardware store into a bass?"

"How do you get that way?"

For that reason I would like to put it in black and white so it can be read uninterruptedly by the vocal opponents.

Let us now examine the plug with its gang hooks: In the first place it is quite impossible for any bass to swallow an entire plug. The tendency to strike the floating object underneath means as a rule that the fish mouths one set of hooks. The depth to which these hooks enter the mouth is limited to the length of the hook. It is generally less than an inch. The plug laying at right angles to the hooks prevents the hooks going beyond. In consequence they become embedded in the cartilage of the bass' mouth. At no time do they penetrate a vital point. In nine cases out of ten it is a simple matter to remove the plug from the mouth of a fish without seriously injuring the fish. I have released a good many hundreds of bass taken on plugs with but few serious consequences. May I take this occasion to remark that more fish get off of plugs than single hooks. Occasionally a fish will become entangled in several hooks but that is very largely the fault of the angler. The moment a fish strikes, if you return the courtesy in kind and refrain from giving the fish slack line, there is no reason for anything suggesting a massacre. On the other hand even a fish pricked on the outside is not necessarily wounded beyond recovery.

Now concerning the single hook defended by the humanitarians. In the first place it cannot be used without live bait. Minnows, succulent frogs, kindly and inoffensive angle-worms, hellgramites brought up on straight prohibition, minor insects and home-loving creatures are brought into torturous requisition before the single hook even starts on its mission of mercy. They can be hooked on through the lip, along the back, through the spine, and various other exposed spots—no trouble at all.

Certain dexterous anglers can strike just at the right moment and hook a fish in the upper or lower lip, but there are less artistic individuals who are rather inclined to let the fish indulge in gluttony and swallow the delicate morsels. I quote literal instructions which I received from a single hook fisherman recently:

IT is indeed interesting to read the opposite opinions on this subject of two such widely experienced and sportsman-like fishermen as Thomas Ambrose, Vice President of the Izaak Walton League of America and what is rather vaguely termed an ethicist in angling; and Robert H. Davis, whose fishing stories and poems are well known to the American sportsman.

"Let him take it slow. Don't yank it away from him. He will sneak up and fiddle around, turn the bait over and back it into his face. Let him run along the bottom—and into the weeds—until he swallows it hook, line and sinker, and then: Bam! Zowie! Sock it into his gut!"

In conclusion the fish generally comes into the boat with a large incision in his gullet, a slit or two in his viscera, a couple of nicks in the liver and scars all along the trachea. By the use of a disgorging implement the hook is finally removed, bringing with it specimens of his vital organs more or less necessary to the prolongation of life. Any attempt to return that fish to his native heath with the idea of his continuing the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness resolves itself into a ghastly joke. I have seen many fish taken in this manner wounded beyond recovery, but the exponents of the single hook wholly disregard this fact. In their blind antagonism to the treble hook they see nothing of their own shortcomings.

In the interest of sport I would like to see some of the overloaded plugs stripped of their ammunition but I am averse to the elimination of the gang hook or the enforced use of the single hook. As a matter of fact it is my belief that fish are not so sensible to pain as let us say flappers and pool players. There is a good deal of nonsense being written about hurting the fishes' feelings. Angling, after all, is a game of pursuit and capture. Most fish are as smart as the men who fish for them and more fish get off than stay on.

Biologically it appears that man has got the drop on the fish and that the latter is doomed to get the worst of it more or less until there is a complete turnover in the scheme of things.

Let us not, however, in the interval, take ourselves too seriously or attempt to analyze our mutual defense in the hope that Tweedledee can be made over to fit the niche of Tweedledum in the Hall of Fame. The only way to render full justice to the ichthyological branch is to quit fishing entirely.

NOT ME!

Robert H. Davis.

I HAVE been asked by the editor for an expression of opinion of the triple-armed "plug" as a fitting lure for game fishes, possibly upon the supposition that I might be of the class of persons who speak most confidently upon a subject of which they know least. I trust I may be an exception to this rule—if it be a rule—for I shall not air an opinion for or against, but merely set down some incidents of my limited experience as a plug caster.

On the inside of the door to the tackle and gun closet in my den are three or four tightly stretched copper wires from which depends a miscellaneous assortment of lures for fishing: big musky spoons with strong brass traces, a number of weedless creations wonderfully upholstered with hair and feathers and decorated with spinners; floats of different shapes and sizes; and half a dozen or more wooden minnows with gangs of triangles, the gradual discard of years.

My object in thus arranging this department of my angling outfit was to have the whole motley collection displayed before the eye so that I could make quick selection when starting for a day upon a nearby stream or lake.

Every time I open that door, there is a tintinnabulation of tackle against wood, "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune,"

That seems to fall as whisper on the ear:

"If anything is wanting, we are here."

Years have come and gone and the carbon of Chicago's ozone has gradually but surely dimmed the lustre of these once resplendent trophies. The collection is still intact, for not a single individual of this hybrid family has ever been dislogded to mar the symmetry of what I now look upon as my prehistoric museum.

But I am anticipating. It is not often that I now use the short rod, but time was when I did. My then favorite lure was a number two Skinner spoon with thin pork strip and a dash of red.

About ten years ago at the Soo, standing alone upon the rocks at the foot of the rapids on the American side where the water was wildest, I cast a plug far out upon the tossing manes of Neptune's rearing horses. There was a sharp tug, a strong pull upon the reins and a fight for mastery, until finally I brought the struggling captive into port.

When I looked upon that beautiful rainbow, filmed with orient tints, and the wooden minnow with the three triangles dangling from his lip, I was not sorry that I was alone, and as I basketed the radiant trophy, somehow I missed the ecstatic elation which usually accompanies the taking of a fighting three and a half pound trout. I don't know why it is, but when interchanging fish stories with brother anglers, I seldom mention this particular achievement.

In the early days of the plug I was plying the short rod upon the Illinois Fox, one of the grandest streams for small mouthed bass in the country.

Before Pollution's vandal fingers
Destroyed the bass, 'til none now lingers.

I was wading and casting a pork strip and spoon over as pretty a piece of water as was to be found anywhere, but never stirred a fish. I left the water, walked up along the bank, reentered the stream and attached the much talked of, but as yet untried, Dowagiac. I fished the same water as before and hooked five bass. I played them as I play bass upon a single hook, giving plenty of time and line. Three of the five "got away," two were landed. One of these two, somewhat smaller than the self-imposed minimum of ten inches, carried one triangle in the upper jaw and another deeply embedded in the neighboring eye. I hastened to render first aid to the injured, but fear that my rough surgery did not avail to save the eye impaled upon one of the nine barbs then deemed necessary to the equipment of a perfect plug.

This little incident in the life of the angler, a little tragedy in the life of the fish, promised to give me an uncomfortable quarter of an hour, so I had recourse to an ever present help in times of piscatorial trouble, sought the shade of a welcome willow, opened my pocket edition of the Compleat Angler and read aloud the soothing words of Father Izaak: "If I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, good, innocent recreation than angling." Then in confirmation, I recalled the dictum of the Laureate of the Lakes that angling is "the blameless sport." So, comforted and reassured, I blithely went my homeward way "singing of dace and dairy maids."

There is no doubt that the wooden minnow with its many hooks "will catch fish anywhere." It will catch them in the eye, the head, side, back, belly or fin—if you wish to catch them that way—and if catching fish is all there is to fishing.

Now if only we could Lutherburbank the pickerel and the carp so that Short Nose might be endowed with the aggressive propensities of Long Nose, it might result in a happy solution of two vexatious problems. I think it would be fine if the plug with its many hooks and the carp with its many bones could fight it out to a finish.

I do not say that I shall never again use a plug, I only record the fact that the plugs I have are draped with dust these many years and that my sentiments regarding their use have been crystallized into two short lines:

A bass on the bug
Is worth ten on the plug.

Thos. Ambrose.

WHERE was young Billy Bassbug at that fishing party addressed so eloquently by the spirit of Jim Heddon? He's a one hooker, the same as old John Livebait, Mr. Porkstrip and Mr. Bucktail Spoon. True, he is not very destructive, but I have known him to kill undersized bass. Not often, but he can do the trick. As for Mr. Plug, he's just an old dog with a bad name.

It's mighty fine to see Jim Heddon's kid sticking up for the old man. Not that he needs it, for every plugger realizes that all the ill-natured criticism of that method of fishing has come from bigoted ignorance. Still, the loyal spirit of ancestral pride is in itself a fine thing. But damning the plug is such an old story. I thought it was dead and buried.

I just want to cite one instance that lurks in my memory as the most disagreeable day I ever spent with a rod. I had engaged a guide to take me out fishing on a lake with which I was unfamiliar,—my only excuse ever for handicapping myself with a guide. This fellow was typical of his class. We were after bass. In my kit were a fly rod and a short casting rod for plugs. The latter had evidently escaped his attention when I stowed my tackle in his boat. It took him more than an hour to reach the water he had selected for our fishing. I strung up my short rod and was selecting my plug when he exploded.

With much picturesque profanity he told me that nobody could fish with none o' them things from his boat; never had and never would. One hook was enough for anybody that called himself a sportsman. And so on, ad infinitum.

Rather than sacrifice my day I supinely bowed to his will. I had no flies, and this was before the day of bass bugs. My fly rod, a stiff one with plenty of backbone, I had brought in the event of doing any bait fishing. And that was his game, bait fishing, the only form of sport he knew anything about, his orthodox religion. All else was heresy.

And he had plenty of bait,—crawfish, helgramites, frogs, angleworms. He would have had minnows, only he said it was hard to keep them alive this time of year. My first bass took a crawfish. The guide netted him. The hook was deep in the fish's gullet, and part of his gills came out with the hook. He was about eight inches long. The guide threw him in the bottom of the boat. "Guess we better keep enough for dinner," he grunted.

The fish would have died anyhow, so I said nothing. In a couple of hours we had taken a dozen bass, all of which the guide kept. Only two were of legal size. The others would not have lived even had we returned them to the water. In my weak-spined way I had been silently chafing, but finally the storm broke. I told that guide a few things about plug fishing, and about himself. I used his own kind of language. I descended to his level. Then I paid him for his day and insisted that he put me ashore at the nearest possible point.

And two days later this guide who regarded a plug as the workmanship of the devil, who preached that one hook was enough for anyone who called himself a sportsman, was arrested in the act of seining a trout brook. Having been under suspicion, he was watched by a conscientious farmer who phoned the district's game protector. In half an hour the strong arm of the law had enfolded him, even as his seine had enfolded half a hundred beautiful brook trout. Caught red handed, this murderer who regarded a plug with horror was promptly haled before a justice of the peace, who fined him heavily. He should have been hung and quartered.

SAM S. STINSON,
Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I find no fault with the Monthly. If it never appeared again, the good that it has already done deserves the gratitude of out-of-doors men for generations to come.

But, as a member and ardent supporter of the League, may I be permitted a question and an opinion? The question is this: Why should the Monthly print articles which tend to support the use of "plugs"? Of course, the story wont fool anyone who is familiar with the facts, but a beginner just naturally leans toward a plug anyway, and he might be influenced. In the first place, anyone can learn to cast a plug with an hour's practice, but a good worker with a bucktail spinner is an artist and you can bet he has sweat many a long hard day before he learned to put it in the w. k. 30-inch circle a fair number of times out of one hundred tries.

Have you ever felt the shock of a beautiful strike, a sudden leap and a flash of silver, a short struggle and then an almost dead weight on your line? You reeled him in (or, more likely, in those days when you were using the kind of lures I'm speaking of, you threw your rod back in the bushes and "cooned" him in, hand over hand) to find him fouled in the eye and a couple of other places by a multiple-gang plug. And did you sit down on the grass and cry? You bet you did, and so did I, and not only that, but I ground that plug to smithereens on the nearest stone with my heel and took a solemn oath that I would never own one of the murderous things again.

The buck-tail, the pork strip and the casting fly need only one hook—and who ever saw a fish fouled on either of them? The writer, fishing in the worst kind of civilized waters last season, returned 136 bass to the water, weighing up to one pound, and not one of them was even slightly injured, outside of the fright they must have sustained. Could it have been done with a gang-hook plug? It could not—and it wasn't, either.

The "plug" is almost whipped—let's don't give it any more encouragement.

Yours for luck, success and single hook lures.

FRED M. WILSON.
Bloomington, Indiana.

I HAVE caught and killed unmercifully more small fish with a single hook than I ever did with a triple gang plug. I have never caught a fish on a plug that was hurt bad enough to shorten his life any if I let him go back up the river, and about half of them go without my consent.

W. J. KIEMLE,
Monroe, Mich.

HEREWITH check to cover subscription to your League Monthly from one who has been obliged to become only a "parlor fisherman" but who classes the **casting plug** with the **set line** and **dynamite.**

You should have the hearty support of every right-minded citizen.

ARTHUR H. JENNINGS,
Haddon Heights, N. J.

MR. CHARLES DAY, of Toledo, has presented every library in the city with a year's subscription to the Izaak Walton League Monthly. This will doubtless prove of benefit to the reading public as well as to our subscription list.

Dear Sir:

I wish to acknowledge with appreciation your gift to the library of a year's subscription to the "Izaak Walton League Monthly." It will be a valuable addition to our material on conservation, and we shall be glad to make the best use possible of it.

Very truly yours,
Carl Vitz,
Librarian.

A Victorious Report from our Warsaw, Indiana Chapter

EVERYWHERE there is much work to be done by the local chapters. Nowhere is there more to be done then in Kosciusko County, Indiana. In many communities, conservation is already a matter of tragic history. Planting and propagation are the tasks confronting many chapters. Fortunately, the Edgar Haymond Chapter, at Warsaw, Indiana, found, at its birth in April, 1922, that conservation alone could accomplish its constructive field work. With one-hundred-three (103) lakes in the county, two (2) rivers and many streams containing game fish, sometimes in abundance, this chapter found something worth while to conserve, and the organization amounted to a systematic application of relief to needs that had long been in the hearts of the local sportsmen, without militant organization to give them voice and put them into effect.

Netting and trapping of fish had come to be regarded as a part of the personal liberty of a large outlaw class among the citizens. Manufacturing corporations polluted streams at will. Within two months after the formation of the chapter, two of the county's most notorious netters were given the third degree and chose to bring in their nets for a bonfire, join the chapter, and reform. Before the chapter was four months old, farmers came in, complaining that Reid, Murdoch & Company were pouring refuse from their canning plant at Pierceton, Indiana, into Deed's Creek, one of our prettiest streams, containing game fish. The vile stuff that this corporation emptied into our beautiful creek was so destructive that fish caught in the creek above the point where the refuse poured in, died almost instantly when lowered into the water below the drain from the canning factory. Live stock refused to drink the water. Boys wading the stream for minnows could not endure the chemical action of the polluted water on their bare legs—nor could they catch any minnows.

The club spent much time and some money trying to get action out of the State Conservation Commission, and finally prevailed upon the engineer of that organization to file an affidavit. The Indiana Statutes provide a minimum fine of $50.00 and a maximum fine of $1,000.00 for each day's separate offense in pollution cases. The pollution had been going on for several weeks, and we were sure that a jury of farmers would give the offending corporation the limit. Our evidence had been collected and marshalled with great care.

Much to our surprise, the legal department of the Conservation Commission arranged a compromise with Reid, Murdoch & Company, by which the company agreed to pay a minimum fine and install a modern chemical plant to take care of their refuse. It was only a shadow of the results desired by the organization, and the farmers who owned land along the stream. Naturally, we are chagrined and disappointed at the mildness of the action of the commission, but we are very happy to have stopped the pollution of Deed's Creek, and to have established a precedent that may have accomplished the same purpose that we feel should have been accompanied by an enormous fine.

The state senator and representative from this county are both enthusiastic members of the local chapter, and have presented to the Indiana State Legislature, four conservation bills, that, if they ripen into statutes, even in principle, will do much more to conserve Indiana fish and game, than any legislation the state has known for years. The good we can do cannot all be done at once, but we feel that the Edgar Haymond Chapter has made a good start; and let it be known that we consider it only a start!

The Fight of Our Lives

By HANLEY CONE

Pres. Chillicothe Chapter I. W. L. A.

ARE the dreams of today realities of tomorrow or memories of the past? If they are memories of the past, it is about time that we true-blooded sportsmen should wake up to the fact and make The Fight of Our Lives.

We all have had those wonderful dreams. We prepare for next day's fishing trip, full of anticipation and retire for an early rise in the morning. We fall into a doze and dream of the wonderful fishing we are going to have, see the reel spin, the large one we catch, and the good ones that get away. We go from our dream into a deep slumber. The alarm clock awakens us and we soon are on our way to our favorite waters. We fish hard—in vain, we return empty handed, tired and in despair. Is it a fact that our dreams will be memories of the past. You remember the days when we were youngsters. We would steal a piece of thread from our mothers and make a pin hook, cut a switch and go fishing. Those were real days. Is the time coming when our next generation will not have the opportunity to do that? Are we real Americans going to sit back and see our great Outdoors closed forever?

You Sportsmen who have sons or sons who have sons, do you not see that our days of Outdoors are numbered, if we do not take the situation in hand and help? Wild life was handed down to us by our ancestors, for our lives' duration, not to destroy but to conserve.

It is a shame to see our beautiful waters go to waste for the lack of laws to prohibit this deadly pollution. We need laws to prohibit pollution, legalize the size and number of fish taken. To accomplish these things it takes organization. It was a Godsend that the Izaak Walton League of America was founded. We must take our hats off to the founders, they have seen the handwriting on the wall. We real Americans must join in one unit and make the fight win. Pollution is one of our greatest enemies. There are so-called sportsmen who have nothing at heart but to take and destroy. The true sportsmen do not waste, but always conserve. So it is up to us who are true sportsmen not to waste but to conserve and try to educate others to conserve. When Emerson Hough said it is "Time to Call a Halt," and Zane Grey said "America is Vanishing," they said a mouthful.

I speak from experience. I know what the conditions are, as we have over two hundred miles of fishable waters in the country where I reside. Some of the prettiest bass streams that you ever laid your eyes on. Pollution is one of the main factors with which we have to contend. That is why I am making this appeal. I have been making the fight for the past eight years and shall never give up. I can proudly say that Ohio is making a splendid fight to bring America back to our doors.

So let us real Americans one and all hear the "Call to Arms" and Make the Fight of Our Lives to bring back "Vanishing America."

Information for Sportsmen's Associations

Undoubtedly the aims of the Izaak Walton League of America and of the local rod and gun clubs and protective associations throughout the country are identical—the conservation of our so rapidly vanishing outdoor America. However, it is only by the immense combining of American sportsmen that we can make a great step in conservation work. With thousands of local chapters from one end of the country to the other all backed by a national organization, all working towards the same aims and motived by the same purpose, we will become absolutely an invincible power. When the sportsmen of America are so banded together, are all speaking with one voice, they will be heard, and can practically write their own ticket. "In union there is strength" may be an old trite saying, but its truth is undeniable. The local chapters are absolutely essential in this cause that each individual local evil may be righted. At the same time, local organization alone has been found to be inadequate. In short, what we must have are local chapters—**nationally organized.**

The power and influence and prestige of the local clubs have been greatly increased and the enthusiasm and belief of the individuals of the organization **in their power** to accomplish what they hope for has been greatly strengthened. The idea of national organization has an immense rallying power. The fact of a great national organization backing up each local organization gives a fresh impetus to each local activity.

The dues to national headquarters are $2.00 a year per capita inclusive of year's subscription to the magazine.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

When the value of affiliating with this League is properly presented, I do not believe there is a red-blooded sportsman or earnest outdoor-lover who will not appreciate these privileges and vote for joining in this National Organization. It is a case of exchanging the power of a few hundred members for the power and backing of many thousands of members, and eventually a million members.

The League, though but a year old, is the most comprehensive conservation program ever launched in America.

Not in any way do I underestimate the splendid work that has been done by local Rod and Gun Clubs and sportsmen's protective associations of all sorts, but such work has been inadequate. Any local effort is **bound** to be inadequate, no matter how earnest and well intentioned.

There has been a slight misapprehension on the part of some local clubs in regard to losing their own identity should they join with this Leauge. Many local rod and gun clubs have affiliated with this organization retaining their own names and complete individuality and identity.

It is my earnest hope that some day it will be the desire, even as I am convinced it is the duty, of every sportsmen's association in America to belong to this League.

Will H. Dilg,
President Izaak Walton
League of America.

Plant a Bass

(Continued from page 282)

An ordinary ten-gallon milk can is used by the Bureau of Fisheries for the transportation of small fish, but for adult bass nothing is better than a wash boiler.

As the growth of bass is enormously increased by an abundance of food, it is well to arrange for an ample supply at the time of planting. For this purpose we favor stocking the waters with minnows, though we are aware that some of the highest authorities believe minnows to be inferior to crawfish, which are undoubtedly the natural food of the black bass. However, crawfish do not exist in some of the best of our eastern lakes and streams and the bass seem to thrive without them. Moreover, it is our belief that bass subsisting largely upon minnows instead of crawfish, rise more readily to artificial lures, particularly the surface lures.

There are several species of minnows which would answer as food for bass, and there are a few which might be made to serve a double purpose. Every fisherman knows, to his sorrow, that in certain places much of the pleasure of fishing is destroyed by hordes of hungry mosquitoes. Well, why not transform a few tons of these pests into bass food by planting the infested waters with mosquito-eating minnows? The minnows would eat the mosquitoes, the bass would eat the minnows, and the fisherman would eat the bass, from our viewpoint an ideal arrangement. And it seems perfectly feasible. Experiments with such minnows, made with a view to exterminating mosquitoes carrying

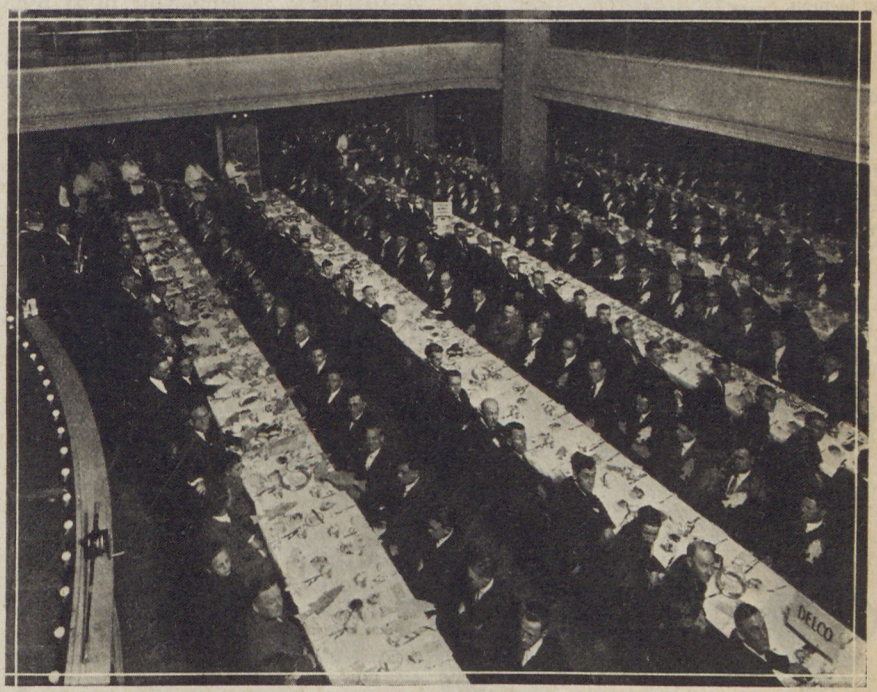
(Continued on page 304)

HUGE BIRTHDAY BANQUET HELD BY OUR STREATOR CHAPTER

The Streator, Illinois, Chapter was started in October and already has a membership of nearly five hundred.

Illinois is coming into this League very rapidly, and at least fifty thousand Illinois members by the end of the year is not an extravagant prophecy according to present indications.

The officers of the Streator Chapter are: Alec Estock, President; W. J. Lewis, Secretary; and Jake Ieuter, Treasurer.



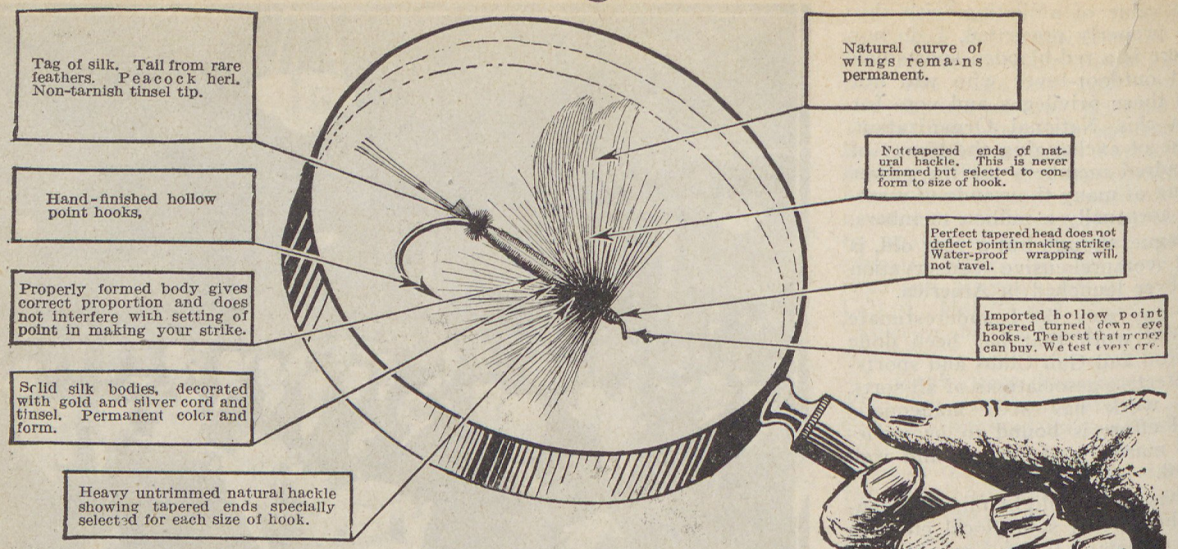
A picture of the birthday banquet of the Dayton Chapter held on the first anniversary of the founding of the Izaak Walton League of America. Five hundred and fifty sportsmen attended this banquet. The Chapter officers are: President, M. S. Dunkelberger; Vice-President, Wm. A. Shroyer, Jr.; Secretary, B. C. Dunkelberger: Treasurer, N. D. Burch.

Copy of verses sent to the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America as a birthday message from

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

A long cast I'm making. My trout line is steel,
And my fly is a yellow go-getter.
My message of greeting is brief, but I feel
That there isn't the time for a letter.

But this I would say: As you dolefully wish
That your toasts could be drunk as they ought'er,
That were there no water there would be no fish,
So thank God for once for cold water!


Tag of silk. Tail from rare feathers. Peacock herl. Non-tarnish tinsel tip.
Hand-finished hollow point hooks.
Properly formed body gives correct proportion and does not interfere with setting of point in making your strike.
Solid silk bodies, decorated with gold and silver cord and tinsel. Permanent color and form.
Heavy untrimmed natural hackle showing tapered ends specially selected for each size of hook.
Natural curve of wings remains permanent.
Note tapered ends of natural hackle. This is never trimmed but selected to conform to size of hook.
Perfect tapered head does not deflect point in making strike. Water-proof wrapping will not ravel.
Imported hollow point tapered turned down eye hooks. The best that money can buy. We test every one

The Story *of the* Lifelike Fly

Did you ever consider the thought, skill and time involved in putting the lure into the lifelike fly you trust to hook the wily trout? Before that fly is ever passed on to you it has been proved a fishgetter by experts who have dressed, decorated and tied it in alluring fashion.

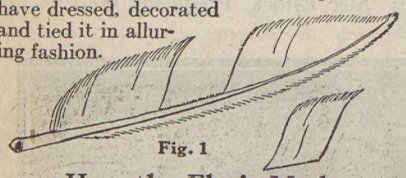


Fig. 1

How the Fly is Made

Wings with the natural curve come from a pair of quill feathers. Fig. 1 shows right quill for making right wing for Web's Lifelike Fly. The left wing is made from the left quill feather. This natural curve is permanent. Even if it musses up in a fly book, its natural contour returns after a few casts.

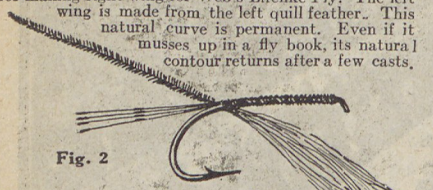


Fig. 2

Fig. 2. shows tail in position. Tinsel for tip, peacock for the herl and silk for the body tied at ends.

The tail tag, tip, herl and body are next carefully tied in position. See Fig. 3.

Note how the divided wings are tied over the body at just the proper distance so that tips need not be trimmed. This allows wings to

Fig. 3

retain natural curve of the feather and cuts away the course part of the flue. Tips of the hackles are next tied in position ready for the final touch. See Fig. 4.

At the top of the page is shown the finished fly in all its correctness and fish luring qualities. It is care in the designing and tying of Web's Lifelike Flies that gives them such splendid fish-getting records.

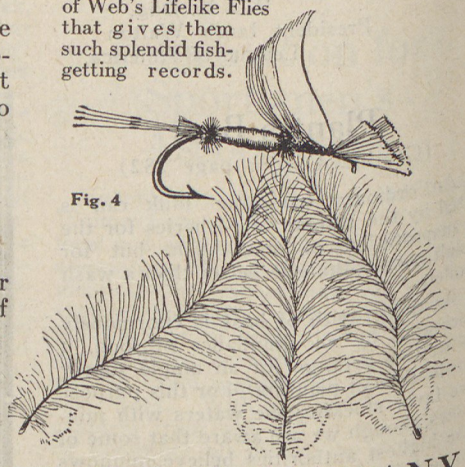


Fig. 4

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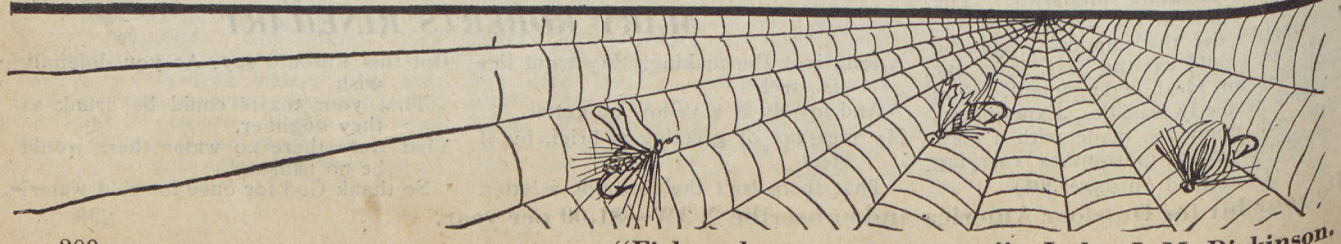

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

FIRST BIRTHDAY DINNER OF CHICAGO CHAPTER
THE MOTHER CHAPTER OF THE IZAAK WALTON
LEAGUE OF AMERICA
HOTEL SHERMAN
JANUARY 13th, 1923

THE LARGEST SPORTSMEN'S DINNER EVER HELD IN AMERICA

THIS picture shows only one-half of those present and more than two hundred were turned away. Here at headquarters we have twenty photos showing more than five hundred sportsmen present at Izaak Walton Chapter banquets held in celebration of the first birthday of the Izaak Walton League of America. These anniversary banquets will be held annually and January 14th, 1924, will show two thousand Izaak Walton banquets. The reader is asked to consider that the I. W. L. A. was started January 14th, 1922, by fifty-four Chicago sportsmen. These principle led lovers of outdoor America on that day planted a seed which is now being tended and watered by a nation. **Are you a member of the Izaak Walton League of America? Are you a subscriber for the magazine it owns and publishes? Are not twelve issues of a magazine as great as is this one worth $1.00 per year to you? Don't you think it's time for you to do your bit and help?**

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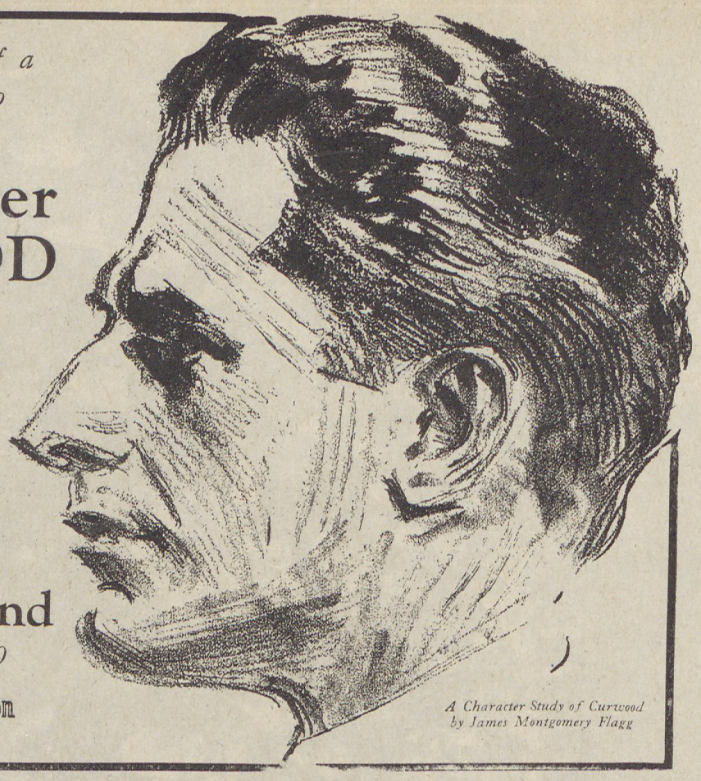

A Character Study of Curwood by James Montgomery Flagg

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 287)

with the average person's amount of sympathy and pity, took offence, not thinking that hitting a target in the form of one of God's warm-blooded happiness-bearing songsters was anything to brag about. And a few minutes later, before I bade that raggamuffin goodbye, he had learned a few points in the manly art of put and take.

In the meantime the little bird was lamely striving to fly, and imagine my joy to find that it had only suffered a slight wound on its leg. So picking it up, I took it home with the intention of taking care of it until it was well.

But I am getting far ahead of my story. I must tell you first of my sister. For days she had been sick and the doctors had given up all hope for her. She didn't care about anybody and was the most indifferent girl that it was the misfortune of any boy to have for a sister. All she would say is "I'm dwoin to die, I'm dwoin to die." And it seemed like she was a wise kid because the doctors thought so too.

Well, to go on with my story, I brought that bird home, and thinking that my poor little sister might want to see it, I took it to her bed room. The bird slipped from my grasp, started to flutter around, and then sister got one look at it and gee, if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed that eyes could shine and grow so big, and cheeks flush so brightly. It was love at first sight—the blue bird, bird of happiness living up to its monicker, and all my sister lived and called for was her little blue bird. And when blue bird got better, his hopping and chirping brought joy untold to the little invalid, and to us, too, it brought a taste of heavenly ecstasy, for was not that dimpled smile flashing around again as of old?

Well, the story ends with my gazing out of a window facing the yard, and if you were with me and were an accurate counter, you could see that there were ten bird houses in the yard, with countless tenants. I'm not such a bad landlord, in fact, I let the rent go for a song! And who is that little creature romping in the yard? Hilarious hawks and syncopating swallows, if it isn't Sis!

Oh gee, Old Bill, I hate to leave off writing to you, but as my friend says, there has to be an ending to a bird tale.

Yours Admirefully,
Audy Bon.

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ROMER ZANE GREY

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Real Tent Dwellers

(Continued from page 264)

ducks with us now. The explanation no doubt is that, at this season and in this particular region, the sheldrake were feeding less on fish than on vegetable food, so that the ordinary fishy taste and smell were quite absent. Needless to say Lou pocketed my dollar and held his head very high after that, while Allie said, "Well, Eddie, I thought you knew more about birds than that!"

It seemed as if things must happen the moment A. B. Paine made his appearance in the tall timber. At this very camp on Wildcat Point I was awakened near morning by what sounded like pebbles being dropped in a heap, the sound coming from a big tree round the trunk of which our provisions, mostly in baskets, reposed under a big tarpaulin. I awakened Unk, but that sleepy worthy didn't seem at all interested in unwonted nocturnal sounds, and made some hazy reference to a certain torrid region. However, as the curious sounds continued, and I have a lot of old Yankee blood in me, I got up and went out in the moonlight, where I located the source of the trouble in one of the packbaskets, by the side of which was a pile of eggs, some of them broken. "Hey, get up there!" I yelled to the sleeping camp. "This outfit's being robbed!"

From the tents crawled Paine and Unk and Lou and Charlie and Hod, finally forming a more and more interested group round me as I began more closely to investigate the source of the trouble. Catching a faint scratching in the egg-basket, I stuck my hand down into it, but (mark you) without removing the tarpaulin, and remarked, "There's something in here, some animal. I can feel it. By jove, I've got him by the tail!" And of a verity, in spite of the intervening threadbare old tarp, I got a square hold on the tail of that beast, whatever it was, and hung to it—let us say five or six seconds, until, all of a sudden, like a flash of lightning out of the clear blue, IT HAPPENED!

As by one impulse moved, every man's hand went to his nose, while we all staggered back, turned and fled here, there, anywhere out of range, while two small but very spry black and white objects scurried between us, as much scared as we were. For I had been holding on to the tail of a live skunk!

Believe me or not, but hardly an egg in that basket was edible, and the tarp, O ye gods! We left it hanging there on a limb, and, a fortnight later, as we again approached Wildcat, we distinctly caught the lovely polecat odor, wafted on the evening breeze. I remember saying,

"It's a lucky thing for you, Albert Paine, that you didn't use your twenty-two on one of those pussies, for, by the great horn spoon, I would have held you to your own rule, and made you eat him!"

Just a word about that piece of beefsteak that I took along on that trip, and which Paine describes as follows; after we had kept it just long enough for it to get nice and tender:

"Age told on that steak. It no longer had the deep rich glow of youth. It had a weatherbeaten, discouraged look, and I wondered how Eddie could contemplate it in that fond way. It seemed to me that, if the time wasn't ripe, the steak was, and that something ought to be done about a thing like that. My suggestions did not please Eddie. I do not remember now just when we did at last cook that steak. I prefer to forget it. Neither do I know what Eddie did with his piece. I buried mine."

Well, now, of all the falsifications of history! The actual truth is that I succeeded in preserving that steak, at the peril of my life, until it really was ripe, and then we had a feast that brought down the blessings of the bunch on my head. And I will record right here that the biggest piece of all was eaten, with much smacking of the chops, by one Albert Bigelow Paine, penpusher and author of THE TENT DWELLERS.

When moose-meat and grouse and hares are out of season, and you are sick of trout and porcupine and sheldrakes and canned stuff, believe me when I assure you that a lovely, tender, succulent steak is worth taking a lot of trouble about. I admit that there were certain parts of it, round the edges and the like, that had to be separated from the rest for, let us say, sanitary reasons, but the remainder was a gift of the gods.

In conclusion I will mention but one other slander indulged in by this pennyaliner, namely, his assertion that sportsmen are expected to portage only their fishing-tackle and extra handkerchiefs, leaving all the heavy stuff to be sacked by the poor, downtrodden guides. All I have to say on this subject is to request an examination of the portrait of the author of these lines in one of his characteristic poses, this time as a lugger, and say whether this man had the truth in him or not!

All the same, dear reader, I am waiting eagerly for the next trip I take in the northern woods with this same Allie Paine. He's like caviar—the more you eat the better you like it.

Is It Enough?

(Continued from page 277)

anywhere else in Pike. Protection, limiting the indiscriminate shooting, **sans** bag limit, **sans** season; stocking stream and lake, stopping sawdust pollution by lumber interests, that brought the game back in abundance.

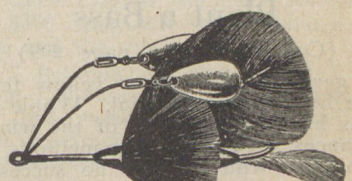
And my lake? Doomed. I wonder if any of the men who fish there yearly ever stirred themselves to plant a single bass in return for the many they have taken out of it? Will they **ever** do it, unless banded together to consider matters and accomplish something practical? Either restock, or else give that lake five years' rest, closed season, is its only salvation. Personally I am in favor of a five year's fish and game holiday all over the country. We have a naval holiday of ten years, why not give our streams and covers a rest? Pollution is not everything. There are tens of thousands of lakes all over the land which never feel the touch of pollution. Swartswood Lake in New Jersey had a five years' rest recently and the bass there grew up mightily and the fishing was fine when it was opened again. If the public is to enjoy practical benefits it must be prepared to make practical sacrifices. If our eleven-year olds of today are to have any fishing at all we elders will have to get together to consider matters and take practical measures. My way may be too drastic, but it will work. When two or three hundred men fish a lake all summer, and summer after summer, that lake cannot produce half enough bass to keep itself from being fished out. It is problematical what would be accomplished by restocking with small fry. Without the older fish to protect, their natural enemies, pike, pickerel, mink, sunfish, herons, frogs, what-not, see to it that few fry ever reach maturity. But with man at the head of the list of enemies ravaging the lake so that no grown bass dare eat anything lest it should turn out to be a lure, what chance has the lake to offer us any more sport? Think it over, brothers, now that we are banding together to consider what is best to be done to bring back our game. Is it enough, just to enjoy—and to put nothing back?

"SMILING BILL"
Goes to a Birthday Party

Hello Ike. How did you like the party? Some party, wasn't it? These Izaak Walton League Birthday Parties are sure hard to beat. You know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina. Well, it didn't mean anything at this party for there wasn't any of it there, but you ought to have heard what the Governor of Minnesota had to say to that bunch of Ikes. That meant a whole lot. Comes now Bishop Anderson and his "$6,000 speech" and it was worth it. Sure was some speech. Then this here James Oliver Curwood that you all know about took the floor and he told us a lot of things that was mighty interesting and showed what was going to become of our fish and game if we didn't get busy pretty soon. After him we have Dr. Preston Bradley. No, he is not a regular doctor that gives you pills. He is a preacher and his medicine is awfully easy to take. If Heaven is like what he said he thought it ought to be there is going to be a lot of fishermen there and they will take their pet rods right along with them when they go. Yes, it sure was some party.

Bill Jamison.

P. S.—I pretty near forgot to tell you that Bill Dilg was there in charge of the party all togged up like a head waiter and with a smile eight inches wide.



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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Plant a Bass

(Continued from page 299)

the germs of malaria or yellow fever, have been very successful. Whole districts have been cleared of the winged nuisances, even after other methods had been tried with little or no success.

To use mosquito eating minnows both as bass food and as mosquito destroyers seems contradictory. Theoretically, if the bass eat them, the minnows must be reduced below mosquito control limits; if the bass do not eat them, the minnows are useless as bass food. But extermination of the mosquitoes is not expected. All we hope to do is to cut down the crop considerably and to change it to bass food, by means of the minnows, just as grass is changed to meat by the means of cattle. It can be done we believe.

In the south and southwest, probably the ideal minnow for the purpose is the common top minnow (**Gambusia affinis**), found in fresh and brackish waters from New Jersey to Florida, in the Mississippi Valley from Illinois to Louisiana, and in Texas and Mexico. Other varieties would serve, of course, but this minnow is one of the best mosquito eaters we have, it is easy to get, and the bass regard it as a delicacy.

For colder sections of the country Gambusia will not "do." In August, 1918, that species was planted in a small pond on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania and they increased so rapidly that by the middle of September the young could be seen everywhere about the edges of the pool. But, though the following winter was mild, in April only a single female could be found, all others had disappeared. Experiments seem to prove that the top minnow cannot live through even a mild winter further north than Delaware, so other varieties must be considered for planting the waters of colder regions.

The common sunfish (**Lepomis gibbosus**), the killifish (**Fundulus diaphanus**) and the roach (**Notemigonus crysoleucas**) have been found very useful in the work of exterminating mosquitoes. While they have not the efficiency of Gambusia, they have noticeably reduced the numbers of mosquitoes in sections into which they have been introduced.

The sunfish is perhaps the most widely known of all our freshwater fishes. It is absent from few waters of any description (it has even been found with the oyster in brackish waters along the Atlantic coast) and it is especially abundant in clear streams, ponds and lakes. Bass have a liking for it, though its excessive boniness would hardly seem to recommend it. It is agressive and adaptable and it thrives as well in cold climates as in the temperate ones.

The freshwater killy or translucent killifish is also recommended for use as bass food and as a mosquito destroyer. Like the sunfish it is usually found in clear streams and ponds, but it will increase and multiply in muddy or brackish waters. It is hardy and stands cold very well.

The roach is found in abundance from New Brunswick and the Province of Quebec southward to Florida and Texas. It sometimes reaches a length of one foot and prefers sluggish streams, grassy ponds and stagnant waters. The young fish are reported to be of considerable value in destroying mosquito larvae.

There is one point, a matter of speculation rather than a danger, that it might be well to consider before planting any of the mosquito eating minnows. While these fish feed preferably on mosquito larvae, they will, if such food is scarce, turn cannibal and attack the young of their own or any other species. It is possible that some bass fry might be lost in this manner although it is likely that any minnow seeking young bass would fall an instant victim to their adult guard. Moreover, the mosquito supply of the average bass water seems adequate for the most voracious minnows. It is certain that the adult bass would profit by the introduction of the minnows, and so would fishermen. That's that.

Now just a few words to the sportsman who thinks bass planting too scientific and too difficult to be undertaken by the average man. If at the end of a good day's fishing you find you have several lively bass, why not take them ot some unstocked lake or stream and turn them loose? Just leave them to live or die as they think best. In the great majority of cases they will increase and multiply and replenish the water. Don't wait for George, do it yourself. With the exception of your tackle, all the tools you need are a wash boiler and an old blanket. These your better half will cheerfully lend you, if you don't ask her.

America's Vanishing Forests

(Continued from page 255)

should be obtained. For every tree felled, another should be planted immediately.

Our hundreds and hundreds of thousands of waste acres—acres sterile, fallow, burnt over, cut over—which now yield nothing, should be planted to forests.

Where is the money to come from? For every "market" felled a fraction of a cent tax to Government—the entire sum to be spent in reforesting this wasted, mutilated land.

Federal control first of all; then Federal and State encouragement.

Seedlings, two-year, three-year transplants, grown in Federal or State nurseries, should be made attractively available to all who desire to start a patch of woods.

Every farm has its sterile, arid strips, of little or no use to agriculture, useless even for scanty pasturage.

It often has occurred to the writer that in the country, when two young people marry, no better provision for children, who ought to come, could be imagined than the planting of the waste acres with trees that would be a source of income to those children when grown and ready to marry.

As a nation we Americans are inclined to live for the present only. Seldom do we take thought for those who are to follow us—even for those to whom we owe every responsibility.

All woodlands ought to be, and can be, a source of perpetual income to their owners. On the acreage depends the income. Always lumber will be in demand. Always there will be need of home consumption also.

Let the Federal Government control; the State foster and encourage and make acquisition easy. Would it be a hardship if a State law made it obligatory that a certain percentage of every farm should be planted and maintained in forest?

There is another matter which the writer has considered recently; the planting and maintenance of county forests in every state. Every county contains land worthless for any other purpose.

What finer memorial to those who served in the Great War than a County Forest, offered, planted, guarded and maintained in honor of those who fell by those who survived?

Such forests, properly controlled, could maintain themselves—pay for their up-keep.

Could anything be finer for a soldiers' memorial than a beautiful woods where the timid wild-life of the region might find refuge and breed in safety—where the springs and brooks would be protected, where the people could enjoy the quiet and charm which only the green silence of the woods affords?

This country's well-being, prosperity—yes, its very survival—lies in the swift resurrection of its forests.

Somehow this work will have to be done, and done very soon.

How would you do it?

Over the Bar

(Continued from page 267)

the water is dashing over his knees. Forward still, until it is waist high. Further yet, until the highest rollers are striking against his chest, and he staggers backward, at each impact. Not till then does he halt. I see his rod swing forward, and I see the splash of his squid, followed by the heavier splash of a breaking fish. Presently he is making his way toward shore, backing slowly, foot by foot, and fighting his fish well and skilfully.

For better than three hours, we fished this bar. Sometimes the sport lagged for a few minutes, but always the schools returned to their chasing of the mullet, on which they were feeding. It was impossible to fish steadily, for the strain was more than our rod arms could stand. Fish were lost, and several times the double strand of wire that connected squid to line, was severed. Once I saw Bert hook a fish,

just as a tremendous wave came rolling in over the bar. I saw it strike him, and for an instant he was lost to sight. When the wave had passed, his arms emerged from the water, with the rod still held upright. Then his body appeared, and he achieved the perpendicular, at last, and fought his fish carefully to the beach, as though this were all in the day's fishing, as indeed it was.

By the time the tide had turned, the fishing let up a bit, and we all gathered on the beach and took stock. There they lay. Thirty eight bluefish, ranging in weight from four up to eleven pounds and better, and all we could carry that mile trip back to the dingy. It is true we had suffered some casualties, for besides being a wet and bedraggled trio of fishermen, there was more than one bruised knuckle and sore finger in the outfit. Bert himself emerged from the waves with the loss of his hat, two sneaks, and one stocking. Incidentally, he had ruined a particularly fine wrist watch, but there was no repining.

And now, did I search out a clean plank, scoured white by the action of the waves and sand, and while my companions were gathering drift wood and starting it to blaze, I cleaned and split a five pound blue. Heating the plank till it almost smoked, I spread the fish upon it, skin side down, and fastened it in position with shingle nails, which I always carry in my bag. The board was propped upright before the fire, on the windward side, and in thirty-five minutes, we were dining far better than any king ever dined, on planked bluefish, fresh made coffee, and sandwiches and fruit, which our packs gave up.

Squidding is probably the highest development in the art of surf fishing, and each season it is becoming more popular in angling for those sea fish which strike on a moving bait. Bluefish, striped bass, weakfish, and even flounders, I have taken from the surf on artificial lures. And yet it is a fact that there is no bait on the market particularly adapted to the purpose. Originally made for boat fishing, where the fish is kept coming on a heavy hand line, and boated by main strength, the hook attachment, even on the lighter models of block tin squids, is all wrong for use on the beach. At least two out of every three strikes are lost, which is a mighty poor average. Of course this is an argument against all solid, artificial lures, but particularly is the weakness evident in sea fishing, where an extreme weight is required to get distance into the cast.

On several occasions I have been fortunate in fishing points where the fish were running close in, and I have had good results at these times, with light spoon hooks, and spinners. This was under unusual conditions, of course. One of these days some genius will invent a tin squid, or other artificial lure for sea fishing, which will not only attract the fish, but which will hold 'em after they are hooked. And his name will be emblazoned high among those who have developed the art of surf fishing.

Yes, a man who has waded the surf all day, searching out the holes and flats with his squid, is deserving of all the luck that comes his way. There is no form of angling that furnishes as much diversified action, unless it may be salmon fishing, and even here the strain on the muscles is not so great. The squid must be properly placed, and it must be kept moving at just the right speed. Some fishermen never acquire the knack, and others object to it, as being too closely allied to work.

Bert summed it all up, as we dragged our weary limbs down the beach that evening.

"Here I am," he said, "with aching muscles, a sun burned nose, a peeling neck, and with a pair of legs, which at every step refuse to take another. I am soaked to the waist, and a cold drink is worth ten dollars of my money right now. Tomorrow I know I will be so sore and stiff that every movement brings a groan. But say, I wouldn't have traded today's sport for any amount of money. No sir. Not for a million dollars."

A fisherman never grows old.

Our Imperilled Inheritance

By IRVIN S. COBB

conclusion of cover editorial

upon such pests of the woods as the exploiter for commercial designs of our National forests and our National reserves—on him first, and afterwards, on those verminous brethren of his, the dammers-up of our water courses, the strippers of our forests, the industrial despoilers of our mountains and our remaining open spaces. We must protect our wild game from extermination, our streams from further pollution (which can be done by the passing of a law for Federal control of our inland waters and coastal estuaries), our woods from desecration, our State and Federal preserves from the constant, nibbling, infiltrating assaults of Big Business—which is so-called, I take it, because it so often does such little, meaching, contemptible things. Those who would alter the Cross of our faith into the Dollar Mark of their greed—we've got to fight them now and forevermore, world without end, amen and amen and amen! For they'll work while we sleep.

If I esteemed myself qualified to offer a doctrine to my fellow sportsmen of this country I should say to them that, as individuals and collectively, it is their bounden and their sacred duty to campaign for proper legal restrictions over what is left to us of Nature on this continent; for legal remedies against the continued invasions of our natural possessions, which belong to all the people and not, as some seem to believe, to a chosen few, hiding their greedy guts behind the vest of Vested Interests; for more and better game wardens; for a stricter enforcement of the present provisions of the Federal statutes governing the shooting of migratory wildfowl, and for enlargement in the scope and powers of those statutes; for the restocking by state and nation and private philanthropy of depleted waters with fish and of scourged and ravaged coverts with quail and grouse and prairie chicken; for the creation of additional National Parks and National Playgrounds in the West and the South; and, most important of all, for the setting aside in the East, the North and the Middle West of public shooting grounds where the man of moderate means, who loves to fish and to hunt, may have at small cost and under easy conditions the same sport which now, in some of the more densely settled sections, may only be enjoyed by the man whose means enable him to belong to a private club or to own his own private preserve. We owe a special obligation to the One Gallus man. It has been my observation that, taking him by and large, he is infinitely a truer sportsman than the rich game hog of the big city—he of the $300 gun, the eight-dollar-a-day guide and the minus $.30 soul.

If I felt qualified, that I say, is the advice I should offer. As a matter of fact that, regardless of my qualifications, is exactly the advice I do offer.

Don't Neglect a Cold

Mothers, don't let colds get underway; at the first cough or sniffle rub Musterole on the throat and chest.

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Wounded Game—A Remedy

By MALCOLM DEAN MILLER, M. D.

GOCHENOUR is right! Ultra-light bullets at extreme velocities are not the best for big game. I am glad that the craze for them is passing.

Major Whelen sums it up nicely in "The American Rifle," p. 368:—"I would like to go on record as being strongly opposed to the use of such arms on game larger than deer from a humanitarian point of view. Such a course is bound to cause much needless suffering. I grant that such rifles will kill quickly if the bullet chances to penetrate intact into the chest cavity near the heart, but this is not possible half the time with such arms because they have not the penetration. The bullet explodes when it hits; it fails to penetrate through any amount of tissue. It causes a bad wound where it hits, but the striking point is not half the time in such a location that the damage will reach into the chest cavity and to the heart, and when such is not the case there is inflicted an extremely painful, dangerous wound which does not at all cripple the beast at the time, but which usually causes death after some days of extreme suffering. A man who will hunt moose and elk with a 6-pound, .22 caliber, high-power rifle has very little regard for the suffering of dumb beasts; at least so it seems to me, and the .25 caliber is going it only a little better."

The Major has recently produced a big-game cartridge and rifle which he is now testing out on a trip in the Canadian Rockies. It will be called the Whelen .400. It shoots a 300-grain bullet at a considerably higher velocity than is given the same weight of missile in the .405 Winchester. Full data are lacking; but it is to be presumed that the bullet is a long, pointed one of one of the types more modern than the soft-point—perhaps the Western Open Point Expanding, Remington Bronze Point, Winchester Protected Point, or Peters' Expanding air-chamber type. This is my idea of a real big-game rifle.

For game larger than deer, experience seems to point to the .30 Model 1906 with 180-grain expanding bullet of one of the new types as the lightest which should be used. The big-game hunters of this region, most of whom go to Northern Ontario, have not had good results on moose with 150-grain bullets. This rules out the .30-30, .32 Special, and similar older high-power types, which, I believe, should be confined to deer shooting. I own a .250 myself for an all-around light rifle; but I would not think of using it even on deer with any bullet lighter than the Western Open Point Expanding weighing 100 grains. What is lost in velocity below the much-advertised 3,000 feet a second is fully compensated for by greater stability, greater length, and deeper penetration. The best-killing bullet in black-powder days was the 500-grain of the .45-70. If every hunter will shoot the HEAVIEST bullet his gun will handle instead of the LIGHTEST, we shall have fewer animals escaping to die in misery.

Gun Failures in Bush and Field

(Continued from page 291)

of oars. He said I should row and he would guide us to the place where we would get the morning flight. After we got to the blind we had to wait for daylight. As each of us was sitting toward the end of the boat, or back to back, we agreed to take our chances before the ducks got even with the boat; then let the other fellow do his shooting, so as not to shoot too close to each other. The boat was a flat-bottomed scow, of a four-man capacity. Before it was light enough to shoot, we could hear ducks going over us. Daylight came at last! I missed frequently, but was consoled in the fact that fewer cripples fell to my gun than to my friend's. After the morning flight, we went after the cripples. It was then I discovered the lake was very long—one of those Minnesota river bottoms, where long lakes occur very frequently. Our lake was about three miles long, with tall grass and wild rice in patches of various sizes dotting it here and there, making hard rowing. We found a few cripples, but many unharmed ducks flushed as we rounded the rush and rice patches. Two mallards tried to pass, coming from the way my friend was faced. He fired twice and made one kill. I got the other one after he passed the boat going from me. Then my host crippled the next one. I rowed over as directed. When we got near the duck, he was out of sight under water. My friend said, "Watch! he may come up at your end." He did. I had left my gun lie where I thought it was within easy and quick reach, across the seat, stock toward me. As I grasped it hastily, it discharged a duck load through the bottom of the boat near the stern. The water boiled in, requiring some quick thinking. My handkerchief was pressed into service, but the cavity was too big. My host handed me his bandanna and the hole was plugged, but we had excitement enough for one morning. I started to row for shore while my friend dipped out water with my hunting cap.

The gun was a "borrowed" Winchester pump. I had never used anything but a double barrel gun. No more "borrowed" guns for me! Moreover, I shall never hunt with a companion who is using a borrowed gun, certainly not a repeating shotgun. No good sportsman will use any shotgun more dangerous or destructive than a dependable double-barrel.

The Day I Saw Red

(Continued from page 284)

Arriving at the first covers we wished to work, we got out, I tied my horse to a tree, blanketed her and off we started.

The English setter was "Uncle Jock's" pet partridge dog, well advanced in years, slow and steady. The Irish setter was one he had taken to train, headstrong by inheritance as well as through lack of training.

An English ring-neck pheasant, trailed by the English setter and pointed in a clump of wild raspberry bushes, rushed with indignant gutteral cackle and fell to the single shot of "Uncle Jock." This brought forth the last pheasant incident of that tragic day. "Uncle Jock," as he took the cock pheasant from the proud setter retrieving it, stroked down its beautiful feathers, was well aware of the cost to the club of raising these birds and remarked:

"'Tis a sinfu' waste, Laddie to shoot wun o' thees burrds. Aye be a thinkin' 'oop go a crown an down fa's sixpence.'"

The Irish setter was hunting wild and became only more unmanageable under "Uncle Jock's" harsh handling. He had been called in four times and beaten heartlessly, too proud in spirit to do more than moan the rawhide whip. After each punishment, when permitted to go on, he became more bewildered and unstrung than before.

I was sick at heart with the exhibition of brutal treatment of the Irish setter.

We came presently to an apple orchard, where the English setter instantly slowed down to a cautious weave, showing by his actions that partridge had been feeding on the apples, and were not far ahead. The Irish setter thundered up and started to "quarter" at reckless speed.

"Uncle Jock" blew his whistle repeatedly, but the Irish setter kept on, indifferent to all but the warm scent ahead, finally flushing the birds well out of the range of our guns. Again "Uncle Jock" blew on his whistle a prolonged blast of immediate summons in to heel, but the Irish setter ranged the more frantically in short circles over the ground from which the birds had just flushed, reveling in their rich scent.

With an oath directed against the dog, "Uncle Jock" cast aside the whistle, threw up his gun, and completely mastered by his rage, shot at the Irish setter. The latter, with a sudden yelp of pain, stopped and looked up in a daze as the whistle sounded again.

Again the gun went up, but something suddenly snapped within me, I saw red, and through the red the form of "Uncle Jock" over my gun barrels.

To my surprise I heard myself say: "Uncle Jock if you shoot that dog again, by God I'll shoot your arm off!" He apparently was convinced that I meant what I said, and dropped his gun in silent amazement over my interference.

I went out and got the bleeding, suffering, bewildered and uncomprehending Irish setter, took him up in my arms, nodded curtly to "Uncle Jock," returned to my wagon and drove home.

I lost the friendship of "Uncle Jock" but I saved the spirit and heart of a dog.

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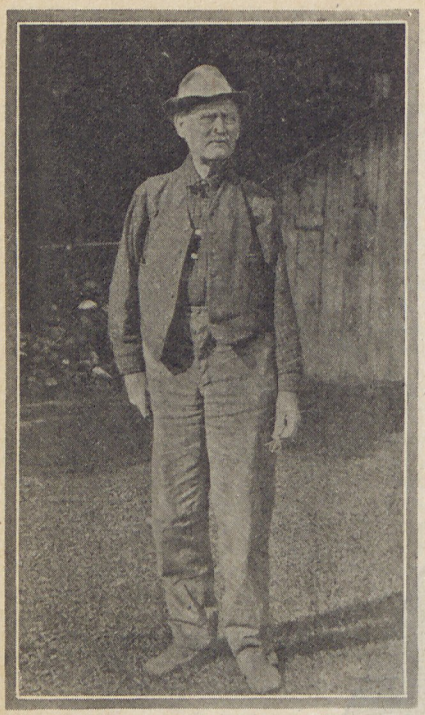
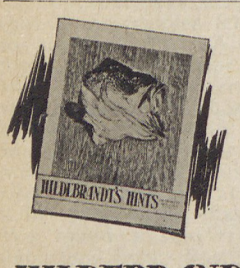


John Waddell, Michigan's Walton

Mr. John Waddell of Grand Rapids, Mich., is better known to his many fishermen friends as "Uncle John"—Michigan's Izaak Walton. From his boyhood days he has been a true disciple of Izaak Walton, not only perfecting himself in the fine art of angling, but in exceeding patience teaching others the true sport of fly casting and the secrets of luring the gamey trout and bass. His favorite streams are the Pere Marquette and the Baldwin and it was largely through his efforts that these streams became popular among Michigan fishermen. He was President of the Grand Rapids Fly Casting Club for several years and has represented that organization in tournaments all over the country, winning many prizes.



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Tyee Salmon

(Continued from page 253)

dull green-silver and appeared to be speckled like a trout. He looked big. I landed him without considerable trouble or effort, and he proved to be a fair-sized fish, long and broad and thick, mottled green on the back, dull silver underneath, with full square tail and the typical salmon head, small and thoroughbred.

The event brought on more cloud and rain, and I fished in a storm, and grew thoroughly wet and chilled. That squall passed over, and in the ensuing hour I caught a spring salmon, about five pounds, a cohoe of about the same weight, and a good-sized codfish. These furnished a little exercise, and considerable amusement, especially the cod. I could not imagine what I had hooked. It moved, certainly, but that was about all. When I saw a huge yellow wavering fish come slowly up out of the depths I was amazed. Its size was unbelievable, considering its lack of spirit. When the Indian lifted it aboard I saw a large long fish, brown of back, with enormous mouth, and gills that gaped to resemble the spread ears of an elephant. Withal it bore some semblance to the codfish caught off Atlantic City.

Then I struck another tyee, a larger one, manifestly, and had a few hard jerks from him before he threw the hook. That jerk of the head worked in this instance. He got away. After that incident there was more cold and rain, until I was all but frozen. But I stuck it out and at the end of that storm I hooked another tyee. This one performed differently, running on the surface, and splashing and cutting capers generally. I held him gingerly and played him skillfully, to the delight of the Indian, who manifestly had been won over to my way of angling. I landed this tyee in fifteen minutes and it proved to be a larger and a brighter, more striking-looking fish.

Several more hours of trolling in the rain was about all I wanted, so we went back to the dock. R. C. and Lone Angler had not done anything, except break a leader, one of the flimsy contraptions sold in Vaucouver to anglers ignorant of what was needed. After this we made our own leaders. My catch proved a source of surprise and wonder, the natives especially being curious.

We sought a warm fire and some breakfast, after which we talked fish. We could learn nothing from the Indians, and little from the natives. What a strange, ancient, worn-out place, this Campbell River! And once it had been the most famous of English fishing resorts.

It rained on and off all day, but at four o'clock we ventured out again. As luck would have it the rain ceased, and the clouds broke to a wonderful panorama. I had real enjoyment out of this hour, though the fish did not strike. I saw a good many tyee rolling on the surface like tarpon, and always there were other salmon and fish breaking. Fish hawks were at work, and ducks winged swift flight up and down the channel. Toward sunset the lights changed, and there were a few moments of exquisite beauty. A vivid sundog gleamed among the creamy white clouds of the south. It was a strange mixture of colors, rose and gold-green, and faint purple, and lesser hues. Then a rainbow appeared to the east, a high thin arch, unlike rainbows I had seen. But the sunset in the gap of the mountains held my gaze. It was a bright open space in all the angry mass of cumulus clouds, a stormy flare of fire and gold against white clouds like rolling smoke. These colors were intense, and seemed moving, changing. In a few moments this effect changed and died into dull gray.

Next morning I was again on the river at five o'clock. The sky was overcast, but not so threateningly, and there was some prospect of sunshine.

The few moments of sunrise were reward for the effort to come out into the cold gray dawn. A magnificent mountain range showed under a curtain of cloud, and the sun lighted up snow peaks and glaciers and rugged black domes of rock. Then indeed I realized I was in British Columbia and not far from Alaska.

During the next hour I saw many tyee rolling, and had one strike. There were five Indians fishing and they failed also. Their method was to troll from their canoe-shaped dug out boats. These were hollowed out from the trunks, and were evidently propelled by paddles before the white man's method of using oars was copied.

One of the most striking features at Campbell River was the sound of the water out in the channel. It must have been a rip tide. All I could see was a roughened line of tiny whitecaps. But the sound was menacing. It did not resemble the moaning of the sea across a bar, nor the low sullen roar of river rapids, but it gave me a deep and haunting thrill. Nearly all the time, and especially at night I was aware of this strange weird murmur of chafing waters. It held a cold note of the northland. It suggested the contending tides of the dark green Arctic seas. Not a welcome sound for an angler!

This day I had rigged my heavy leads to break from my line when I had a strike. Of course I would lose them, but that was no matter. What I wanted was to be free of their cumbersome weight when I had hooked a tyee. And I began to be afraid I would not have the pleasure and gratification of trying out my little trick. Our host had frankly told us that the rainy season had arrived, and the tyee fishing was over for the year. So I persevered with the patience born of long endurance. Also I watched R. C. and Lone Angler in the other boat, hoping to see them hook a fish. But no such luck. I did see, however, one of the Indians playing a tyee on a handline. His skill was worthy of a better method. The canoe was low in the water and light. The fish pulled it here and there. I was sure the Indian had a lead sinker that would weigh two pounds. This tyee did not jump or thresh on the surface. Gradually the Indian drew it closer, until he could lift its nose out of the water. Then he whacked it with a short heavy club. I saw him slide a big broad silvery salmon into his canoe, and the sight inspired me to more persistence.

R. C. and Lone Angler at last drifted out of sight round the bend, on their way back to the settlement. All but one of the Indians quit fishing, and I was about to give up when I had a powerful electrifying strike. So quick, so heavy was it, that I experienced an exultant thrill.

That tyee hooked himself, and in a second had freed the line of the heavy leads. For once I did not call to the boatman. His engine was barely work-

ing and the boat scarcely moved. As that tyee raced off I put on the light drag and shut down on the reel with my thumb. The sudden strain almost jerked the rod away from me. But the line held. Up came the salmon to make a magnificent break on the surface, half out, showing his noble proportions, and the dark green silvery colors. With his head in the air, mouth shut tight he gave that peculiar jerk I had noted in the others. Indeed it was a tackle smasher, but when he performed it I saw to it that he did not have a tight line nor strain to pull against. Before he disappeared I estimated his weight to be over fifty pounds. My largest tyee had weighed thirty-eight pounds, a goodly fish, but not heavy enough to prove our theory as to the light tackle.

This tyee I now had on was one of the big fellows. In the next two moments he made one long and one short run, both of which I stopped at will. Then I pumped him close to the boat. He tried to go down to the bottom—a favorite pastime of tyee I was told—and I held him easily. Indeed I held him much tighter than I usually hold a heavy fish, and I did it because I had a grim desire to try out the light tackle and see how quickly I could land him.

Just then the Indian poked his head out of the little cabin, to see what I was doing. He was amazed. A grin appeared on his face. He threw out the clutch.

"Tyee?" he asked.

"He sure is, Jim, and you can get out here with your gaff," I replied.

"That pole's bendin'," he added.

Assuredly it was. But nothing to compare with the way it had bent while holding a tuna. That very rod had stood a five hour fight with a yellow-fin tuna far exceeding a hundred pounds. I was no longer fearful of the light tackle. Scarcely three minutes had passed and I knew I had this tyee whipped. I could stop him any time. Then in my misguided ambition I took a chance of his being well hooked and began long lifts with the rod, reeling hard. He was strong. He was game. Resenting that treatment he rushed to the surface, and began to surge and thresh. Swiftly I reeled in the slack, and holding hard I tried to lead him closer. The hook tore out.

Too late I realized my hurry and mistake. How I regretted it! I did not mind the tyee getting free so much as I did my foolish haste. But I had done enough to know that the Tuna Club light tackle was ideal for tyee salmon. On the way back to the dock I did not begrudge a tribute to this great northern fish. He is a magnificent, versatile fighter, strong, fast, enduring, and upon the fitting light tackle will call forth all the excitement, skill, and work any angler could ask. **But I should add—the tyee will soon be a memory.** Like the sockeye **he is fast disappearing in the track of commercialism.** Before that time comes I intend to journey northward far beyond Vancouver and find a river where tyee run large and many, and there fish for him and study him to my satisfaction. I can see that place—a broad swift river, sliding out of a dark forest into a green channel, with glancing, shining cold lights from the setting sun, with shadows of the bold wild mountains, and in the eddying tide where fresh and salt water meet, the riffle and splash and surge of the beautiful green-backed tyee.

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A Pair of Gloves

(Continued from page 279)

I concluded to cease my watchful waiting, and be an active, though unseen, ally of the brave little woodsman, who had maintained such an unequal struggle. The wolf was again slinking stealthily forward, gaining the distance for another rush, when I shot, the bullet catching him just where his neck coupled on to his head, killing him instantly.

The beaver sat up for several minutes trying to decide what had happened, bravely toddled over, sniffed at the dead body of the wolf, and without any haste walked to the edge of the water, sat up, looked quietly around, then with a contemptuous flirt of his big broad tail dove off into the water and the safety of his underground home.

I scalped the wolf for the ten dollars bounty it would bring, and the skin of his victim is the pair of gloves you see on the wall."

"Gee, I'm glad there's no open season on beaver," said the boy.

The older girl sat thoughtfully watching the flames roar up the chimney, then turning asked, "Wasn't there an effort made in the last legislature to get an open season on them?"

"Yes, but too many people are awake now to the fact that by holding the flood waters back in the high mountains during the spring freshets the beaver has become one of the greatest factors we have in conserving the water of our streams for the use of the farmers; and sportsmen have learned that a large percentage of our water fowl are bred in the beaver ponds, and that they make ideal nurseries for young fish, so that there is very little danger that the skin hunters will ever gain their wish, and surely we should be grateful for the law which protects this wonderful little creature and preserves him for us all to watch and enjoy."

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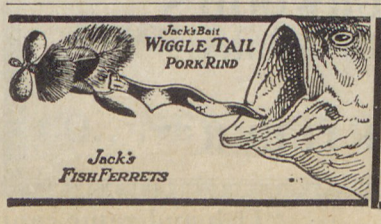

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God's Country

(Continued from page 261)

Alaska, and throughout British Columbia. This is not intended as a pæan of triumph. It is a fact which I wish had never existed. And yet it may be that my love of nature and the wild things, at the last, is greater because of those reckless years of killing. I am inclined to believe so. In my pantheistic heart, the mounted heads in my home are no longer crowned with the grandeur of trophies, but rather with the nobility of martyrs. I love them. I commune with them. I am no longer their enemy, and I warm myself with the belief that they know I am fighting for them now.

In this religion of the open, I have come to understand and gather peace from the whispering voices and even the silence of all God-loving things. I have learned to love trees, and there are times when I put my hands on them because I love them, and rest my head against them because they are comrades and their comradeship and their might give me courage. There is a gnarled old cripple of an oak in the yard of my Michigan home, a broken and twisted dwarf which many people have told me to destroy. But that tree and I have "talked over" many things together; it has pointed out to me how to stand up under adversity, has shown me how to put up a man's fight. For, eaten to the heart, a deformity among its kind, each spring and summer saw it making its valiant struggle to "do its best." It was then I became its friend, gave it a helping hand, stopped its decay and death, and each season now the old oak is stronger, and often I go out and sit with my back against it, and I hear and understand its voice, and I know that it is a great friend that will never do me wrong.

It is thus that this religion of mine finds its strength from the sources of great and unknown power. But before it comes in all its peace and joy, man must bring down his head from out of the clouds of egoism, and say, "The oak is as great as I—perhaps greater."

Not long ago, it seemed to me that my world had gone dark and that it would never grow completely light again. In perhaps the darkest hour, I flung myself down upon the ground close to the bank of a stream. And then, close over my head—so close I could have tossed a pebble to it—a warbler near burst its little throat in song. And the miracle of it was that it was a dark and sunless day. But the warbler sang, and then he chirped in the boughs above; and when I looked at the ground beside me again, I saw there, peeping up at me out of the grass, a single violet. And the bird and the violet gave me more courage and cleared my world for me more than all the human friends who had told me they were sorry. The violet said, "I am still here; you will never lose me," and the little warbler said, "I will always sing—through all the years you live." And stronger than ever came the faith in me that these things were no more an accident of creation than man himself.

Once I saw this Great Doctor of mine a burning, vibrant force in a room of a crowded tenement, from the roof of which one could not see a blade of grass or a tree. In fact, that force filled three rooms, in which lived a man and woman and five children. I spent an hour in those rooms on a Sunday afternoon, and the experience of that hour in a hot and crowded tenement was a mightier sermon than was ever preached to me in the heart of a forest. At every window was a box in which green stuff was growing. There were flowers in pots. A pair of canary-birds looked down upon the smoky roofs of a great city and sang. What interested me most was two contrivances the man had made to force oats into swift germination and growth. In a week, he told me, the green sprout of an oat would be two inches long. Then I saw why they were grown. Several times while I was there would a dove come to a window and wait for a bit of the green. I could see they were different doves. They told me at least a dozen were accustomed to come in that way. They were the children's pets. A little baby in arms cooed at them and waved his arms in delight. I have seen many poor tenement families, but that, I think, was the only happy one. The singing of the birds, the coming of the doves, the growing of green things in their room were their inspiration, their hope, the promise of dreams that would some day come true. Nature had become their religion, and yet they did not know it as such. It was calling them out into the great open spaces—and they were living in anticipation of that day when they would answer the call.

Because I have spent much of my time in adventuring in distant wildernesses, and exploring where other men have not gone, it has been accepted by many that my love for nature means a love for the distant and, for most people, the inaccessible wilds. It is true that in the vast and silent places one comes nearer, perhaps, to the deeper truths of life. Of the wild and its miracles I love to write, and when I come to that part of my story, I shall possibly be happiest. But I would be unfair to myself, and the religion of nature itself, if the great truth were not first emphasized that its treasures are to be possessed by mankind wherever one may turn—even in a prison cell. I was personally in touch with one remarkable instance of this in the Michigan State Penitentiary, at Jackson, where a canary-bird and a red geranium saved a man from madness and eventually gained him a pardon, sending him out into the world a living being with a new and better religion than he had ever dreamed of before.

But the open skies and the free air were intended from the beginning of things as the greatest gifts to man, and it is there, if one is sick in body or soul, that one should seek. Whether it is a mile or a thousand miles from a city makes little difference. For nature is the universal law. It is everywhere. It is neither mystery nor mysterious. Its pages are open; its life is vibrant with the desire to be understood. The one miracle is for man to bring himself down out of the clouds of his egoism and replace his passion for destruction with the desire to understand.

I have in mind a case in point.

I had a very dear friend, a newspaper man, whose wife had died. I don't know that I ever saw a man more utterly broken up, for his love for her was more than love. It was worship. He grew faded and thin, and a gray patch over his temple turned white. The mightiest efforts of his friends could do nothing. He wanted to be alone, alone in his home, where he could grieve himself to death by inches. I knew that his case was harder because he was merely tolerant of religion. One day, the idea came to me that resulted in his spiritual and physical salvation. I took him in my auto, and we went out into the country four or five miles, opened a gate, drove down a long lane, and stopped at the edge of a forty-acre wood.

"Fred, I am going to show you a wonderful city," I said. "Come with me—quietly."

We climbed over the fence, and I led him to the heart of the wood, and there we sat down, with our backs to a log.

"Now, just to humor me, be very still," I said. "Don't move, don't speak—just listen."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, that wonderful time of a summer day when nature seems to rouse herself from midday slumber to fill the world with her rustling life. The sun fell slantwise through the wood, and here and there, under the roofs of the trees, we could see golden pools and streams of it on the cool earth.

"This is one of the most wonderful cities in the world," I whispered, "and there are hundreds and thousands of such cities, some of them within the reach of all."

The musical ripple of a creek came to our ears. And then, slowly at first, there came upon my friend the wonder of it all. He understood—at last. About us through all that forty acres of wood, the air seemed to whisper forth a strange and wonderful life. Over our heads, we heard a grating sound. It was a squirrel gnawing through the shell of a last autumn's nut. On an old stub, a woodpecker hammered. Close about us were the "cheep, cheep, cheep," and "twit, twit, twit," of little brown brush-birds. A warbler burst suddenly into a glorious snatch of song. A quarter of a mile away, a crow cawed, and between us and the crow we heard a fox-squirrel barking, and, a little later, saw it, with its mate, scrambling in play up and down the trees. My friend caught my arm and pointed. He was becoming interested, and what he saw was a fat young woodchuck passing near us on a foraging expedition to a neighboring clover field.

(To be continued.)

Next month we will follow in

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S

Second Trail of God's Country

entitled

"I BECOME A KILLER"

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Principles of I. W. L. A.

Fish and Game Laws to Be Discussed at First National Convention

1. To promote by precept and example the highest ideals in angling, so that it may rightfully be called the blameless sport. To increase fellowship among fishermen and to band them together into a fraternal and militant organization whereby they may lay the foundation for the preservation of game fishes forever.

2. To advocate the use of appropriately light tackle and to teach that no credit is due the angler who fishes for little fish with heavy rods and lines. To award buttons, medals and prizes to members of the League for notable exploits with rod and line so that fair tackle may become more generally used.

3. To cause proper literature to be written and circulated that the public may be educated to know that the true fisherman "feels like a gentleman and acts like a sportsman."

4. To awaken the public to the need of better fish and game laws so that it may realize its duty of voting for candidates who before the election have announced their support of measures which will advance fish propagation, fish preservation and protective measures for wild game. To champion such laws before legislative bodies so that legislators may know the wishes of the anglers and sportsmen of the state and of the nation.

5. To promote the movement for federal control of the lakes and streams of the country to every extent possible under the Constitution.

6. To aid and support those who are already advocating the extension of the United States police powers to cover the control of inland waters as a health measure and to follow in letter and in spirit the resolutions passed at the fifty-first annual session of the American Fisheries Society in September, 1921, as to the pollution of streams.

7. To advocate strongly the increase from $100 to $5,000 of the federal fine for the pollution of streams; thus making it expensive for industries to pollute the waters of our country.

8. To devote every energy toward educating those who live in remote places and to show them the folly of "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" by the lawless use of seines, dynamite and other destructive agents.

9. To increase the establishment of federal and state hatcheries.

10. To adopt the sane recommendations of zoologists, who advise the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations, both by the federal government and the states, that the aid of scientifically trained men may be always available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters that only the proper species of fish may be planted therein.

11. To advocate before legislators and leading state and national officials the urgent need of planting fish of sufficient size to permit their survival and to stop the present woeful and costly waste of planting fry too small to survive.

12. To advocate drastic punishment for those guilty of taking fish from their spawning beds. To arouse public sentiment against the ruthless ways of the fish hog and to make the penalty heavier for the breaking of the legal limit.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

was once asked what she believed to be the secret that had made her America's best beloved and most widely read author; she answered that the only secret was to make other people love and understand the outdoors as she loved it. Her lovely Indian poem—legend of

THE FIRE BIRD

is a book all outdoor lovers should have— ***Price $1.75***

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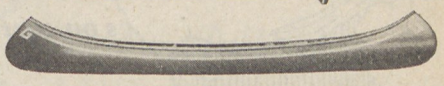
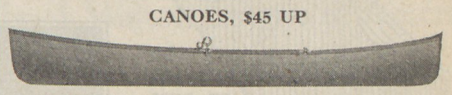


CANOES, $45 UP



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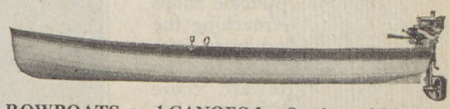
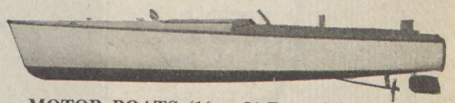


ROWBOATS and CANOES for Outboard Motors, $34 UP



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Thousands of Wild Ducks

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Forestry

By

JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

Will be concluded in the March issue.

Cocoanut Oil Makes a Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water, then moisten your hair with water and rub it in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified. Adv.

n Bait-casting

By SHERIDAN R. JONES

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From November

Outers'— —Recreation

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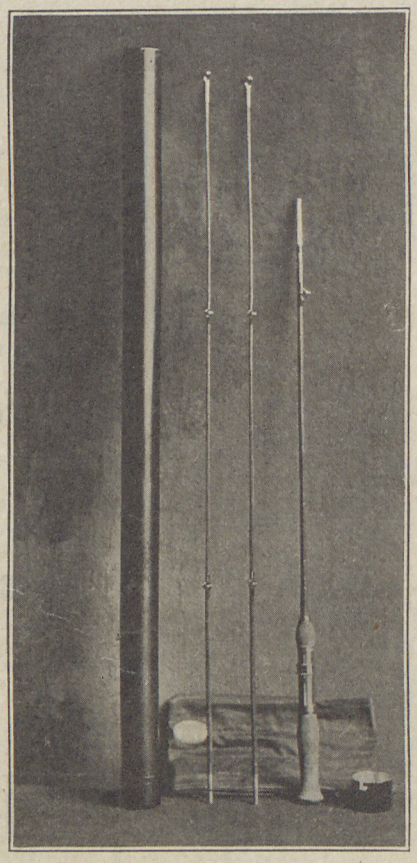

Split bamboo, five feet, two inches in length, weighing four ounces. An ideal spinner caster.

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recognize that as a matter of fact.

Excellent as this rod is in the casti
and placement of light offerings, its strongest bid for favor lies in the manner in which it responds to every move of the hooked fish. Casting rods designed for plug use are naturally stiff, and extreme skill in playing from the reel is necessary. This is one reason why bait-casting is more difficult to master than the art of casting feathers. It is one reason as well why many excellent fly casters think little of the bait-casting rod—they have never fully realized the difference between the rod play of a fly rod and the reel play of a short rod. In this little four-ounce caster we have combined the casting ability of the regulation short rod and the rod play of the fly rod to a marked degree. The extreme flexibility of the long rod is not desirable in a bait-casting tool, either in

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figures at hand that show seven tenths o
bait-casting rods sold in the five-foot length, nine tenths in five or shorter, and only one tenth over the five foot limit—and most of these five foot three to five foot six. Bait-casters know what they need for bait-casting and there's no doubt about it!

Appreciating the fact that a light bait-casting rod must be made in a bait-casting length in order to retain all those elements of the cast which make for an artistic and proper placement of the lure in approved bait-casting style, and desiring a rod that would really cast the lightest of lures as neatly as the fairy wand handles the feathers, we set about having such a rod built to our special order. After much planning, discussion, testing and faith in our ultimate success, we evolved the rod of our dreams—a five foot two, short butt and long tip design, weighing just under four ounces fully equipped. The rod is illustrated, and a neater, better finished and better actioned rod would be difficult to find!

It should be distinctly borne in mind that this is not a *toy rod*. True, it is a high priced wand, must be, because of the specially selected bamboo from which it is made and the personal touch that entered into its makeup. It is also a rod of plain design, few trimmings, wound plain and with just enough silk, no more. It has backbone aplenty, is full of pep, and sinks a hook cleanly without undue strain. We set about to *build a rod* that would do the work required—we succeeded!

There are ways of building a rod in the four-ounce weight that would make it possible to keep to the standard of four foot ten. Such a rod did not fill the bill, nor did the five-foot length—we had a casting ideal to satisfy, not a rod ideal. So we settled upon the length of five foot two which, with the taper placed right, gave us a maximum weight of four ounces, and our casting ideal was realized. In a rod of this weight and calibre, taper is a most important point second only to quality of bamboo, and a slight defect in calibration will ruin the action of the rod as a finished product.

In selecting a line for this rod we are
ring between the five and the eight
tournament soft braids

MR. SHERIDAN R. JONES, nationally known author, editor and expert angling authority, selected the Heddon factory for the construction of this special 4-oz. rod of true bait-casting design, for light lures as illustrated in his article reproduced here.

We do not regularly list or stock rods of this style, but for Walton devotees, we shall be pleased to duplicate Mr. Jones' rod, or to place at their command our seasoned woods and highly specialized facilities for individual productions of similar type.

Arrangements by Correspondence

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IN 11 years of Field and Stream Magazine's Prize Bass Contests Heddon Rods have outstripped by overwhelming majorities the combined showings of all other makes of rods that can be brought into fair comparison